

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


600022097Q



JOHNSON'S

LIVES OF THE POETS.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street and Fetter Lane.



p. 162.

BURNS AT HOME.

JOHNSON'S LIVES

OF THE

BRITISH POETS

Completed by

WILLIAM HAZLITT.



IN FOUR VOLUMES.—VOL. IV.

LONDON:
NATHANIEL COOKE,
THE NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY,
MILFORD HOUSE, MILFORD LANE, STRAND:
W. S. ORR & CO., AMEN CORNER, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1854.

ALPHABETICAL CONTENTS.

Akenside, Mark, 96.
Anstey, Christopher, 115.

Baillie, Johanna, 166.
Barton, Bernard, 200.
Beattie, James, 131.
Bloomfield, Robert, 168.
Bourne, Vincent, 3.
Bowles, William Lisle, 164.
Bruce, Michael, 142.
Bryant, John Frederick, 150.
Burns, Robert, 159.
Byrom, John, 65.

Campbell, Thomas, 265.
Carter, Elizabeth, 94.
Characteristics of the chief British Poets, 297.
Chatterton, Thomas, 146.
Churchill, Charles, 121.
Coleridge, Hartley, 286.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 182.
Combe, William, 139.
Cowper, William, 124.
Crabbe, George, 151.
Cunningham, Allan, 199.

Darwin, Erasmus, 130.

Elliott, Ebenezer, 199.

Falconer, William, 119.
Fawkes, Francis, 95.
Fergusson, Robert, 145.

Gifford, William, 155.
Gilfillan, Robert, 291.
Goldsmith, Oliver, 103.
Gordon, George, Lord Byron, 204.
Grahame, James, 168.
Green, Matthew, 4.

Hay, William, 2.
Hayley, William, 141.
Heber, Reginald, 268.
Hemans, Felicia, 285.
Hogg, James, 181.
Home, John, 101.
Hood, Thomas, 275.
Hurdis, Rev. James, 167.

Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 70.

Keats, John, 288.
Knox, William, 281.

Lamb, Charles, 246.
L. E. L.—Letitia Elizabeth Landon (Mrs. Maclean), 294.
Leyden, John, 190.
Lillo, George, 1.
Lloyd, Charles, 192.
Logan, John, 144.

Mackay, Robert, 93.
Macneill, Hector, 143.
Macpherson, James, 138.
Mayne, John, 164.
Moir, David Macbeth, 291.
Montgomery, James, 240.
Moore, Thomas, 193.

Pollock, Robert, 292.
Pringle, Thomas, 275.

Savage, Richard, 5.
Scott, John, 120.
Scott, Sir Walter, 174.
Selden, Amhurst, 145.
Seward, Anna, 143.
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 281.
Smith, Charlotte, 138.
Sotheby, William, 158.
Southey, Robert, 241.

Tannahill, Robert, 189.
Theobald, Lewis, 4.
Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, 141.
Thompson, Edward, 137.

Warton, Thomas, 117.
Way, Gregory Lewis, 154.
White, Henry Kirke, 202.
Wolcot, John, 134.
Woodhouse, James, 134.
Wordsworth, William, 171.

Yearsley, Ann, 154.

THE

LIVES OF THE BRITISH POETS.

GEORGE LILLO.

(1693-1739.)

GEORGE LILLO was born Feb. 4, 1693, somewhere near Moorgate; and was, by business, a jeweller and goldsmith. His first dramatic production was a ballad opera entitled *Silvia, or the Country Burial* (1731), written in imitation of the *Beggars' Opera:* though possessing considerable merit, it met with little success. About a year afterwards, Lillo offered his *George Barnwell* to Mr. Theophilus Cibber, manager of a company of comedians then performing at Drury Lane; and the tragedy was at once completely successful. "Its plain sterling sense, joined to many happy strokes of nature and passion, supplied the imagined deficiencies of art; and more tears were shed at the representation of this homespun drama, than at all the elaborate imitations of ancient fables and ancient manners by the learned moderns. Pope, who was present at the first representation, very candidly observed that Lillo had never deviated from propriety, except in a few passages in which he aimed at a greater elevation of language than was consistent with character and situation. *George Barnwell* was acted about twenty nights, in the hottest part of the year, to crowded houses."* The success of the play excited the attention of Queen Caroline, who desiring to see it in Ms., Mr. Wilks waited upon her majesty at Hampton Court with the play. Encouraged by the reception of *George Barnwell*, Lillo ventured upon a more arduous subject; and about four years after, when he appears to have resided at Rotherhithe, produced the *Christian Hero*, a tragedy, which was performed at Drury Lane with tolerable success. Towards the close of the acting season in 1736, *Fatal Curiosity*, one of Lillo's most affecting tragedies, was acted at the Haymarket theatre. Henry Fielding, who was then manager, and who had a warm friendship and admiration for the

* Cibber's Lives.

author, took peculiar interest in its production; revising its scenes, instructing its actors, recommending it to his friends in private, and to the public in a well-written prologue. The play, unsuccessful on its first appearance, was reproduced, by Fielding's generous zeal, in the following winter, and received with favour. In 1738 Lillo produced his *Marina*, taken from *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. He died in the following year, on the 3d September; and a few months afterwards John Fielding printed the following character of him in the *Champion:* "He had a perfect knowledge of human nature; though his contempt of all base means of application, which are the necessary steps to great acquaintance, restrained his conversation within very narrow bounds. He had the spirit of an old Roman, joined to the innocence of a primitive Christian; he was content with his little state, in which his excellent temper of mind gave him a happiness beyond the power of riches; and it was necessary for his friends to have a sharp insight into his want of their services, as well as good inclination and abilities to serve him. In short, he was one of the best of men; and those who knew him best will most regret his loss." Lillo, just before his death, had completed his tragedy of *Elmerick*, which was, after his death, brought out at Drury Lane, under the auspices of Frederick Prince of Wales, to whom, by the dying request of the author, it was dedicated. He was also the author of a masque, entitled *Britannia and Batavia*, written to celebrate the same popular prince's marriage with the Princess of Saxe-Gotha; and of *Arden of Feversham*, a modernisation of the old play on that stirring subject. This production, though written before 1736, was not acted until 1762, and then only for one night. He was likewise the author of a comedy called *The Regulators*, which has never been printed. Lillo has been stated to have died very poor, but the reverse is the fact; for he left, besides several legacies, a considerable property, one item of which was an estate of 60*l.* per annum, to his nephew, Mr. John Underwood. The story of his distressed fortune arose from a test to which, not long before his death, he put his relatives and friends, by soliciting their aid under alleged privation; and he left the bulk of his property to John Underwood because he alone endured this test.

WILLIAM HAY.

(1695-1755.)

In the preface to the poetical works of William Hay, published in 2 vols. 4to, 1794, there is this description of the author: "But it is not merely as a man of letters that Mr. Hay should be remembered; as an English gentleman, the master of a family, a magistrate, a member of the British Parliament, and in the domestic relations of a husband and a father, he ought not to be forgotten. Many years have elapsed since he was removed from this scene of things, yet some persons are still living who remember him in each of these characters, and it is to be wished they could recollect all they knew of him; for

his mind was liberal, and his views were extended to the public, with qualifications and a desire to serve it, without low or selfish designs; and his private and domestic life was beneficial to the circle within its influence." Whenever "the gift divine of song" (adds Mr. Southey) is bestowed with other amiable and worthy qualities, it derives from such combination a merit and a lustre beyond that which it may intrinsically possess, and calls on us for a higher degree of love and approbation.

Mr. Hay's writings comprehend various pieces in verse, with some useful essays in prose, and numerous translations from the epigrams of Martial.

VINCENT BOURNE.

(1695-1747.)

Vincent Bourne, born in 1695, was admitted on the foundation at Westminster School, and elected thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became fellow. He finally accepted the office of usher in Westminster School, in which capacity it was that Cowper made his acquaintance. "He was usher of the fifth form at Westminster," writes Cowper, "when I passed through it. He was so good-natured and so indolent, that I lost more than I got by him, for he made me as idle as himself. He was such a sloven, as if he had trusted to his genius as a cloak for every thing that could disgust you in his person; and, indeed, in his writings he has almost made amends for all. His humour," adds Cowper, "is entirely original; he can speak of a magpie or a cat in terms so exquisitely appropriated to the character he draws, that one would suppose him animated by the spirit of the creature he describes. And with all this drollery there is a mixture of rational, and even religious reflection at times, and always an air of pleasantry, good-nature, and humanity, that makes him, in my mind, one of the most amiable writers in the world. It is not common to meet with an author who can make you smile, and yet at nobody's expense; who is always entertaining and always harmless; and who, though always elegant and classical to a degree not always found in the classics themselves, charms more by the simplicity and playfulness of his ideas than by the neatness and purity of his verse. I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in his way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to him." The nature of the compositions so highly, yet scarcely too highly, commended by Cowper, is to be gathered from that commendation itself. Vincent Bourne wrote almost entirely in Latin; and may be fairly placed at the head of those of our countrymen who have cultivated the Latin muse. He died Dec. 2, 1747, in his ushership; having abstained from entering the church, though a valuable living was offered him, from a morbid scruple of conscience as to his fitness for the sacred function.

LEWIS THEOBALD.

(1696-1742.)

Lewis Theobald was born in 1696, at Sittingbourne, in Kent, at which place his father was an attorney. He was himself put to the law, which he quitted for poetry, and engaged in a paper called the *Censor*, published in Mist's *Weekly Journal;* where, by delivering his opinion with too little reserve upon some eminent writers, he exposed himself to their resentment. On the publication of Pope's *Homer*, he praised it in the most extravagant terms of admiration, but afterwards thought proper to abuse it. Pope at first made Theobald the hero of his *Dunciad*, but presently, for reasons best known to himself, disrobed him of that dignity, and bestowed it upon another. In 1726 Theobald published a piece called *Shakespeare Restored*, of which he was so vain as to aver, "that to expose any errors in it was impracticable." In 1729 he introduced upon the stage a tragedy called the *Double Falsehood;* the greater part of which, he asserted, was Shakespeare's; and which Pepe took a deal of needless trouble to prove was all, or in great part, the work of Theobald himself. Theobald died in 1742. Besides his edition of Shakespeare, his works were:

1. The Persian Princess, or the Royal Villain. Tragedy. (1715.)
2. The Perfidious Brother. Tragedy. (1716.)
3. Pan and Syrinx. Opera.
4. Decius and Paulina. Masque.
5. Electra. From the Greek of Sophocles. (1714.)
6. Œdipus King of Thebes. From Sophocles. (1715.)
7. Plutus, or the World's Idol. From Aristophanes. (1715.)
8. The Clouds. From Aristophanes. (1715.)
9. The Rape of Proserpine. Farce. (1727.)
10. The Fatal Secret. Tragedy. (1725.)
11. The Vocal Parts of an Entertainment called Apollo and Daphne, or the Burgomaster tricked. (1726.)
12. Double Falsehood.

He also wrote—

The Gentleman's Library, containing Rules for Conduct in all Parts of Life, &c. (1722.)

MATTHEW GREEN.

(1696-1737.)

Matthew Green, descended from a family in good repute among the Dissenters, had his education in that body. He was a man of great probity and sweetness of temper and manners. His wit abounded in conversation, and was never known to give offence. He had a post in the customs, the duties of which he discharged with the utmost assiduity; and he died in 1737, at his lodgings in Nag's-Head-court, Gracechurch-street.

Mr. Green had not much learning, but his powers of mind were strong, and his observation acute; as, for example, one day his friend Sylvanus Bevan, complaining to him that, while he was bathing, a waterman had saluted him with the cry, "Quaker Quirl!" expressed his astonishment that the fellow should have known him to be a Quaker without his clothes. "He knew you," said Green, "by your swimming against the stream!" He was very subject to hypochondria; had some free notions on religious subjects; and, though bred amongst the Dissenters, grew disgusted at their preciseness. His poem, *The Spleen*, was written piecemeal, and would never have been completed had he not been pressed by Glover, who, soon after Green's death, published it. It contains many original thoughts well expressed.

RICHARD SAVAGE.*

(1698-1743.)

It has been observed in all ages, that the advantages of nature or of fortune have contributed very little to the promotion of happiness; and that those whom the splendour of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the summits of human life, have not often given any just occasion to envy in those who look up to them from a lower station: whether it be that apparent superiority incites great designs, and great designs are naturally liable to fatal miscarriages; or that the general lot of mankind is misery, and the misfortunes of those whose eminence drew upon them an universal attention have been more carefully recorded because they were more generally observed, and have in reality been only more conspicuous than those of others, not more frequent or more severe.

That affluence and power, advantages extrinsic and adventitious, and therefore easily separable from those by whom they are possessed, should very often flatter the mind with expectations of felicity which they cannot give, raises no astonishment: but it seems rational to hope that intellectual greatness should produce better effects; that minds qualified for great attainments should first endeavour their own benefit; and that they who are most able to teach others the way to happiness should with most certainty follow it themselves.

But this expectation, however plausible, has been very frequently disappointed. The heroes of literary as well as civil history have been very often no less remarkable for what they have suffered than for what they have achieved; and volumes have been written only to enumerate the miseries of the learned, and relate their unhappy lives and untimely deaths.

To these mournful narratives I am about to add the life of Richard Savage; a man whose writings entitle him to an eminent rank in the classes of learning, and whose misfortunes claim a degree of compassion not always due to the unhappy, as they were often the consequences of the crimes of others rather than his own.

* Johnson.

In the year 1697, Anne Countess of Macclesfield, having lived some time upon very uneasy terms with her husband, thought a public confession of adultery the most obvious and expeditious method of obtaining her liberty; and therefore declared that the child with which she was then great was begotten by the Earl Rivers. This, as may be imagined, made her husband no less desirous of a separation than herself: and he prosecuted his design in the most effectual manner; for he applied not to the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce, but to the parliament for an act by which his marriage might be dissolved, the nuptial contract totally annulled, and the children of his wife illegitimated. This act, after the usual deliberation, he obtained, though without the approbation of some, who considered marriage as an affair only cognisable by ecclesiastical judges;* and on March 3d was separated from his wife, whose fortune, which was very great, was repaid her; and who having, as well as her husband, the liberty of making another choice, was in a short time married to Colonel Brett.

While the Earl of Macclesfield was prosecuting this affair, his wife was, on the 10th of January, 1698, delivered of a son; and the Earl Rivers, by appearing to consider him as his own, left none any reason to doubt of the sincerity of her declaration: for he was his godfather, and gave him his own name, which was by his direction inserted in the register of St. Andrew's parish in Holborn; but unfortunately left him to the care of his mother, whom, as she was now set free from her husband, he probably imagined likely to treat with great tenderness the child that had contributed to so pleasing an event. It is not, indeed, easy to discover what motives could be found to overbalance the natural affection of a parent, or what interest could be promoted by neglect or cruelty. The dread of shame or of poverty, by which some wretches have been incited to abandon or to murder their children, cannot be supposed to have affected a woman who had proclaimed her crimes and solicited reproach; and on whom the clemency of the legislature had undeservedly bestowed a fortune, which would have been very little diminished by the expenses which the care of her child could have brought upon her. It was, therefore, not likely that she should be wicked without temptation; that she would look upon her son from his birth with a kind of resentment and abhorrence, and, instead of supporting, assisting, and defending him, delight to see him struggling with misery; or that she would take every opportunity of aggravating his misfortunes and obstructing his resources, and, with an implacable and restless cruelty, continue her persecution from the first hour of his life to the last.

But, whatever were her motives, no sooner was her son born, than she discovered a resolution of disowning him; and in a very short time removed him from her sight, by committing him to the care of a poor

* "This year was made remarkable by the dissolution of a marriage solemnised in the face of the church."—SALMON'S *Review*.

The following protest is registered in the books of the House of Lords:

"Dissentient.

"Because we conceive that this is the first bill of that nature that hath passed, where there was not a divorce first obtained in the spiritual court; which we look upon as an ill precedent, and may be of dangerous consequence in the future.

HALIFAX. ROCHESTER."

woman, whom she directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined never to inform him of his true parents.

Such was the beginning of the life of Richard Savage. Born with a legal claim to honour and to affluence, he was in two months illegitimated by the parliament and disowned by his mother, doomed to poverty and obscurity, and launched upon the ocean of life, only that he might be swallowed by its quicksands or dashed upon its rocks.

His mother could not, indeed, infect others with the same cruelty. As it was impossible to avoid the inquiries which the curiosity or tenderness of her relations made after her child, she was obliged to give some account of the measures she had taken; and her mother, the Lady Mason, whether in approbation of her design or to prevent more criminal contrivances, engaged to transact with the nurse, to pay her for her care, and to superintend the education of the child.

In this charitable office she was assisted by his godmother, Mrs. Lloyd, who, while she lived, always looked upon him with that tenderness which the barbarity of his mother made peculiarly necessary; but her death, which happened in his tenth year, was another of the misfortunes of his childhood; for though she kindly endeavoured to alleviate his loss by a legacy of 300*l.*, yet, as he had none to prosecute his claim, to shelter him from oppression, or call in law to the assistance of justice, her will was eluded by the executors, and no part of the money was ever paid.

He was, however, not yet wholly abandoned. The Lady Mason still continued her care, and directed him to be placed at a small grammar-school near St. Albans, where he was called by the name of his nurse, without the least intimation that he had a claim to any other.

Here he was initiated in literature, and passed through several of the classes, with what rapidity or with what applause cannot now be known. As he always spoke with respect of his master, it is probable that the mean rank in which he then appeared did not hinder his genius from being distinguished, or his industry from being rewarded: and if in so low a state he obtained distinction and rewards, it is not likely that they were gained but by genius and industry.

It is very reasonable to conjecture that his application was equal to his abilities, because his improvement was more than proportioned to the opportunities which he enjoyed; nor can it be doubted, that if his earliest productions had been preserved, like those of happier students, we might in some have found vigorous sallies of that sprightly humour which distinguishes *The Author to be Let*, and in others strong touches of that ardent imagination which painted the solemn scenes of *The Wanderer*.

While he was thus cultivating his genius, his father, the Earl Rivers, was seized with a distemper, which in a short time put an end to his life.* He had frequently inquired after his son, and had always been amused with fallacious and evasive answers; but being now, in his own opinion, on his deathbed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children, and therefore demanded a positive account of him, with an importunity not to be diverted or denied. His mother, who could no longer refuse an

* He died Aug. 18th, 1712.

answer, determined at least to give such as should cut him off for ever from that happiness which competence affords, and therefore declared that he was dead; which is perhaps the first instance of a lie invented by a mother to deprive her son of a provision which was designed him by another, and which she could not expect herself, though he should lose it.

This was, therefore, an act of wickedness which could not be defeated, because it could not be suspected: the earl did not imagine there could exist in a human form a mother that would ruin her son without enriching herself, and therefore bestowed upon some other person 6000*l.*, which he had in his will bequeathed to Savage.

The same cruelty which incited his mother to intercept this provision which had been intended for him, prompted her in a short time to another project—a project worthy of such a disposition. She endeavoured to rid herself from the danger of being at any time made known to him, by sending him secretly to the American plantations.*

By whose kindness this scheme was counteracted, or by whose interposition she was induced to lay aside her design, I know not; it is not improbable that the Lady Mason might persuade or compel her to desist, or perhaps she could not easily find accomplices wicked enough to concur in so cruel an action: for it may be conceived, that those who had by a long gradation of guilt hardened their hearts against the sense of common wickedness, would yet be shocked at the design of a mother to expose her son to slavery and want, to expose him without interest and without provocation; and Savage might on this occasion find protectors and advocates among those who had long traded in crimes, and whom compassion had never touched before.

Being hindered, by whatever means, from banishing him into another country, she formed soon after a scheme for burying him in poverty and obscurity in his own; and that his station of life, if not the place of his residence, might keep him for ever at a distance from her, she ordered him to be placed with a shoemaker in Holborn, that, after the usual time of trial, he might become his apprentice.†

It is generally reported that this project was for some time successful, and that Savage was employed at the awl longer than he was willing to confess; nor was it perhaps any great advantage to him that an unexpected discovery determined him to quit his occupation.

About this time his nurse, who had always treated him as her own son, died; and it was natural for him to take care of those effects which by her death were, as he imagined, become his own; he therefore went to her house, opened her boxes, and examined her papers, among which he found some letters written to her by the Lady Mason, which informed him of his birth, and the reasons for which it was concealed.

He was no longer satisfied with the employment which had been allotted him, but thought he had a right to share the affluence of his mother; and therefore, without scruple, applied to her as her son, and made use of every art to awaken her tenderness and attract her regard. But neither his letters, nor the interposition of those

* Savage's preface to his Miscellanies. † Ibid.

friends which his merit or his distress procured him, made any impression upon her mind. She still resolved to neglect, though she could no longer disown him.

It was to no purpose that he frequently solicited her to admit him to see her: she avoided him with the most vigilant precaution, and ordered him to be excluded from her house, by whomsoever he might be introduced, and what reason soever he might give for entering it.

Savage was at the same time so touched with the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.

But all his assiduity and tenderness were without effect; for he could neither soften her heart nor open her hand, and was reduced to the utmost miseries of want, while he was endeavouring to awaken the affection of a mother. He was, therefore, obliged to seek some other means of support; and, having no profession, became by necessity an author.

At this time the attention of all the literary world was engrossed by the Bangorian controversy, which filled the press with pamphlets, and the coffee-houses with disputants. Of this subject, as most popular, he made choice for his first attempt; and without any other knowledge of the question than he had casually collected from conversation, published a poem against the bishop.*

What was the success or merit of this performance I know not; it was probably lost among the innumerable pamphlets to which that dispute gave occasion. Mr. Savage was himself in a little time ashamed of it, and endeavoured to suppress it by destroying all the copies that he could collect.

He then attempted a more gainful kind of writing, and in his eighteenth year offered to the stage a comedy borrowed from a Spanish plot, which was refused by the players, and was therefore given by him to Mr. Bullock, who, having more interest, made some slight alterations and brought it upon the stage, under the title of *Woman's a Riddle*,† but allowed the unhappy author no part of the profit.

Not discouraged, however, at his repulse, he wrote, two years afterwards, *Love in a Veil*, another comedy, borrowed likewise from the Spanish, but with little better success than before; for though it was received and acted, yet it appeared so late in the year, that the author obtained no other advantage from it than the acquaintance of Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Wilks, by whom he was pitied, caressed, and relieved.

Sir Richard Steele, having declared in his favour with all the ardour of benevolence which constituted his character, promoted his interest with the utmost zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, took all the opportunities of recommending him, and asserted that "the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father."‡

* It was called *The Battle of the Pamphlets.*

† This play was printed first in 8vo, and afterwards in 12mo, the fifth edition.—DR. J.

‡ *Plain Dealer.*—DR. J.

Nor was Mr. Savage admitted to his acquaintance only, but to his confidence, of which he sometimes related an instance too extraordinary to be omitted, as it affords a very just idea of his patron's character.

He was once desired by Sir Richard, with an air of the utmost importance, to come very early to his house the next morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire; but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde-Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

Mr. Savage then imagined his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home: but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production for sale for two guineas, which with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning.

Mr. Savage related another fact equally uncommon, which, though it has no relation to his life, ought to be preserved. Sir Richard Steele having one day invited to his house a great number of persons of the first quality, they were surprised at the number of liveries which surrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of them inquired of Sir Richard how such an expensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune. Sir Richard very frankly confessed that they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid. And being then asked why he did not discharge them, declared that they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution; and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they stayed.

His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt discharged their attendance, having obliged Sir Richard to promise that they should never again find him graced with a retinue of the same kind.

Under such a tutor Mr. Savage was not likely to learn prudence or frugality; and perhaps many of the misfortunes which the want of those virtues brought upon him in the following parts of his life, might be justly imputed to so unimproving an example.

Nor did the kindness of Sir Richard end in common favours. He proposed to have established him in some settled scheme of life, and to have contracted a kind of alliance with him, by marrying him to a natural daughter, on whom he intended to bestow a thousand pounds. But though he was always lavish of future bounties, he conducted his affairs in such a manner, that he was very seldom able to keep his promises, or execute his own intentions; and as he was never able to raise the sum which he had offered, the marriage was delayed. In the meantime he was officiously informed that Mr. Savage had ridiculed him; by which he was so much exasperated, that he withdrew the allowance which he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his house.

It is not indeed unlikely that Savage might by his imprudence expose himself to the malice of a tale-bearer; for his patron had many follies, which, as his discernment easily discovered, his imagination might sometimes incite him to mention too ludicrously. A little knowledge of the world is sufficient to discover that such weakness is very common, and that there are few who do not sometimes, in the wantonness of thoughtless mirth or the heat of transient resentment, speak of their friends and benefactors with levity and contempt, though in their cooler moments they want neither sense of their kindness nor reverence for their virtue; the fault, therefore, of Mr. Savage was rather negligence than ingratitude. But Sir Richard must likewise be acquitted of severity; for who is there that can patiently bear contempt from one whom he has relieved and supported, whose establishment he has laboured, and whose interest he has promoted?

He was now again abandoned to fortune, without any other friend than Mr. Wilks; a man who, whatever were his abilities or skill as an actor, deserves at least to be remembered for his virtues,* which are not often to be found in the world, and perhaps less often in his profession than in others. To be humane, generous, and candid, is a very high degree of merit in any case; but those qualities deserve still greater praise when they are found in that condition which

* As it is a loss to mankind when any good action is forgotten, I shall insert another instance of Mr. Wilks's generosity very little known. Mr. Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered by an impediment in his pronunciation from engaging in orders, for which his friends designed him, left his own country, and came to London in quest of employment, but found his solicitations fruitless, and his necessities every day more pressing. In this distress he wrote a tragedy, and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last hopes defeated, and he had no other prospect than of the most deplorable poverty. But Mr. Wilks thought his performance, though not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with so much diligence, that the house afforded him a considerable sum, with which he went to Leyden, applied himself to the study of physic, and prosecuted his design with so much diligence and success, that when Dr. Boerhaave was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper persons to introduce into Russia the practice and study of physic, Dr. Smith was one of those whom he selected. He had a considerable pension settled on him at his arrival, and was one of the chief physicians at the Russian court.—DR. J.

A letter from Dr. Smith in Russia to Mr. Wilks is printed in Chetwood's *History of the Stage.*

makes almost every other man, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal.

As Mr. Wilks was one of those to whom calamity seldom complained without relief, he naturally took an unfortunate wit into his protection, and not only assisted him in any casual distresses, but continued an equal and steady kindness to the time of his death.

By his interposition Mr. Savage once obtained from his mother* fifty pounds, and a promise of one hundred and fifty more; but it was the fate of this unhappy man that few promises of any advantage to him were performed. His mother was infected, among others, with the general madness of the South-Sea traffic; and having been disappointed in her expectations, refused to pay what perhaps nothing but the prospect of sudden affluence prompted her to promise.

Being thus obliged to depend upon the friendship of Mr. Wilks, he was consequently an assiduous frequenter of the theatres; and in a short time the amusements of the stage took such possession of his mind, that he never was absent from a play in several years.

This constant attendance naturally procured him the acquaintance of the players; and, among others, of Mrs. Oldfield, who was so much pleased with his conversation, and touched with his misfortunes, that she allowed him a settled pension of fifty pounds a year, which was during her life regularly paid.

That this act of generosity may receive its due praise, and that the good actions of Mrs. Oldfield may not be sullied by her general character, it is proper to mention, what Mr. Savage often declared in the strongest terms, that he never saw her alone, or in any other place than behind the scenes.

At her death he endeavoured to show his gratitude in the most decent manner, by wearing mourning as for a mother; but did not celebrate her in elegies,† because he knew that too great a profusion of praise would only have revived those faults which his natural equity did not allow him to think less because they were committed by one who favoured him; but of which, though his virtue would not endeavour to palliate them, his gratitude would not suffer him to prolong the memory or diffuse the censure.

In his *Wanderer* he has indeed taken an opportunity of mentioning her; but celebrates her, not for her virtue, but her beauty, an excellence which none ever denied her: this is the only encomium with which he has rewarded her liberality, and perhaps he has even in this been too lavish of his praise. He seems to have thought, that never to mention his benefactress would have an appearance of ingratitude; though to have dedicated any particular performance to her memory would only have betrayed an officious partiality, that, without exalting her character, would have depressed his own.

He had sometimes, by the kindness of Mr. Wilks, the advantage

* "This," says Dr. Johnson, "I write upon the credit of the author of his life, which was published in 1727;" and was a small pamphlet intended to plead his cause with the public while under sentence of death "for the murder of Mr. James Sinclair, at Robinson's Coffee-house at Charing Cross. Price 6*s*. Roberts."

† Chetwood, however, has printed a poem on her death, which he ascribes *to Mr. Savage.*

of a benefit, on which occasions he often received uncommon marks of regard and compassion; and was once told by the Duke of Dorset, that it was just to consider him as an injured nobleman, and that in his opinion the nobility ought to think themselves obliged, without solicitation, to take every opportunity of supporting him by their countenance and patronage. But he had generally the mortification to hear that the whole interest of his mother was employed to frustrate his applications, and that she never left any expedient untried by which he might be cut off from the possibility of supporting life. The same disposition she endeavoured to diffuse among all those over whom nature or fortune gave her any influence, and indeed succeeded too well in her design: but could not always propagate her effrontery with her cruelty; for some of those whom she incited against him were ashamed of their own conduct, and boasted of that relief which they never gave him.

In this censure I do not indiscriminately involve all his relations; for he has mentioned with gratitude the humanity of one lady, whose name I am now unable to recollect, and to whom therefore I cannot pay the praises which she deserves for having acted well in opposition to influence, precept, and example.

The punishment which our laws inflict upon those parents who murder their infants is well known, nor has its justice ever been contested; but if they deserve death who destroy a child in its birth, what pains can be severe enough for her who forbears to destroy him only to inflict sharper miseries upon him; who prolongs his life only to make him miserable; and who exposes him, without care and without pity, to the malice of oppression, the caprices of chance, and the temptations of poverty; who rejoices to see him overwhelmed with calamities; and when his own industry or the charity of others has enabled him to rise for a short time above his miseries, plunges him again into his former distress!

The kindness of his friends not affording him any constant supply, and the prospect of improving his fortune by enlarging his acquaintance necessarily leading him to places of expense, he found it necessary (in 1724) to endeavour once more at dramatic poetry, for which he was now better qualified by a more extensive knowledge and longer observation. But having been unsuccessful in comedy, though rather for want of opportunities than genius, he resolved now to try whether he should not be more fortunate in exhibiting a tragedy.

The story which he chose for the subject was that of Sir Thomas Overbury,—a story well adapted to the stage, though perhaps not far enough removed from the present age to admit properly the fictions necessary to complete the plan: for the mind, which naturally loves truth, is always most offended with the violations of those truths of which we are most certain; and we of course conceive those facts most certain which approach nearest to our own time.

Out of this story he formed a tragedy, which, if the circumstances in which he wrote it be considered, will afford at once an uncommon proof of strength of genius and evenness of mind, of a serenity not to be ruffled, and an imagination not to be suppressed.

During a considerable part of the time in which he was employed upon this performance, he was without lodging, and often without

meat; nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or the streets allowed him: there he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of the pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

If the performance of a writer thus distressed is not perfect, its faults ought surely to be imputed to a cause very different from want of genius, and must rather excite pity than provoke censure.

But when, under these discouragements, the tragedy was finished, there yet remained the labour of introducing it on the stage,—an undertaking which, to an ingenuous mind, was in a very high degree vexatious and disgusting; for, having little interest or reputation, he was obliged to submit himself wholly to the players, and admit, with whatever reluctance, the emendations of Mr. Cibber, which he always considered as the disgrace of his performance.

He had, indeed, in Mr. Hill another critic of a very different class, from whose friendship he received great assistance on many occasions, and whom he never mentioned but with the utmost tenderness and regard. He had been for some time distinguished by him with very particular kindness, and on this occasion it was natural to apply to him as an author of an established character. He therefore sent this tragedy to him, with a short copy of verses,* in which he desired his correction. Mr. Hill, whose humanity and politeness are generally known, readily complied with his request; but as he is remarkable for singularity of sentiment and bold experiments in language, Mr. Savage did not think his play much improved by his innovations, and had even at that time the courage to reject several passages which he could not approve; and, what is still more laudable, Mr. Hill had the generosity not to resent the neglect of his alterations, but wrote the prologue and epilogue, in which he touches on the circumstances of the author with great tenderness.

After all these obstructions and compliances, he was only able to bring his play upon the stage in the summer, when the chief actors had retired, and the rest were in possession of the house for their own advantage. Among these Mr. Savage was admitted to play the part of Sir Thomas Overbury,† by which he gained no great reputation, the theatre being a province for which nature seems not to have designed him, for neither his voice, look, nor gesture were such as were expected on the stage; and he was so much ashamed of having been reduced to appear as a player, that he always blotted out his name from the list when a copy of his tragedy was to be shown to his friends.

In the publication of his performance he was more successful; for the rays of genius that glimmered in it, that glimmered through all the mists which poverty and Cibber had been able to spread over it, procured him the notice and esteem of many persons eminent for their rank, their virtue, and their wit.

Of this play, acted, printed, and dedicated, the accumulated profits

* Printed in the collection of his poems.

† It was acted only three nights, the first on June 12, 1723. When the house opened for the winter season it was once more performed, for the author's benefit, October 2.

arose to an hundred pounds, which he thought at that time a very large sum, having been never master of so much before.

In the dedication to Herbert Tryst, Esq., of Herefordshire, for which he received ten guineas, there is nothing remarkable. The preface contains a very liberal encomium on the blooming excellences of Mr. Theophilus Cibber, which Mr. Savage could not, in the latter part of his life, see his friends about to read without snatching the play out of their hands. The generosity of Mr. Hill did not end on this occasion; for afterwards, when Mr. Savage's necessities returned, he encouraged a subscription to a miscellany of poems in a very extraordinary manner, by publishing his story in *The Plain Dealer*, with some affecting lines, which he asserts to have been written by Mr. Savage, upon the treatment received by him from his mother, but of which he was himself the author, as Mr. Savage afterwards declared. These lines, and the paper* in which they were inserted, had a very powerful effect upon all but his mother, whom, by making her cruelty more public, they only hardened in her aversion.

Mr. Hill not only promoted the subscription to the miscellany, but furnished likewise the greatest part of the poems of which it is composed, and particularly *The Happy Man*, which he published as a specimen.

The subscriptions of those whom these papers should influence to patronise merit in distress, without any other solicitation, were directed to be left at Button's coffee-house; and Mr. Savage going thither a few days afterwards, without expectation of any effect from his proposal, found to his surprise seventy guineas,† which had been sent him in consequence of the compassion excited by Mr. Hill's pathetic representation.

To this miscellany he wrote a preface, in which he gives an account of his mother's cruelty in a very uncommon strain of humour, and with a gaiety of imagination which the success of his subscription probably produced.

The dedication is addressed to the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom he flatters without reserve, and, to confess the truth, with very little art.‡ The same observation may be extended to all his dedications: his compliments are constrained and violent, heaped together without the grace of order or the decency of introduction.

* *The Plain Dealer* was a periodical paper, written by Mr. Hill and Mr. Bond, whom Savage called the two contending powers of light and darkness. They wrote by turns each six essays; and the character of the work was observed regularly to rise in Mr. Hill's week, and fall in Mr. Bond's.—DR. J.

† The names of those who so generously contributed to his relief ought not to be omitted here. They were the Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Cheyney, Lady Castlemain, Lady Gower, Lady Lechmere, the Duchess Dowager and Duchess of Rutland, Lady Strafford, the Countess Dowager of Warwick, Mrs. Mary Flower, Mrs. Sofuel Noel, Duke of Rutland, Lord Gainsborough, Lord Milsington, Mr. John Savage:—DR. J.

† This the following extract from it will prove:

"Since our country has been honoured with the glory of your wit, as elevated and immortal as your soul, it no longer remains a doubt whether your sex have strength of mind in proportion to their sweetness. There is something in your verses as distinguished as your air. They are as strong as truth, as deep as reason, as clear as innocence, and as smooth as beauty. They contain a nameless and peculiar *mixture* of force and grace, which is at once so

He seems to have written his panegyrics for the perusal only of his patrons; and to imagine that he had no other task than to pamper them with praises however gross, and that flattery would make its way to the heart without the assistance of elegance or invention.

Soon afterwards the death of the king furnished a general subject for a poetical contest, in which Mr. Savage engaged, and is allowed to have carried the prize of honour from his competitors: but I know not whether he gained by his performance any other advantage than the increase of his reputation; though it must certainly have been with farther views that he prevailed upon himself to attempt a species of writing of which all the topics had been long before exhausted, and which was made at once difficult by the multitudes that had failed in it and those that had succeeded.

He was now advancing in reputation, and though frequently involved in very distressful perplexities, appeared, however, to be gaining upon mankind, when both his fame and his life were endangered by an event, of which it is not yet determined whether it ought to be mentioned as a crime or a calamity.

On the 20th November, 1727, Mr. Savage came from Richmond, where he then lodged, that he might pursue his studies with less interruption, with an intent to discharge another lodging which he had in Westminster; and accidentally meeting two gentlemen, his acquaintances, whose names were Merchant and Gregory, he went in with them to a neighbouring coffee-house, and sat drinking till it was late, it being in no time of Mr. Savage's life any part of his character to be the first of the company that desired to separate. He would willingly have gone to bed in the same house, but there was not room for the whole company; and therefore they agreed to ramble about the streets, and divert themselves with such amusements as should offer themselves, till morning.

In this walk they happened, unluckily, to discover a light in Robinson's coffee-house, near Charing-cross, and therefore went in. Merchant, with some rudeness, demanded a room, and was told that there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company were about to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, not satisfied with this answer, rushed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himself between the company and the fire, and soon after kicked down the table. This produced a quarrel, swords were drawn on both sides, and one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. Savage, having wounded likewise a maid that held him, forced his way with Merchant out of the house; but being intimidated and confused, without resolution either to fly or stay, they were taken in a back-court by one of the company, and some soldiers whom he had called to his assistance.

Being secured and guarded that night, they were in the morning carried before three justices, who committed them to the gatehouse,

movingly serene and so majestically lovely, that it is too amiable to appear any where but in your eyes and in your writings.

"As fortune is not more my enemy than I am the enemy of flattery, I know not how I can forbear this application to your ladyship; because there is scarce a possibility that I should say more than I believe, when I am speaking of your excellence."—DR. J.

from whence, upon the death of Mr. Sinclair, which happened the same day, they were removed in the night to Newgate; where they were, however, treated with some distinction, exempted from the ignominy of chains, and confined, not among the common criminals, but in the press-yard.

When the day of trial came, the court was crowded in a very unusual manner; and the public appeared to interest itself as in a cause of general concern. The witnesses against Mr. Savage and his friends were, the woman who kept the house, which was a house of ill-fame, and her maid; the men who were in the room with Mr. Sinclair, and a woman of the town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been seen in bed. They swore, in general, that Merchant gave the provocation, which Savage and Gregory drew their swords to justify; that Savage drew first, and that he stabbed Sinclair when he was not in a posture of defence, or while Gregory commanded his sword; that after he had given the thrust he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the maid clung round him, and one of the company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke, by cutting the maid on the head, but was afterwards taken in a court.

There was some difference in their depositions: one did not see Savage give the wound, another saw it given when Sinclair held his point towards the ground; and the woman of the town asserted that she did not see Sinclair's sword at all. This difference, however, was very far from amounting to inconsistency; but it was sufficient to show that the hurry of the dispute was such, that it was not easy to discover the truth with relation to particular circumstances, and that, therefore, some deductions were to be made from the credibility of the testimonies.

Sinclair had declared several times before his death, that he received his wound from Savage; nor did Savage at his trial deny the fact, but endeavoured partly to extenuate it, by urging the suddenness of the whole action, and the impossibility of any ill design, or premeditated malice; and partly to justify it by the necessity of self-defence, and the hazard of his own life, if he had lost that opportunity of giving the thrust. He observed, that neither reason nor law obliged a man to wait for the blow which was threatened, and which, if he should suffer it, he might never be able to return; that it was always allowable to prevent an assault, and to preserve life by taking away that of the adversary by whom it was endangered.

With regard to the violence with which he endeavoured to escape, he declared that it was not his design to fly from justice or decline a trial, but to avoid the expenses and severities of a prison; and that he intended to have appeared at the bar without compulsion.

This defence, which took up more than an hour, was heard by the multitude that thronged the court with the most attentive and respectful silence. Those who thought he ought not to be acquitted, owned that applause could not be refused him; and those who before pitied his misfortunes, now reverenced his abilities.

The witnesses which appeared against him were proved to be persons of characters which did not entitle them to much credit: a

common strumpet, a woman by whom strumpets were entertained, and a man by whom they were supported; and the character of Savage was by several persons of distinction asserted to be that of a modest, inoffensive man, not inclined to broils or to insolence, and who had, to that time, been only known for his misfortunes and his wit.

Had his audience been his judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. Page, who was then upon the bench, treated him with his usual insolence and severity; and when he had summed up the evidence, endeavoured to exasperate the jury, as Mr. Savage used to relate it, with this eloquent harangue:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that Mr. Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wears very fine clothes, much finer clothes than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard case, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Savage should therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury?"

Mr. Savage, hearing his defence thus misrepresented, and the men who were to decide his fate incited against him by invidious comparisons, resolutely asserted that his cause was not candidly explained, and began to recapitulate what he had before said with regard to his condition, and the necessity of endeavouring to escape the expenses of imprisonment; but the judge having ordered him to be silent, and repeated his orders without effect, commanded that he should be taken from the bar by force.

The jury then heard the opinion of the judge, that good characters were of no weight against positive evidence, though they might turn the scale where it was doubtful; and that though, when two men attack each other, the death of either is only manslaughter, yet where one is the aggressor, as in the case before them, and, in pursuance of his first attack, kills the other, the law supposes the action, however sudden, to be malicious. They then deliberated upon their verdict, and determined that Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were guilty of murder; and Mr. Merchant, who had no sword, only of manslaughter.

Thus ended this memorable trial, which lasted eight hours. Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were conducted back to prison, where they were more closely confined, and loaded with irons of fifty pounds' weight; four days afterwards they were sent back to the court to receive sentence; on which occasion Mr. Savage made, as far as it could be retained in memory, the following speech:

"It is now, my lord, too late to offer any thing by way of defence or vindication; nor can we expect from your lordships, in this court, but the sentence which the law requires you as judges to pronounce against men of our calamitous condition. But we are also persuaded that, as mere men, and out of this seat of rigorous justice, you are susceptive of the tender passions, and too humane not to commiserate the unhappy situation of those whom the law sometimes perhaps exacts from you to pronounce upon. No doubt you distinguish between offences which arise out of premeditation and a disposition

habituated to vice and immorality, and transgressions which are the unhappy and unforeseen effects of casual absence of reason and sudden impulse of passion; we therefore hope you will contribute all you can to an extension of that mercy which the gentlemen of the jury have been pleased to show Mr. Merchant, who (allowing facts as sworn against us by the evidence) has led us into this, our calamity. I hope this will not be construed as if we meant to reflect upon that gentleman, or remove any thing from us upon him, or that we repine the more at our fate because he has no participation of it. No, my lord! For my part, I declare nothing could more soften my grief, than to be without any companion in so great a misfortune."

Mr. Savage had now no hopes of life, but from the mercy of the crown, which was very earnestly solicited by his friends, and which, with whatever difficulty the story may obtain belief, was obstructed only by his mother.

To prejudice the queen against him, she made use of an incident which was omitted in the order of time, that it might be mentioned together with the purpose which it was made to serve. Mr. Savage, when he had discovered his birth, had an incessant desire to speak to his mother, who always avoided him in public, and refused him admission into her house. One evening, walking as it was his custom, in the street that she inhabited, he saw the door of her house by accident open; he entered it, and finding no person in the passage to hinder him, went up stairs to salute her. She discovered him before he could enter her chamber, alarmed the family with the most distressful outcries, and when she had by her screams gathered them about her, ordered them to drive out of the house that villain, who had forced himself in upon her, and endeavoured to murder her. Savage, who had attempted with the most submissive tenderness to soften her rage, hearing her utter so detestable an accusation, thought it prudent to retire; and, I believe, never attempted afterwards to speak to her.

But, shocked as he was with her falsehood and her cruelty, he imagined that she intended no other use of her lie than to set herself free from his embraces and solicitations, and was very far from suspecting that she would treasure it in her memory as an instrument of future wickedness, or that she would endeavour for this fictitious assault to deprive him of his life.

But when the queen was solicited for his pardon, and informed of the severe treatment which he had suffered from his judge, she answered, that however unjustifiable might be the manner of his trial, or whatever extenuation the action for which he was condemned might admit, she could not think that man a proper object of the king's mercy, who had been capable of entering his mother's house in the night with an intent to murder her.

By whom this atrocious calumny had been transmitted to the queen; whether she that invented had the front to relate it; whether she found any one weak enough to credit it, or corrupt enough to concur with her in her hateful design, I know not: but methods had been taken to persuade the queen so strongly of the truth of it, that she for a long time refused to hear any one of those who petitioned for his life.

Thus had Savage perished by the evidence of a bawd, a strumpet,

and his mother, had not justice and compassion procured him an advocate of rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed. His merit and his calamities happened to reach the ear of the Countess of Hertford, who engaged in his support with all the tenderness that is excited by pity, and all the zeal which is kindled by generosity; and, demanding an audience of the queen, laid before her the whole series of his mother's cruelty, exposed the improbability of an accusation by which he was charged with an intent to commit a murder that could produce no advantage, and soon convinced her how little his former conduct could deserve to be mentioned as a reason for extraordinary severity. The interposition of this lady was so successful, that he was soon after admitted to bail; and on the 9th of March, 1728, pleaded the king's pardon.

It is natural to inquire upon what motives his mother could persecute him in a manner so outrageous and implacable; for what reason she could employ all the arts of malice, and all the snares of calumny, to take away the life of her own son,—of a son who never injured her, who was never supported at her expense, nor obstructed any prospect of pleasure or advantage; why she would endeavour to destroy him by a lie,—a lie which could not gain credit, but must vanish of itself at the first moment of examination, and of which only this can be said to make it probable, that it may be observed from her conduct, that the most execrable crimes are sometimes committed without apparent temptation.

This mother is still alive,* and may perhaps even yet, though her malice was so often defeated, enjoy the pleasure of reflecting, that the life which she often endeavoured to destroy was at least shortened by her maternal offices; that though she could not transport her son to the plantations, bury him in the shop of a mechanic, or hasten the hand of the public executioner, she has yet had the satisfaction of embittering all his hours, and forcing him into exigences that hurried on his death.

It is by no means necessary to aggravate the enormity of this woman's conduct, by placing it in opposition to that of the Countess of Hertford; no one can fail to observe how much more amiable it is to relieve than to oppress, and to rescue innocence from destruction than to destroy without an injury.

Mr. Savage, during his imprisonment, his trial, and the time in which he lay under sentence of death, behaved with great firmness and equality of mind, and confirmed by his fortitude the esteem of those who before admired him for his abilities.† The peculiar cir-

* She died Oct. 11, 1753, at her house in Old Bond Street, aged above fourscore.

† It appears that during his confinement he wrote a letter to his mother, which he sent to Theophilus Cibber, that it might be transmitted to her through the means of Mr. Wilks. In his letter to Cibber he says: "As to death I am easy, and dare meet it like a man; all that touches me is the concern of my friends, and a reconcilement with my mother—I cannot express the agony I felt when I wrote the letter to her—if you can find any decent excuse for showing it to Mrs. Oldfield, do; for I would have all my friends (and that admirable lady in particular) be satisfied I have done my duty towards it. Dr. Young to-day sent me a letter most passionately kind."

cumstances of his life were made more generally known by a short account,* which was then published, and of which several thousands were in a few weeks dispersed over the nation; and the compassion of mankind operated so powerfully in his favour, that he was enabled, by frequent presents, not only to support himself, but to assist Mr. Gregory in prison; and when he was pardoned and released, he found the number of his friends not lessened.

The nature of the act for which he had been tried was in itself doubtful; of the evidences which appeared against him, the character of the man was not unexceptionable, that of the woman notoriously infamous; she, whose testimony chiefly influenced the jury to condemn him, afterwards retracted her assertions. He always himself denied that he was drunk, as had been generally reported. Mr. Gregory, who is now (1744) collector of Antigua, is said to declare him far less criminal than he was imagined, even by some who favoured him; and Page himself afterwards confessed, that he had treated him with uncommon rigour. When all these particulars are rated together, perhaps the memory of Savage may not be much sullied by his trial.

Some time after he obtained his liberty, he met in the street the woman who had sworn with so much malignity against him. She informed him that she was in distress; and, with a degree of confidence not easily attainable, desired him to relieve her. He, instead of insulting her misery, and taking pleasure in the calamities of one who had brought his life into danger, reproved her gently for her perjury; and changing the only guinea that he had, divided it equally between her and himself.

This is an action which in some ages would have made a saint, and perhaps in others a hero, and which, without any hyperbolical encomiums, must be allowed to be an instance of uncommon generosity, an act of complicated virtue; by which he at once relieved the poor, corrected the vicious, and forgave an enemy; by which he at once remitted the strongest provocations, and exercised the most ardent charity.

Compassion was, indeed, the distinguishing quality of Savage: he never appeared inclined to take advantage of weakness, to attack the defenceless, or to press upon the falling. Whoever was distressed was certain at least of his good wishes; and when he could give no assistance to extricate them from misfortunes, he endeavoured to soothe them by sympathy and tenderness.

But when his heart was not softened by the sight of misery, he was sometimes obstinate in his resentment; and did not quickly lose the remembrance of an injury. He always continued to speak with anger of the insolence and partiality of Page, and a short time before his death revenged it by a satire.

It is natural to inquire in what terms Mr. Savage spoke of this fatal action when the danger was over, and he was under no necessity of using any art to set his conduct in the fairest light. He was not willing to dwell upon it; and if he transiently mentioned it, appeared neither to consider himself as a murderer, nor as a man wholly

* Written by Mr. *Beckingham* and another gentleman.—DR. J.

free from the guilt of blood.* How much and how long he regretted it, appeared in a poem which he published many years afterwards. On occasion of a copy of verses, in which the failings of good men were recounted, and in which the author had endeavoured to illustrate his position, that "the best may sometimes deviate from virtue," by an instance of murder committed by Savage in the heat of wine, Savage remarked, that it was no very just representation of a good man, to suppose him liable to drunkenness, and disposed in his riots to cut throats.

He was now indeed at liberty, but was, as before, without any other support than accidental favours and uncertain patronage afforded him; sources by which he was sometimes very liberally supplied, and which at other times were suddenly stopped: so that he spent his life between want and plenty; or, what was yet worse, between beggary and extravagance; for, as whatever he received was the gift of chance, which might as well favour him at one time as another, he was tempted to squander what he had, because he always hoped to be immediately supplied.

Another cause of his profusion was the absurd kindness of his friends, who at once rewarded and enjoyed his abilities, by treating him at taverns, and habituating him to pleasures which he could not afford to enjoy, and which he was not able to deny himself, though he purchased the luxury of a single night by the anguish of cold and hunger for a week.

The experience of these inconveniences determined him to endeavour after some settled income; which, having long found submission and entreaties fruitless, he attempted to extort from his mother by rougher methods. He had now, as he acknowledged, lost that tenderness for her which the whole series of her cruelty had not been able wholly to repress, till he found, by the efforts which she made for his destruction, that she was not content with refusing to assist him and being neutral in his struggles with poverty, but was ready to snatch every opportunity of adding to his misfortunes; and that she was to be considered as an enemy implacably malicious, whom nothing but his blood could satisfy. He therefore threatened to harass her with lampoons, and to publish a copious narrative of her conduct, unless she consented to purchase an exemption from infamy by allowing him a pension.

This expedient proved successful. Whether shame still survived, though virtue was extinct, or whether her relations had more delicacy than herself, and imagined that some of the darts which satire might point at her would glance upon them; Lord Tyrconnel, whatever were his motives, upon his promise to lay aside his design of exposing the cruelty of his mother, received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him a pension of two hundred pounds a year.

This was the golden part of Mr. Savage's life; and for some time he had no reason to complain of fortune: his appearance was splendid, his expenses large, and his acquaintance extensive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and

* In one of his letters he styles it "a fatal quarrel, but too well known."—Dr. J.

caressed by all who valued themselves upon a refined taste. To admire Mr. Savage was a proof of discernment; and to be acquainted with him was a title to poetical reputation. His presence was sufficient to make any place of public entertainment popular; and his approbation and example constituted the fashion. So powerful is genius when it is invested with the glitter of affluence! Men willingly pay to fortune that regard which they owe to merit, and are pleased when they have an opportunity at once of gratifying their vanity and practising their duty.

This interval of prosperity furnished him with opportunities of enlarging his knowledge of human nature, by contemplating life from its highest gradations to its lowest; and, had he afterwards applied to dramatic poetry, he would perhaps not have had many superiors; for, as he never suffered any scene to pass before his eyes without notice, he had treasured in his mind all the different combinations of passions, and the innumerable mixtures of vice and virtue, which distinguish one character from another; and as his conception was strong, his expressions were clear, he easily received impressions from objects, and very forcibly transmitted them to others.

Of his exact observations on human life he has left a proof, which would do honour to the greatest names, in a small pamphlet called *The Author to be Let*,* where he introduces Iscariot Hackney, a prostitute scribbler, giving an account of his birth, his education, his disposition and morals, habits of life, and maxims of conduct. In the introduction are related many secret histories of the petty writers of that time, but sometimes mixed with ungenerous reflections on their birth, their circumstances or those of their relations; nor can it be denied that some passages are such as Iscariot Hackney might himself have produced.

He was accused likewise of living in an appearance of friendship with some whom he satirised, and of making use of the confidence which he gained by a seeming kindness, to discover failings and expose them; it must be confessed that Mr. Savage's esteem was no very certain possession, and that he would lampoon at one time those whom he had praised at another.

It may be alleged that the same man may change his principles; and that he who was once deservedly commended, may be afterwards satirised with equal justice; or that the poet was dazzled with the appearance of virtue, and found the man whom he had celebrated, when he had an opportunity of examining him more narrowly, unworthy of the panegyric which he had too hastily bestowed; and that, as a false satire ought to be recanted for the sake of him whose reputation may be injured, false praise ought likewise to be obviated; lest the distinction between vice and virtue should be lost, lest a bad man should be trusted upon the credit of his encomiast, or lest others should endeavour to obtain the like praises by the same means.

But though these excuses may be often plausible, and sometimes just, they are very seldom satisfactory to mankind; and the writer who is not constant to his subject, quickly sinks into contempt; his

* Printed in his works, vol. ii. p. 231.

satire loses its force, and his panegyric its value; and he is only considered at one time as a flatterer, and as a calumniator at another.

To avoid these imputations, it is only necessary to follow the rules of virtue, and to preserve an unvaried regard to truth. For though it is undoubtedly possible that a man, however cautious, may be sometimes deceived by an artful appearance of virtue, or by false evidences of guilt, such errors will not be frequent; and it will be allowed, that the name of an author would never have been made contemptible, had no man ever said what he did not think, or misled others but when he was himself deceived.

The Author to be Let was first published in a single pamphlet, and afterwards inserted in a collection of pieces relating to the *Dunciad*, which were addressed by Mr. Savage to the Earl of Middlesex, in a dedication* which he was prevailed upon to sign, though he did not write it, and in which there are some positions that the true author would perhaps not have published under his own name, and on which Mr. Savage afterwards reflected with no great satisfaction. The enumeration of the bad effects of the uncontrolled freedom of the press, and the assertion, that the liberties taken by the writers of journals with "their superiors were exorbitant and unjustifiable," very ill became men who have themselves not always shown the exactest regard to the laws of subordination in their writings, and who have often satirised those that at least thought themselves their superiors, as they were eminent for their hereditary rank, and employed in the highest offices of the kingdom. But this is only an instance of that partiality which almost every man indulges with regard to himself: the liberty of the press is a blessing when we are inclined to write against others, and a calamity when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants; as the power of the crown is always thought too great by those who suffer by its influence, and too little by those in whose favour it is exerted; and a standing army is generally accounted necessary by those who command, and dangerous and oppressive by those who support it.

Mr. Savage was likewise very far from believing that the letters annexed to each species of bad poets in the *Bathos* were, as he was directed to assert, "set down at random;" for when he was charged by one of his friends with putting his name to such an improbability, he had no other answer to make than that "he did not think of it;" and his friend had too much tenderness to reply, that next to the crime of writing contrary to what he thought, was that of writing without thinking.

After having remarked what is false in this dedication, it is proper that I observe the impartiality which I recommend, by declaring what Savage asserted, that the account of the circumstances which attended the publication of the *Dunciad*, however strange and improbable, was exactly true.

The publication of this piece at this time raised Mr. Savage a great number of enemies among those that were attacked by Mr. Pope, with whom he was considered as a kind of confederate, and whom he was suspected of supplying with private intelligence and

* See his works, vol. ii. p. 233.

secret incidents; so that the ignominy of an informer was added to the terror of a satirist.

That he was not altogether free from literary hypocrisy, and that he sometimes spoke one thing and wrote another, cannot be denied; because he himself confessed, that when he lived in great familiarity with Dennis, he wrote an epigram* against him.

Mr. Savage, however, set all the malice of all the pigmy writers at defiance, and thought the friendship of Mr. Pope cheaply purchased by being exposed to their censure and their hatred; nor had he any reason to repent of the preference; for he found Mr. Pope a steady and unalienable friend almost to the end of his life.

About this time, notwithstanding his avowed neutrality with regard to party, he published a panegyric on Sir Robert Walpole, for which he was rewarded by him with twenty guineas,—a sum not very large, if either the excellence of the performance or the affluence of the patron be considered; but greater than he afterwards obtained from a person of higher rank, and more desirous in appearance of being distinguished as a patron of literature.

As he was very far from approving the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole, and in conversation mentioned him sometimes with acrimony, and generally with contempt; as he was one of those who were always zealous in their assertions of the justice of the late opposition, jealous of the rights of the people, and alarmed by the long-continued triumph of the court; it was natural to ask him what could induce him to employ his poetry in praise of that man who was, in his opinion, an enemy to liberty, and an oppressor of his country? He alleged that he was then dependent upon the Lord Tyrconnel, who was an implicit follower of the ministry; and that being enjoined by him, not without menaces, to write in praise of his leader, he had not resolution sufficient to sacrifice the pleasure of affluence to that of integrity.

On this, and on many other occasions, he was ready to lament the misery of living at the tables of other men, which was his fate from the beginning to the end of his life; for I know not whether he ever had for three months together a settled habitation, in which he could claim a right of residence.

To this unhappy state it is just to impute much of the inconstancy of his conduct; for though a readiness to comply with the inclination of others was no part of his natural character, yet he was sometimes obliged to relax his obstinacy, and submit his own judgment, and even his virtue, to the government of those by whom he was supported; so that, if his miseries were sometimes the consequences of

* This epigram was, I believe, never published:

"Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had,
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
On one so poor you cannot take the law,
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw.
Uncag'd then, let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age."—DR. J.

his faults, he ought not yet to be wholly excluded from compassion, because his faults were very often the effects of his misfortunes.

In this gay period (1729) of his life, while he was surrounded by affluence and pleasure, he published *The Wanderer*, a moral poem, of which the design is comprised in these lines:

> "I fly all public care, all venal strife,
> To try the still, compar'd with active life;
> To prove, by these, the sons of men may owe
> The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
> That ev'n calamity, by thought refin'd,
> Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind."

And more distinctly in the following passage:

> "By woe, the soul to daring action swells;
> By woe, in plaintless patience it excels:
> From patience, prudent clear experience springs,
> And traces knowledge through the course of things!
> Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
> Renown—whate'er men covet and caress."

This performance was always considered by himself as his masterpiece; and Mr. Pope, when he asked his opinion of it, told him that he read it once over and was not displeased with it; that it gave him more pleasure at the second perusal, and delighted him still more at the third.

It has been generally objected to *The Wanderer*, that the disposition of the parts is irregular; that the design is obscure, and the plan perplexed; that the images, however beautiful, succeed each other without order; and that the whole performance is not so much a regular fabric as a heap of shining materials thrown together by accident, which strikes rather with the solemn magnificence of a stupendous ruin than the elegant grandeur of a finished pile.

This criticism is universal, and therefore it is reasonable to believe it at least in a great degree just; but Mr. Savage was always of a contrary opinion, and thought his drift could only be missed by negligence or stupidity, and that the whole plan was regular and the parts distinct.

It was never denied to abound with strong representations of nature, and just observations upon life; and it may easily be observed that most of his pictures have an evident tendency to illustrate his first great position, "that good is the consequence of evil." The sun that burns up the mountains fructifies the vales; the deluge that rushes down the broken rocks with dreadful impetuosity is separated into purling brooks; and the rage of the hurricane purifies the air.

Even in this poem he has not been able to forbear one touch upon the cruelty of his mother, which, though remarkably delicate and tender, is a proof how deep an impression it had upon his mind.

This must be at least acknowledged, which ought to be thought equivalent to many other excellences, that this poem can promote no other purposes than those of virtue, and that it is written with a very strong sense of the efficacy of religion.

But my province is rather to give the history of Mr. Savage's per-

formances than to display their beauties, or to obviate the criticisms which they have occasioned; and therefore I shall not dwell upon the particular passages which deserve applause: I shall neither show the excellence of his descriptions, nor expatiate on the terrific portrait of suicide, nor point out the artful touches by which he has distinguished the intellectual features of the rebels who suffer death in his last canto. It is, however, proper to observe, that Mr. Savage always declared the characters wholly fictitious, and without the least allusion to any real persons or actions.

From a poem so diligently laboured, and so successfully finished, it might be reasonably expected that he should have gained considerable advantage; nor can it without some degree of indignation and concern be told that he sold the copy for ten guineas, of which he afterwards returned two, that the two last sheets of the work might be reprinted, of which he had in his absence intrusted the correction to a friend, who was too indolent to perform it with accuracy.

A superstitious regard to the correction of his sheets was one of Mr. Savage's peculiarities: he often altered, revised, recurred to his first reading or punctuation, and again adopted the alteration; he was dubious and irresolute without end, as on a question of the last importance, and at last was seldom satisfied: the intrusion or omission of a comma was sufficient to discompose him, and he would lament an error of a single letter as a heavy calamity. In one of his letters relating to an impression of some verses, he remarks that he had, with regard to the correction of the proof, "a spell upon him;" and indeed the anxiety with which he dwelt upon the minutest and most trifling niceties deserved no other name than that of fascination.

That he sold so valuable a performance for so small a price, was not to be imputed either to necessity, by which the learned and ingenious are often obliged to submit to very hard conditions, or to avarice, by which the booksellers are frequently incited to oppress that genius by which they are supported; but to that intemperate desire of pleasure, and habitual slavery to his passions, which involved him in many perplexities. He happened at that time to be engaged in the pursuit of some trifling gratification; and, being without money for the present occasion, sold his poem to the first bidder, and perhaps for the first price that was proposed; and would probably have been content with less, if less had been offered him.

This poem was addressed to the Lord Tyrconnel, not only in the first lines, but in a formal dedication filled with the highest strains of panegyric, and the warmest professions of gratitude; but by no means remarkable for delicacy of connection or elegance of style.

These praises in a short time he found himself inclined to retract, being discarded by the man on whom he had bestowed them, and whom he then immediately discovered not to have deserved them. Of this quarrel, which every day made more bitter, Lord Tyrconnel and Mr. Savage assigned very different reasons, which might perhaps all in reality concur, though they were not all convenient to be alleged by either party. Lord Tyrconnel affirmed, that it was the constant practice of Mr. Savage to enter a tavern with any company that proposed it, drink the most expensive wines with great

profusion, and when the reckoning was demanded, to be without money. If, as it often happened, his company were willing to defray his part, the affair ended without any ill consequences; but if they were refractory, and expected that the wine should be paid for by him that drank it, his method of composition was, to take them with him to his own apartment, assume the government of the house, and order the butler in an imperious manner to set the best wine in the cellar before his company, who often drank till they forgot the respect due to the house in which they were entertained, indulged themselves in the utmost extravagance of merriment, practised the most licentious frolics, and committed all the outrages of drunkenness.

Nor was this the only charge which Lord Tyrconnel brought against him. Having given him a collection of valuable books, stamped with his own arms, he had the mortification to see them in a short time exposed to sale upon the stalls; it being usual with Mr. Savage, when he wanted a small sum, to take his books to the pawnbroker.

Whoever was acquainted with Mr. Savage easily credited both these accusations: for having been obliged, from his first entrance into the world, to subsist upon expedients, affluence was not able to exalt him above them; and so much was he delighted with wine and conversation, and so long had he been accustomed to live by chance, that he would at any time go to the tavern without scruple, and trust for the reckoning to the liberality of his company, and frequently of company to whom he was very little known. This conduct indeed very seldom drew upon him those inconveniences that might be feared by any other person; for his conversation was so entertaining, and his address so pleasing, that few thought the pleasure which they received from him dearly purchased by paying for his wine. It was his peculiar happiness, that he scarcely ever found a stranger whom he did not leave a friend; but it must likewise be added, that he had not often a friend long, without obliging him to become a stranger.

Mr. Savage, on the other hand, declared that Lord Tyrconnel* quarrelled with him because he would not subtract from his own luxury and extravagance what he had promised to allow him, and that his resentment was only a plea for the violation of his promise. He asserted that he had done nothing that ought to exclude him from that subsistence which he thought not so much a favour as a debt, since it was offered him upon conditions which he had never broken; and that his only fault was that he could not be supported with nothing.

He acknowledged that Lord Tyrconnel often exhorted him to regulate his method of life, and not to spend all his nights in taverns; and that he appeared very desirous that he would pass those hours with him which he so freely bestowed upon others. This demand Mr. Savage considered as a censure of his conduct, which he could never patiently bear; and which, in the latter and cooler parts of his life, was so offensive to him, that he declared it as his resolution,

* His expression in one of his letters was, "That Lord Tyrconnel had involved his estate, and therefore poorly sought an occasion to quarrel with him."—DR. J.

"to spurn that friend who should presume to dictate to him;" and it is not likely that in his earlier years he received admonitions with more calmness.

He was likewise inclined to resent such expectations, as tending to infringe his liberty, of which he was very jealous when it was necessary to the gratification of his passions; and declared that the request was still more unreasonable, as the company to which he was to have been confined was insupportably disagreeable. This assertion affords another instance of that inconsistency of his writings with his conversation, which was so often to be observed. He forgot how lavishly he had, in his dedication to *The Wanderer*, extolled the delicacy and penetration, the humanity and generosity, the candour and politeness, of the man whom, when he no longer loved him, he declared to be a wretch without understanding, without good-nature, and without justice; of whose name he thought himself obliged to leave no trace in any future edition of his writings, and accordingly blotted it out of that copy of *The Wanderer* which was in his hands.

During his continuance with the Lord Tyrconnel, he wrote *The Triumph of Health and Mirth*, on the recovery of Lady Tyrconnel from a languishing illness. This performance is remarkable, not only for the gaiety of the ideas, and the melody of the numbers, but for the agreeable fiction upon which it is formed. Mirth, overwhelmed with sorrow for the sickness of her favourite, takes a flight in quest of her sister Health, whom she finds reclined upon the brow of a lofty mountain, amidst the fragrance of perpetual spring, with the breezes of the morning sporting about her. Being solicited by her sister Mirth, she readily promises her assistance, flies away in a cloud, and impregnates the waters of Bath with new virtues, by which the sickness of Belinda is relieved.

As the reputation of his abilities, the particular circumstances of his birth and life, the splendour of his appearance, and the distinction which was for some time paid him by Lord Tyrconnel, entitled him to familiarity with persons of higher rank than those to whose conversation he had been before admitted, he did not fail to gratify that curiosity which induced him to take a nearer view of those whom their birth, their employments, or their fortunes, necessarily place at a distance from the greatest part of mankind, and to examine whether their merit was magnified or diminished by the medium through which it was contemplated; whether the splendour with which they dazzled their admirers was inherent in themselves, or only reflected on them by the objects that surrounded them; and whether great men were selected for high stations, or high stations made great men.

For this purpose he took all opportunities of conversing familiarly with those who were most conspicuous at that time for their power or their influence; he watched their looser moments, and examined their domestic behaviour, with that acuteness which nature had given him, and which the uncommon variety of his life had contributed to increase, and that inquisitiveness which must always be produced in a vigorous mind by an absolute freedom from all pressing or domestic engagements.

His discernment was quick, and therefore he soon found in every person, and in every affair, something that deserved attention; he was supported by others without any care for himself, and was therefore at leisure to pursue his observations.

More circumstances to constitute a critic on human life could not easily concur; nor indeed could any man, who assumed from accidental advantages more praise than he could justly claim from his real merit, admit any acquaintance more dangerous than that of Savage; of whom likewise it must be confessed, that abilities really exalted above the common level, or virtue refined from passion or proof against corruption, could not easily find an abler judge or a warmer advocate.

What was the result of Mr. Savage's inquiry—though he was not much accustomed to conceal his discoveries—it may not be entirely safe to relate, because the persons whose characters he criticised are powerful; and power and resentment are seldom strangers; nor would it perhaps be wholly just, because what he asserted in conversation might, though true in general, be heightened by some momentary ardour of imagination, and, as it can be delivered only from memory, may be imperfectly represented; so that the picture, at first aggravated, and then unskilfully copied, may be justly suspected to retain no great resemblance of the original.

It may, however, be observed, that he did not appear to have formed very elevated ideas of those to whom the administration of affairs, or the conduct of parties, has been intrusted; who have been considered as the advocates of the crown, or the guardians of the people; and who have obtained the most implicit confidence, and the loudest applauses. Of one particular person, who has been at one time so popular as to be generally esteemed, and at another so formidable as to be universally detested, he observed, that his acquisitions had been small, or that his capacity was narrow; and that the whole range of his mind was from obscenity to politics, and from politics to obscenity.

But the opportunity of indulging his speculations on great characters was now at an end. He was banished from the table of Lord Tyrconnel, and turned again adrift upon the world, without prospect of finding quickly any other harbour. As prudence was not one of the virtues by which he was distinguished, he had made no provision against a misfortune like this. And though it is not to be imagined but that the separation must for some time have been preceded by coldness, peevishness, or neglect, though it was undoubtedly the consequence of accumulated provocations on both sides,—yet every one that knew Savage will readily believe that to him it was sudden as a stroke of thunder; that, though he might have transiently suspected it, he had never suffered any thought so unpleasing to sink into his mind; but that he had driven it away by amusements, or dreams of future felicity and affluence, and had never taken any measures by which he might prevent a precipitation from plenty to indigence.

This quarrel and separation, and the difficulties to which Mr. Savage was exposed by them, were soon known both to his friends and enemies; nor was it long before he perceived, from the beha-

viour of both, how much is added to the lustre of genius by the ornaments of wealth.

His condition did not appear to excite much compassion; for he had not always been careful to use the advantages he enjoyed with that moderation which ought to have been with more than usual caution preserved by him, who knew, if he had reflected, that he was only a dependant on the bounty of another, whom he could expect to support him no longer than he endeavoured to preserve his favour by complying with his inclinations; and whom he nevertheless set at defiance, and was continually irritating by negligence or encroachments.

Examples need not be sought at any great distance to prove that superiority of fortune has a natural tendency to kindle pride, and that pride seldom fails to exert itself in contempt and insult; and if this is often the effect of hereditary wealth, and of honours enjoyed only by the merit of others, it is some extenuation of any indecent triumphs to which this unhappy man may have been betrayed, that his prosperity was heightened by the force of novelty, and made more intoxicating by a sense of the misery in which he had so long languished, and perhaps of the insults which he had formerly borne, and which he might now think himself entitled to revenge. It is too common for those who have unjustly suffered pain to inflict it likewise in their turn with the same injustice, and to imagine that they have a right to treat others as they have themselves been treated.

That Mr. Savage was too much elevated by any good fortune is generally known; and some passages of his Introduction to *The Author to be Let* sufficiently show that he did not wholly refrain from such satire as he afterwards thought very unjust when he was exposed to it himself; for, when he was afterwards ridiculed in the character of a distressed poet, he very easily discovered that distress was not a proper subject for merriment, nor topic of invective. He was then able to discern, that if misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill-fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted, because it is perhaps itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced. And the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

But these reflections, though they readily occurred to him in the first and last parts of his life, were, I am afraid, for a long time forgotten; at least they were, like many other maxims, treasured up in his mind rather for show than use, and operated very little upon his conduct, however elegantly he might sometimes explain, or however forcibly he might inculcate them.

His degradation, therefore, from the condition which he had enjoyed with such wanton thoughtlessness, was considered by many as an occasion of triumph. Those who had before paid their court to him without success, soon returned the contempt which they had suffered; and they who had received favours from him—for of such favours as he could bestow he was very liberal—did not always remember them. So much more certain are the effects of resentment than of gratitude: it is not only to many more pleasing to recollect those faults which place others below them, than those vir-

tues by which they are themselves comparatively depressed; but it is likewise more easy to neglect than to recompense; and though there are few who will practise a laborious virtue, there will never be wanting multitudes that will indulge in easy vice.

Savage, however, was very little disturbed at the marks of contempt which his ill-fortune brought upon him from those whom he never esteemed, and with whom he never considered himself as levelled by any calamities; and though it was not without some uneasiness that he saw some, whose friendship he valued, change their behaviour, he yet observed their coldness without much emotion, considered them as the slaves of fortune and the worshippers of prosperity, and was more inclined to despise them than to lament himself.

It does not appear that, after this return of his wants, he found mankind equally favourable to him as at his first appearance in the world. His story, though in reality not less melancholy, was less affecting, because it was no longer new; it therefore procured him no new friends; and those that had formerly relieved him thought they might now consign him to others. He was now likewise considered by many rather as criminal than as unhappy; for the friends of Lord Tyrconnel, and of his mother, were sufficiently industrious to publish his weaknesses, which were indeed very numerous; and nothing was forgotten that might make him either hateful or ridiculous.

It cannot but be imagined that such representations of his faults must make great numbers less sensible of his distress: many, who had only an opportunity to hear one part, made no scruple to propagate the account which they received; many assisted their circulation from malice or revenge; and perhaps many pretended to credit them, that they might with a better grace withdraw their regard or withhold their assistance.

Savage, however, was not one of those who suffered himself to be injured without resistance, nor was less diligent in exposing the faults of Lord Tyrconnel, over whom he obtained at least this advantage, that he drove him first to the practice of outrage and violence; for he was so much provoked by the wit and virulence of Savage, that he came with a number of attendants, that did no honour to his courage, to beat him at a coffee-house. But it happened that he had left the place a few minutes; and his lordship had, without danger, the pleasure of boasting how he would have treated him. Mr. Savage went next day to repay his visit at his own house, but was prevailed on by his domestics to retire without insisting upon seeing him.

Lord Tyrconnel was accused by Mr. Savage of some actions which scarcely any provocations will be thought sufficient to justify, such as seizing what he had in his lodgings, and other instances of wanton cruelty, by which he increased the distress of Savage without any advantage to himself.

These mutual accusations were retorted on both sides for many years with the utmost degree of virulence and rage; and time seemed rather to augment than diminish their resentment. That the anger of Mr. Savage should be kept alive is not strange, because he felt

every day the consequences of the quarrel; but it might reasonably have been hoped that Lord Tyrconnel might have relented, and at length have forgot those provocations which, however they might have once inflamed him, had not in reality much hurt him.

The spirit of Mr. Savage, indeed, never suffered him to solicit a reconciliation; he returned reproach for reproach, and insult for insult; his superiority of wit supplied the disadvantages of his fortune, and enabled him to form a party, and prejudice great numbers in his favour.

But though this might be some gratification of his vanity, it afforded very little relief to his necessities; and he was very frequently reduced to uncommon hardships, of which, however, he never made any mean or importunate complaints, being formed rather to bear misery with fortitude than enjoy prosperity with moderation.

He now thought himself again at liberty to expose the cruelty of his mother; and therefore, I believe, about this time published *The Bastard*, a poem remarkable for the vivacious sallies of thought in the beginning, where he makes a pompous enumeration of the imaginary advantages of base birth; and the pathetic sentiments at the end, where he recounts the real calamities which he suffered by the crime of his parents.

The vigour and spirit of the verses, the peculiar circumstances of the author, the novelty of the subject, and the notoriety of the story to which the allusions are made, procured this performance a very favourable reception; great numbers were immediately dispersed, and editions were multiplied with unusual rapidity.

One circumstance attended the publication, which Savage used to relate with great satisfaction. His mother, to whom the poem was with "due reverence" inscribed, happened then to be at Bath, where she could not conveniently retire from censure, or conceal herself from observation; and no sooner did the reputation of the poem begin to spread, than she heard it repeated in all places of concourse; nor could she enter the assembly-rooms, or cross the walks, without being saluted with some lines from *The Bastard*.

This was perhaps the first time that she ever discovered a sense of shame, and on this occasion the power of wit was very conspicuous; the wretch who had without scruple proclaimed herself an adultress, and who had first endeavoured to starve her son, then to transport him, and afterwards to hang him, was not able to bear the representation of her own conduct; but fled from reproach, though she felt no pain from guilt, and left Bath with the utmost haste, to shelter herself among the crowds of London.

Thus Savage had the satisfaction of finding, that, though he could not reform his mother, he could punish her; and that he did not always suffer alone.

The pleasure which he received from this increase of his poetical reputation, was sufficient for some time to overbalance the miseries of want, which this performance did not much alleviate; for it was sold for a very trivial sum to a bookseller, who, though the success was so uncommon that five impressions were sold, of which many were undoubtedly very numerous, had not generosity sufficient to admit the unhappy writer to any part of the profit.

The sale of this poem was always mentioned by Savage with the utmost elevation of heart, and referred to by him as an incontestable proof of a general acknowledgment of his abilities. It was indeed the only production of which he could justly boast a general reception.

But though he did not lose the opportunity which success gave him of setting a high rate on his abilities, but paid due deference to the suffrages of mankind when they were given in his favour, he did not suffer his esteem of himself to depend upon others, nor found any thing sacred in the voice of the people when they were inclined to censure him; he then readily showed the folly of expecting that the public should judge right, and observed how slowly poetical merit had often forced its way into the world: he contented himself with the applause of men of judgment, and was somewhat disposed to exclude all those from the character of men of judgment who did not applaud him.

But he was at other times more favourable to mankind than to think them blind to the beauties of his works, and imputed the slowness of their sale to other causes: either they were published at a time when the town was empty, or when the attention of the public was engrossed by some struggle in the parliament, or some other object of general concern; or they were, by the neglect of the publisher, not diligently dispersed, or by his avarice not advertised with sufficient frequency. Address, or industry, or liberality, was always wanting; and the blame was laid rather on any person than the author.

By arts like these, arts which every man practises in some degree, and to which too much of the little tranquillity of life is to be ascribed, Savage was always able to live at peace with himself. Had he, indeed, only made use of these expedients to alleviate the loss of want of fortune or reputation, or any other advantages which it is not in man's power to bestow upon himself, they might have been justly mentioned as instances of a philosophical mind, and very properly proposed to the imitation of multitudes, who, for want of diverting their imaginations with the same dexterity, languish under afflictions which might be easily removed.

It were doubtless to be wished that truth and reason were universally prevalent; that every thing were esteemed according to its real value; and that men would secure themselves from being disappointed in their endeavours after happiness, by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained: but if adventitious and foreign pleasures must be pursued, it would be perhaps of some benefit, since that pursuit must frequently be fruitless, if the practice of Savage could be taught, that folly might be an antidote to folly, and one fallacy be obviated by another.

But the danger of this pleasing intoxication must not be concealed; nor indeed can any one, after having observed the life of Savage, need to be cautioned against it. By imputing none of his miseries to himself, he continued to act upon the same principles, and to follow the same path; was never made wiser by his sufferings, nor preserved by one misfortune from falling into another. He proceeded throughout his life to tread the same steps on the

same circle; always applauding his past conduct, or at least forgetting it, to amuse himself with phantoms of happiness which were dancing before him; and willingly turned his eyes from the light of reason, when it would have discovered the illusion, and shown him, what he never wished to see, his real state.

He is even accused, after having lulled his imagination with those ideal opiates, of having tried the same experiment upon his conscience; and, having accustomed himself to impute all deviations from the right to foreign causes, it is certain that he was upon every occasion too easily reconciled to himself; and that he appeared very little to regret those practices which had impaired his reputation. The reigning error of his life was, that he mistook the love for the practice of virtue, and was indeed not so much a good man as the friend of goodness.

This at least must be allowed him, that he always preserved a strong sense of the dignity, the beauty, and the necessity of virtue; and that he never contributed deliberately to spread corruption amongst mankind. His actions, which were generally precipitate, were often blameable; but his writings, being the productions of study, uniformly tended to the exaltation of the mind, and the propagation of morality and piety.

These writings may improve mankind, when his failings shall be forgotten; and therefore he must be considered, upon the whole, as a benefactor to the world; nor can his personal example do any hurt, since whoever hears of his faults will hear of the miseries which they brought upon him, and which would deserve less pity, had not his condition been such as made his faults pardonable. He may be considered as a child exposed to all the temptations of indigence, at an age when resolution was not yet strengthened by conviction, nor virtue confirmed by habit; a circumstance which, in his *Bastard*, he laments in a very affecting manner:

> "No mother's care
> Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
> No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
> Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd."

The Bastard, however it might provoke or mortify his mother, could not be expected to melt her to compassion, so that he was still under the same want of the necessaries of life; and he therefore exerted all the interest which his wit, or his birth, or his misfortunes, could procure, to obtain, upon the death of Eusden, the place of poet-laureat; and prosecuted his application with so much diligence, that the king publicly declared it his intention to bestow it upon him. But such was the fate of Savage, that even the king, when he intended his advantage, was disappointed in his schemes; for the lord-chamberlain, who has the disposal of the laurel, as one of the appendages of his office, either did not know the king's design or did not approve it, or thought the nomination of the laureat an encroachment upon his rights, and therefore bestowed the laurel upon Colley Cibber.

Mr. Savage, thus disappointed, took a resolution of applying to the queen, that, having once given him life, she would enable him to

support it; and therefore published a short poem on her birth-day, to which he gave the title of *Volunteer Laureat*. The event of this essay he has himself related in the following letter, which he prefixed to the poem, when he afterwards reprinted it in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, whence I have copied it entire, as this was one of the few attempts in which Mr. Savage succeeded.

"MR. URBAN,

"In your Magazine for February you published the last *Volunteer Laureat*, written on a very melancholy occasion, on the death of the royal patroness of arts and literature in general, and of the author of that poem in particular; I now send you the first that Mr. Savage wrote under that title. This gentleman, notwithstanding a very considerable interest, being, on the death of Mr. Eusden, disappointed of the laureat's place, wrote the following verses, which were no sooner published, but the late queen sent to a bookseller for them. The author had not at that time a friend, either to get him introduced or his poem presented at court; yet such was the unspeakable goodness of that princess, that, notwithstanding this act of ceremony was wanting, in a few days after publication, Mr. Savage received a bank-bill of fifty pounds, and a gracious message from her majesty, by the Lord North and Guilford, to this effect: 'That her majesty was highly pleased with the verses; that she took particularly kind his lines there relating to the king; that he had permission to write annually on the same subject; and that he should yearly receive the like present, till something better (which was her majesty's intention) could be done for him.' After this he was permitted to present one of his annual poems to her majesty, had the honour of kissing her hand, and met with the most gracious reception. "Yours, &c."

Such was the performance, and such the reception,—a reception which, though by no means unkind, was yet not in the highest degree generous: to chain down the genius of a writer to an annual panegyric, showed in the queen too much desire of hearing her own praises, and a greater regard to herself than to him on whom her bounty was conferred. It was a kind of avaricious generosity, by which flattery was rather purchased than genius rewarded.

Mrs. Oldfield had formerly given him the same allowance with much more heroic intention: she had no other view than to enable him to prosecute his studies, and to set himself above the want of assistance, and was contented with doing good without stipulating for encomiums.

Mr. Savage, however, was not at liberty to make exceptions, but was ravished with the favours which he had received, and probably yet more with those which he was promised: he considered himself now as a favourite of the queen, and did not doubt but a few annual poems would establish him in some profitable employment.

He therefore assumed the title of "Volunteer Laureat," not without some reprehensions from Cibber, who informed him that the title of "Laureat" was a mark of honour conferred by the king, from whom all honour is derived, and which therefore no man has a right

to bestow upon himself; and added, that he might with equal propriety style himself a volunteer lord or volunteer baronet. It cannot be denied that the remark was just; but Savage did not think any title which was conferred upon Mr. Cibber so honourable as that the usurpation of it could be imputed to him as an instance of very exorbitant vanity, and therefore continued to write under the same title, and received every year the same reward.

He did not appear to consider these encomiums as tests of his abilities, or as any thing more than annual hints to the queen of her promise; or acts of ceremony, by the performance of which he was entitled to his pension, and therefore did not labour them with great diligence, or print more than fifty each year, except that for some of the last years he regularly inserted them in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by which they were dispersed over the kingdom.

Of some of them he had himself so low an opinion that he intended to omit them in the collection of poems, for which he printed proposals and solicited subscriptions; nor can it seem strange that, being confined to the same subject, he should be at some times indolent, and at others unsuccessful; that he should sometimes delay a disagreeable task till it was too late to perform it well; or that he should sometimes repeat the same sentiments on the same occasion, or at others be misled by an attempt after novelty to forced conceptions and far-fetched images.

He wrote indeed with a double intention, which supplied him with some variety; for his business was, to praise the queen for the favours which he had received, and to complain to her of the delay of those which she had promised: in some of his pieces, therefore, gratitude is predominant, and in some discontent; in some he represents himself as happy in her patronage, and in others, as disconsolate to find himself neglected.

Her promise, like other promises made to this unfortunate man, was never performed, though he took sufficient care that it should not be forgotten. The publication of his *Volunteer Laureat* procured him no other reward than a regular remittance of fifty pounds.

He was not so depressed by his disappointments as to neglect any opportunity that was offered of advancing his interest. When the Princess Anne was married, he wrote a poem upon her departure, only, as he declared, "because it was expected from him," and he was not willing to bar his own prospects by any appearance of neglect.

He never mentioned any advantage gained by this poem, or any regard that was paid to it; and therefore it is likely that it was considered at court as an act of duty, to which he was obliged by his dependence, and which it was therefore not necessary to reward by any new favour; or perhaps the queen really intended his advancement, and therefore thought it superfluous to lavish presents upon a man whom she intended to establish for life.

About this time not only his hopes were in danger of being frustrated, but his pension likewise of being obstructed, by an accidental calumny. The writer of *The Daily Courant*, a paper then published under the direction of the ministry, charged him with a crime, which though not very great in itself, would have been remarkably invidious

in him, and might very justly have incensed the queen against him. He was accused by name of influencing elections against the court, by appearing at the head of a Tory mob; nor did the accuser fail to aggravate his crime by representing it as the effect of the most atrocious ingratitude, and a kind of rebellion against the queen, who had first preserved him from an infamous death, and afterwards distinguished him by her favour, and supported him by her charity. The charge, as it was open and confident, was likewise by good fortune very particular. The place of the transaction was mentioned, and the whole series of the rioter's conduct related. This exactness made Mr. Savage's vindication easy; for he never had in his life seen the place which was declared to be the scene of his wickedness, nor ever had been present in any town when its representatives were chosen. This answer he therefore made haste to publish, with all the circumstances necessary to make it credible; and very reasonably demanded that the accusation should be retracted in the same paper, that he might no longer suffer the imputation of sedition and ingratitude. This demand was likewise pressed by him in a private letter to the author of the paper, who, either trusting to the protection of those whose defence he had undertaken, or having entertained some personal malice against Mr. Savage, or fearing lest, by retracting so confident an assertion, he should impair the credit of his paper, refused to give him that satisfaction.

Mr. Savage therefore thought it necessary for his own vindication, to prosecute him in the King's Bench; but as he did not find any ill effects from the accusation, having sufficiently cleared his innocence, he thought any further procedure would have the appearance of revenge, and therefore willingly dropped it.

He saw soon after a process commenced in the same court against himself, on an information in which he was accused of writing and publishing an obscene pamphlet.

It was always Mr. Savage's desire to be distinguished; and, when any controversy became popular, he never wanted some reason for engaging in it with great ardour, and appearing at the head of the party which he had chosen. As he was never celebrated for his prudence, he had no sooner taken his side, and informed himself of the chief topics of the dispute, than he took all opportunities of asserting and propagating his principles, without much regard to his own interest, or any other visible design than that of drawing upon himself the attention of mankind.

The dispute between the Bishop of London and the Chancellor is well known to have been for some time the chief topic of political conversation; and therefore Mr. Savage, in pursuance of his character, endeavoured to become conspicuous among the controvertists with which every coffee-house was filled on that occasion. He was an indefatigable opposer of all the claims of ecclesiastical power, though he did not know on what they were founded; and was therefore no friend to the Bishop of London. But he had another reason for appearing as a warm advocate for Dr. Rundle; for he was the friend of Mr. Foster and Mr. Thomson, who were the friends of Mr. Savage.

Thus remote was his interest on the question, which, however,

as he imagined, concerned him so nearly, that it was not sufficient to harangue and dispute, but necessary likewise to write upon it.

He therefore engaged with great ardour in a new poem, called by him *The Progress of a Divine;* in which he conducts a profligate priest, by all the gradations of wickedness, from a poor curacy in the country to the highest preferments of the Church; and describes, with that humour which was natural to him, and that knowledge which was extended to all the diversities of human life, his behaviour in every station; and insinuates that this priest, thus accomplished, found at last a patron in the Bishop of London.

When he was asked by one of his friends, on what pretence he could charge the Bishop with such an action, he had no more to say than that he had only inverted the accusation; and that he thought it reasonable to believe, that he who obstructed the rise of a good man without reason, would for bad reasons promote the exaltation of a villain.

The clergy were universally provoked by this satire; and Savage, who, as was his constant practice, had set his name to his performance, was censured in *The Weekly Miscellany** with severity which he did not seem inclined to forget.

But a return of invective was not thought a sufficient punish-

* A short satire was likewise published in the same paper, in which were the following lines:

"For cruel murder doom'd to hempen death,
Savage by royal grace prolonged his breath.
Well might you think he spent his future years
In prayer, and fasting, and repentant tears.
'But, O vain hope!' the truly Savage cries,
'Priests, and their slavish doctrines, I despise.
Shall I ——
Who, by free-thinking to free action fir'd,
In midnight brawls, a deathless name acquir'd,
Now stoop to learn of ecclesiastic men?
No, arm'd with rhyme, at priests I'll take my aim,
Though prudence bids me murder but their fame.'"

Weekly Miscellany.

An answer was published in *The Gentleman's Magazine,* written by an unknown hand, from which the following lines are selected:

"Transform'd by thoughtless rage, and midnight wine,
From malice free, and push'd without design;
In equal brawl if Savage lung'd a thrust,
And brought the youth a victim to the dust;
So strong the hand of accident appears,
The royal hand from guilt and vengeance clears.
Instead of wasting 'all thy future years,
Savage, in prayer and vain repentant tears,'
Exert thy pen to mend a vicious age,
To curb the priest, and sink his high-church rage;
To show what frauds the holy vestments hide,
The nests of av'rice, lust, and pendant pride:
Then change the scene, let merit brightly shine,
And round the patriot twist the wreath divine;
The heav'nly guide deliver down to fame;
In well-tun'd lays transmit a Foster's name;

ment. The Court of King's Bench was therefore moved against him; and he was obliged to return an answer to a charge of obscenity. It was urged in his defence, that obscenity was criminal when it was intended to promote the practice of vice; but that Mr. Savage had only introduced obscene ideas, with a view of exposing them to detestation, and of amending the age by showing the deformity of wickedness. This plea was admitted; and Sir Philip Yorke, who then presided in that court, dismissed the information with encomiums upon the purity and excellence of Mr. Savage's writings. The prosecution, however, answered in some measure the purpose of those by whom it was set on foot; for Mr. Savage was so far intimidated by it, that, when the edition of his poems was sold, he did not venture to reprint it; so that it was in a short time forgotten by all but those whom it offended.

It is said that some endeavours were used to incense the queen against him: but he found advocates to obviate at least part of their effect; for though he was never advanced, he still continued to receive his pension.

This poem drew more infamy upon him than any incident of his life; and as his conduct cannot be vindicated, it is proper to secure his memory from reproach, by informing those whom he made his enemies, that he never intended to repeat the provocation; and that, though whenever he thought he had any reason to complain of the clergy, he used to threaten them with a new edition of *The Progress of a Divine*, it was his calm and settled resolution to suppress it for ever.

He once intended to have made a better reparation for the folly or injustice with which he might be charged, by writing another poem called *The Progress of a Free-thinker*, whom he intended to lead through all the stages of vice and folly, to convert him from virtue to wickedness, and from religion to infidelity, by all the modish sophistry used for that purpose; and at last to dismiss him by his own hand into the other world.

That he did not execute this design is a real loss to mankind; for he was too well acquainted with all the scenes of debauchery to have failed in his representations of them, and too zealous for virtue not to have represented them in such a manner as should expose them either to ridicule or detestation.

But this plan was, like others, formed and laid aside, till the vigour of his imagination was spent, and the effervescence of invention had subsided; but soon gave way to some other design, which

Touch ev'ry passion with harmonious art,
Exalt the genius, and correct the heart.
Thus future times shall royal grace extol;
Thus polish'd lines thy present fame enrol.
—— But grant ———
——— Maliciously that Savage plung'd the steel,
And made the youth its shining vengeance feel:
My soul abhors the act, the man detests,
But more the bigotry in priestly breasts."

Gentleman's Magazine, May 1735.—Dr. J.

pleased by its novelty for a while, and then was neglected like the former.

He was still in his usual exigencies, having no certain support but the pension allowed him by the queen, which, though it might have kept an exact economist from want, was very far from being sufficient for Mr. Savage, who had never been accustomed to dismiss any of his appetites without the gratification which they solicited, and whom nothing but want of money withheld from partaking of every pleasure that fell within his view.

His conduct with regard to his pension was very particular. No sooner had he changed the bill, than he vanished from the sight of all his acquaintance, and lay for some time out of the reach of all the inquiries that friendship or curiosity could make after him. At length he appeared again, penniless as before; but never informed even those whom he seemed to regard most, where he had been; nor was his retreat ever discovered.

This was his constant practice during the whole time that he received the pension from the queen: he regularly disappeared and returned. He, indeed, affirmed that he retired to study, and that the money supported him in solitude for many months; but his friends declared that the short time in which it was spent sufficiently confuted his own account of his conduct.

His politeness and his wit still raised him friends, who were desirous of setting him at length free from that indigence by which he had been hitherto oppressed; and therefore solicited Sir Robert Walpole in his favour with so much earnestness, that they obtained a promise of the next place that should become vacant, not exceeding 200*l.* a-year. This promise was made with an uncommon declaration, "that it was not the promise of a minister to a petitioner, but of a friend to his friend."

Mr. Savage now concluded himself set at ease for ever; and, as he observes in a poem written on that incident of his life, trusted and was trusted; but soon found that his confidence was ill-grounded, and this friendly promise was not inviolable. He spent a long time in solicitations, and at last despaired and desisted.

He did not, indeed, deny that he had given the minister some reason to believe that he should not strengthen his own interest by advancing him; for he had taken care to distinguish himself in coffee-houses as an advocate for the ministry of the last years of Queen Anne; and was always ready to justify the conduct, and exalt the character of Lord Bolingbroke, whom he mentions with great regard in an *Epistle upon Authors*, which he wrote about that time, but was too wise to publish, and of which only some fragments have appeared, inserted by him in the "Magazine" after his retirement.

To despair was not, however, the character of Savage; when one patronage failed, he had recourse to another. The prince was now extremely popular, and had very liberally rewarded the merit of some writers, whom Mr. Savage did not think superior to himself; and therefore he resolved to address a poem to him.

For this purpose he made choice of a subject which could regard only persons of the highest rank and greatest affluence, and which was therefore proper for a poem intended to procure the patronage of

a prince; and, having retired for some time to Richmond, that he might prosecute his design in full tranquillity, without the temptations of pleasure, or the solicitations of creditors, by which his meditations were in equal danger of being disconcerted, he produced a poem *On Public Spirit, with regard to Public Works.*

The plan of this poem is very extensive, and comprises a multitude of topics, each of which might furnish matter sufficient for a long performance, and of which some have already employed more eminent writers; but as he was perhaps not fully acquainted with the whole extent of his own design, and was writing to obtain a supply of wants too pressing to admit of long or accurate inquiries, he passes negligently over many public works, which, even in his own opinion, deserved to be more elaborately treated.

But though he may sometimes disappoint his reader by transient touches upon these subjects, which have often been considered, and therefore naturally raise expectations, he must be allowed amply to compensate his omissions, by expatiating, in the conclusion of his work, upon a kind of beneficence not yet celebrated by any eminent poet; though it now appears more susceptible of embellishments, more adapted to exalt the ideas and affect the passions, than many of those which have hitherto been thought most worthy of the ornaments of verse. The settlement of colonies in uninhabited countries; the establishment of those in security, whose misfortunes have made their own country no longer pleasing or safe; the acquisition of property without injury to any; the appropriation of the waste and luxuriant bounties of nature; and the enjoyment of those gifts which Heaven has scattered upon regions uncultivated and unoccupied, cannot be considered without giving rise to a great number of pleasing ideas, and bewildering the imagination in delightful prospects; and therefore, whatever speculations they may produce in those who have confined themselves to political studies, naturally fixed the attention, and excited the applause, of a poet. The politician, when he considers men driven into other countries for shelter, and obliged to retire to forests and deserts, and pass their lives and fix their posterity in the remotest corners of the world, to avoid those hardships which they suffer or fear in their native place, may very properly inquire why the legislature does not provide a remedy for these miseries, rather than encourage an escape from them. He may conclude that the flight of every honest man is a loss to the community; that those who are unhappy without guilt, ought to be relieved; and the life which is overburdened by accidental calamities, set at ease by the care of the public; and that those who have by misconduct forfeited their claim to favour, ought rather to be made useful to the society which they have injured, than be driven from it. But the poet is employed in a more pleasing undertaking than that of proposing laws which, however just or expedient, will never be made; or endeavouring to reduce to rational schemes of government, societies which were formed by chance, and are conducted by the private passions of those who preside in them. He guides the unhappy fugitive from want and persecution, to plenty, quiet, and security, and seats him in scenes of peaceful solitude and undisturbed repose.

Savage has not forgotten, amidst the pleasing sentiments which

this prospect of retirement suggested to him, to censure those crimes which have been generally committed by the discoverers of new regions, and to expose the enormous wickedness of making war upon barbarous nations, because they cannot resist, and of invading countries, because they are fruitful; of extending navigation only to propagate vice, and of visiting distant lands only to lay them waste. He has asserted the natural equality of mankind, and endeavoured to suppress that pride which inclines men to imagine that right is the consequence of power.

His description of the various miseries which force men to seek for refuge in distant countries, affords another instance of his proficiency in the important and extensive study of human life; and the tenderness with which he recounts them, another proof of his humanity and benevolence.

It is observable that the close of this poem discovers a change which experience had made in Mr. Savage's opinions. In a poem written by him in his youth, and published in his *Miscellanies*, he declares his contempt of the contracted views and narrow prospects of the middle state of life; and declares his resolution either to tower like the cedar, or be trampled like the shrub; but in this poem, though addressed to a prince, he mentions this state of life as comprising those who ought most to attract reward, those who merit most the confidence of power, and the familiarity of greatness; and, accidentally mentioning this passage to one of his friends, declared that in his opinion all the virtue of mankind was comprehended in that state.

In describing villas and gardens, he did not omit to condemn that absurd custom which prevails among the English, of permitting servants to receive money from strangers for the entertainment that they receive, and therefore inserted in his poem these lines:

> "But what the flow'ring pride of gardens rare,
> However royal, or however fair,
> If gates, which to access should still give way,
> Ope but, like Peter's paradise, for pay;
> If perquisited varlets frequent stand,
> And each new walk must a new tax demand;
> What foreign eye but with contempt surveys?
> What Muse shall from oblivion snatch their praise?"

But, before the publication of his performance, he recollected that the queen allowed her garden and cave at Richmond to be shown for money; and that she so openly countenanced the practice, that she had bestowed the privilege of showing them as a place of profit on a man, whose merit she valued herself upon rewarding, though she gave him only the liberty of disgracing his country.

He therefore thought, with more prudence than was often exerted by him, that the publication of these lines might be officiously represented as an insult upon the queen, to whom he owed his life and his subsistence; and that the propriety of his observation would be no security against the censures which the unseasonableness of it might draw upon him; he therefore suppressed the passage in the first edi-

tion; but after the queen's death, thought the same caution no longer necessary, and restored it to the proper place.

The poem was, therefore, published without any political faults, and inscribed to the prince; but Mr. Savage, having no friend upon whom he could prevail to present it to him, had no other method of attracting his observation than the publication of frequent advertisements, and therefore received no reward from his patron, however generous on other occasions.

This disappointment he never mentioned without indignation, being by some means or other confident that the prince was not ignorant of his address to him; and insinuated that if any advances in popularity could have been made by distinguishing him, he had not written without notice or without reward.

He was once inclined to have presented his poem in person, and sent to the printer for a copy with that design; but either his opinion changed, or his resolution deserted him, and he continued to resent neglect without attempting to force himself into regard.

Nor was the public much more favourable than his patron; for only seventy-two were sold, though the performance was much commended by some whose judgment in that kind of writing is generally allowed. But Savage easily reconciled himself to mankind, without imputing any defect to his work, by observing that his poem was unluckily published two days after the prorogation of the Parliament, and by consequence at a time when all those who could be expected to regard it were in the hurry of preparing for their departure, or engaged in taking leave of others upon their dismission from public affairs.

It must be, however, allowed, in justification of the public, that this performance is not the most excellent of Mr. Savage's works; and that, though it cannot be denied to contain many striking sentiments, majestic lines, and just observations, it is in general not sufficiently polished in the language, or enlivened in the imagery, or digested in the plan.

Thus his poem contributed nothing to the alleviation of his poverty, which was such as very few could have supported with equal patience; but to which, it must likewise be confessed, that few would have been exposed who received punctually fifty pounds a-year; a salary which, though by no means equal to the demands of vanity and luxury, is yet found sufficient to support families above want, and was undoubtedly more than the necessities of life require.

But no sooner had he received his pension, than he withdrew to his darling privacy, from which he returned in a short time to his former distress, and for some part of the year generally lived by chance; eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintances, from which the meanness of his dress often excluded him, when the politeness and variety of his conversation would have been thought a sufficient recompense for his entertainment.

He lodged as much by accident as he dined, and passed the night sometimes in mean houses, which are set open at night to any casual wanderers, sometimes in cellars, among the riot and filth of the meanest and most profligate of the rabble; and sometimes, when he had not money to support even the expenses of these receptacles,

walked about the streets till he was weary, and lay down in the summer upon a bulk; or in the winter, with his associates in poverty, among the ashes of a glass-house.

In this manner were passed those days and those nights which nature had enabled him to have employed in elevated speculations, useful studies, or pleasing conversation. On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glass-house, among thieves and beggars, was to be found the author of *The Wanderer*, the man of exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observations; the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose delicacy might have polished courts.

It cannot but be imagined that such necessities might sometimes force him upon disreputable practices; and it is probable that these lines in *The Wanderer* were occasioned by his reflections on his own conduct:

> "Though misery leads to happiness and truth,
> Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
> (Oh, let none censure, if, untried by grief,
> If, amidst woe, untempted by relief,)
> He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
> Which then, ev'n then, he scorn'd and blush'd to name."

Whoever was acquainted with him was certain to be solicited for small sums, which the frequency of the request made in time considerable; and he was therefore quickly shunned by those who were become familiar enough to be trusted with his necessities; but his rambling manner of life, and constant appearance at houses of public resort, always procured him a new succession of friends, whose kindness had not been exhausted by repeated requests; so that he was seldom absolutely without resources, but had in his utmost exigencies this comfort, that he always imagined himself sure of speedy relief.

It was observed that he always asked favours of this kind without the least submission or apparent consciousness of dependence, and that he did not seem to look upon a compliance with his request as an obligation that deserved any extraordinary acknowledgments; but a refusal was resented by him as an affront, or complained of as an injury; nor did he readily reconcile himself to those who either denied to lend, or gave him afterwards any intimation that they expected to be repaid.

He was sometimes so far compassionated by those who knew both his merits and distresses, that they received him into their families; but they soon discovered him to be a very incommodious inmate; for, being always accustomed to an irregular manner of life, he could not confine himself to any stated hours, or pay any regard to the rules of a family, but would prolong his conversation till midnight, without considering that business might require his friend's application in the morning; and when he had persuaded himself to retire to bed, was not without equal difficulty called up to dinner. It was therefore impossible to pay him any distinction without the entire subversion of all economy; a kind of establishment which, wherever he went, he always appeared ambitious to overthrow.

It must therefore be acknowledged, in justification of mankind, that it was not always by the negligence or coldness of his friends that Savage was distressed, but because it was in reality very difficult to preserve him long in a state of ease. To supply him with money was a hopeless attempt; for no sooner did he see himself master of a sum sufficient to set him free from care for a day, than he became profuse and luxurious. When once he had entered a tavern, or engaged in a scheme of pleasure, he never retired till want of money obliged him to some new expedient. If he was entertained in a family, nothing was any longer to be regarded there but amusements and jollity; wherever Savage entered, he immediately expected that order and business should fly before him, that all should thenceforward be left to hazard, and that no dull principle of domestic management should be opposed to his inclination, or intrude upon his gaiety.

His distresses, however afflictive, never dejected him; in his lowest state he wanted not spirit to assert the natural dignity of wit, and was always ready to repress that insolence which the superiority of fortune incited, and to trample on that reputation which rose upon any other basis than that of merit: he never admitted any gross familiarities, or submitted to be treated otherwise than as an equal. Once, when he was without lodging, meat, or clothes, one of his friends, a man indeed not remarkable for moderation in his prosperity, left a message that he desired to see him about nine in the morning. Savage knew that his intention was to assist him; but was very much disgusted that he should presume to prescribe the hour of his attendance, and, I believe, refused to visit him, and rejected his kindness.

The same invincible temper, whether firmness or obstinacy, appeared in his conduct to the Lord Tyrconnel, from whom he very frequently demanded, that the allowance which was once paid him should be restored; but with whom he never appeared to entertain for a moment the thought of soliciting a reconciliation, and whom he treated at once with all the haughtiness of superiority, and all the bitterness of resentment. He wrote to him, not in a style of supplication or respect, but of reproach, menace, and contempt; and appeared determined, if he ever regained his allowance, to hold it only by the right of conquest.

As many more can discover that a man is richer than that he is wiser than themselves, superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged as that of fortune; nor is that haughtiness which the consciousness of great abilities incites borne with the same submission as the tyranny of affluence; and therefore Savage, by asserting his claim to deference and regard, and by treating those with contempt whom better fortune animated to rebel against him, did not fail to raise a great number of enemies in the different classes of mankind. Those who thought themselves raised above him by the advantages of riches, hated him because they found no protection from the petulance of his wit. Those who were esteemed for their writings feared him as a critic, and maligned him as a rival; and almost all the smaller wits were his professed enemies.

Among these, Mr. Miller so far indulged his resentment as to introduce him in a farce, and direct him to be personated on the stage in a dress like that which he then wore; a mean insult, which only

insinuated that Savage had but one coat, and which was therefore despised by him rather than resented: for though he wrote a lampoon against Miller, he never printed it; and as no other person ought to prosecute that revenge from which the person who was injured desisted, I shall not preserve what Mr. Savage suppressed; of which the publication would indeed have been a punishment too severe for so impotent an assault.

The great hardships of poverty were to Savage not the want of lodging or of food, but the neglect and contempt which it drew upon him. He complained that, as his affairs grew desperate, he found his reputation for capacity visibly decline; that his opinion in questions of criticism was no longer regarded when his coat was out of fashion; and that those who, in the interval of his prosperity, were always encouraging him to great undertakings by encomiums on his genius and assurances of success, now received any mention of his designs with coldness, thought that the subjects on which he proposed to write were very difficult, and were ready to inform him that the event of a poem was uncertain, that an author ought to employ much time in the consideration of his plan, and not presume to sit down to write in confidence of a few cursory ideas and a superficial knowledge: difficulties were started on all sides, and he was no longer qualified for any performance but *The Volunteer Laureat.*

Yet even this kind of contempt never depressed him; for he always preserved a steady confidence in his own capacity, and believed nothing above his reach which he should at any time earnestly endeavour to attain. He formed schemes of the same kind with regard to knowledge and to fortune, and flattered himself with advances to be made in science, as with riches, to be enjoyed in some distant period of his life. For the acquisition of knowledge he was indeed far better qualified than for that of riches; for he was naturally inquisitive, and desirous of the conversation of those from whom any information was to be obtained, but by no means solicitous to improve those opportunities that were sometimes offered of raising his fortune; and he was remarkably retentive of his ideas, which, when once he was in possession of them, rarely forsook him,—a quality which could never be communicated to his money.

While he was thus wearing out his life in expectation that the queen would some time recollect her promise, he had recourse to the usual practice of writers, and published proposals for printing his works by subscription, to which he was encouraged by the success of many who had not a better right to the favour of the public; but, whatever was the reason, he did not find the world equally inclined to favour him; and he observed, with some discontent, that though he offered his works at half-a-guinea, he was able to procure but a small number in comparison with those who subscribed twice as much to Duck.

Nor was it without indignation that he saw his proposals neglected by the queen, who patronised Mr. Duck's with uncommon ardour, and incited a competition among those who attended the court, who should most promote his interest, and who should first offer a subscription. This was a distinction to which Mr. Savage made no

scruple of asserting that his birth, his misfortunes, and his genius, gave a fairer title than could be pleaded by him on whom it was conferred.

Savage's applications were, however, not universally unsuccessful; for some of the nobility countenanced his design, encouraged his proposals, and subscribed with great liberality. He related of the Duke of Chandos particularly, that, upon receiving his proposals, he sent him ten guineas.

But the money which his subscriptions afforded him was not less volatile than that which he received from his other schemes; whenever a subscription was paid him, he went to a tavern; and, as money so collected is necessarily received in small sums, he never was able to send his poems to the press, but for many years continued his solicitations, and squandered whatever he obtained.

This project of printing his works was frequently revived; and as his proposals grew obselete, new ones were printed with fresher dates. To form schemes for the publication was one of his favourite amusements; nor was he ever more at ease than when, with any friend who readily fell in with his schemes, he was adjusting the print, forming the advertisements, and regulating the dispersion of his new edition, which he really intended some time to publish; and which, as long experience had shown him the impossibility of printing the volume together, he at last determined to divide into weekly or monthly numbers, that the profits of the first might supply the expenses of the next.

Thus he spent his time in mean expedients and tormenting suspense, living for the greatest part in fear of prosecutions from his creditors, and consequently skulking in obscure parts of the town, of which he was no stranger to the remotest corners. But wherever he came, his address secured him friends, whom his necessities soon alienated; so that he had, perhaps, a more numerous acquaintance than any man ever before attained, there being scarcely any person eminent on any account to whom he was not known, or whose character he was not in some degree able to delineate.

To the acquisition of this extensive acquaintance every circumstance of his life contributed. He excelled in the arts of conversation, and therefore willingly practised them. He had seldom any home, or even a lodging in which he could be private; and therefore was driven into public-houses for the common conveniences of life and supports of nature. He was always ready to comply with every invitation, having no employment to withhold him, and often no money to provide for himself; and by dining with one company, he never failed of obtaining an introduction into another.

Thus dissipated was his life, and thus casual his subsistence; yet did not the distraction of his views hinder him from reflection, nor the uncertainty of his condition depress his gaiety. When he had wandered about without any fortunate adventure by which he was led into a tavern, he sometimes retired into the fields, and was able to employ his mind in study, or amuse it with pleasing imaginations; and seldom appeared to be melancholy, but when some sudden misfortune had just fallen upon him; and even then, in a few moments,

he would disentangle himself from his perplexity, adopt the subject of conversation, and apply his mind wholly to the objects that others presented to it.

This life, unhappy as it may be already imagined, was yet embittered, in 1738, with new calamities. The death of the queen deprived him of all the prospects of preferment with which he so long entertained his imagination; and, as Sir Robert Walpole had before given him reason to believe that he never intended the performance of his promise, he was now abandoned again to fortune.

He was, however, at that time, supported by a friend; and as it was not his custom to look out for distant calamities, or to feel any other pain than that which forced itself upon his senses, he was not much afflicted at his loss, and perhaps comforted himself that his pension would be now continued without the annual tribute of a panegyric.

Another expectation contributed likewise to support him; he had taken a resolution to write a second tragedy upon the story of Sir Thomas Overbury, in which he preserved a few lines of his former play, but made a total alteration of the plan, added new incidents, and introduced new characters; so that it was a new tragedy, not a revival of the former.

Many of his friends blamed him for not making choice of another subject; but, in vindication of himself, he asserted, that it was not easy to find a better; and that he thought it his interest to extinguish the memory of the first tragedy, which he could only do by writing one less defective upon the same story; by which he should entirely defeat the artifice of the booksellers, who, after the death of any author of reputation, are always industrious to swell his works, by uniting his worst productions with his best.

In the execution of this scheme, however, he proceeded but slowly, and probably only employed himself upon it when he could find no other amusement; but he pleased himself with counting the profits, and perhaps imagined that the theatrical reputation which he was about to acquire, would be equivalent to all that he had lost by the death of his patroness.

He did not, in confidence of his approaching riches, neglect the measures proper to secure the continuance of his pension, though some of his favourers thought him culpable for omitting to write on her death; but on her birthday next year, he gave a proof of the solidity of his judgment, and the power of his genius. He knew that the track of elegy had been so long beaten, that it was impossible to travel in it without treading in the footsteps of those who had gone before him; and that therefore it was necessary, that he might distinguish himself from the herd of encomiasts, to find out some new walk of funeral panegyric.

This difficult task he performed in such a manner, that his poem may be justly ranked among the best pieces that the death of princes has produced. By transferring the mention of her death to her birthday, he has formed a happy combination of topics, which any other man would have thought it very difficult to connect in one view, but which he has united in such a manner, that the relation between them appears natural; and it may be justly said, that what no other man would have thought on, it now appears scarcely possible for any man to miss.

The beauty of this peculiar combination of images is so masterly,

that it is sufficient to set this poem above censure; and therefore it is not necessary to mention many other delicate touches which may be found in it, and which would deservedly be admired in any other performance.

To these proofs of his genius may be added, from the same poem, an instance of his prudence, an excellence for which he was not so often distinguished; he does not forget to remind the king, in the most delicate and artful manner, of continuing his pension.

With regard to the success of this address he was for some time in suspense, but was in no great degree solicitous about it: and continued his labour upon his new tragedy with great tranquillity, till the friend who had for a considerable time supported him, removing his family to another place, took occasion to dismiss him. It then became necessary to inquire more diligently what was determined in his affair, having reason to suspect that no great favour was intended him, because he had not received his pension at the usual time.

It is said that he did not take those methods of retrieving his interest which were most likely to succeed; and some of those who were employed in the exchequer, cautioned him against too much violence in his proceedings; but Mr. Savage, who seldom regulated his conduct by the advice of others, gave way to his passion, and demanded of Sir Robert Walpole, at his levee, the reason of the distinction that was made between him and the other pensioners of the queen, with a degree of roughness which perhaps determined him to withdraw what had been only delayed.

Whatever was the crime of which he was accused or suspected, and whatever influence was employed against him, he received soon after an account that took from him all hopes of regaining his pension; and he had now no prospect of subsistence but from his play, and knew no way of living for the time required to finish it.

So peculiar were the misfortunes of this man; deprived of an estate and title by a particular law, exposed and abandoned by a mother, defrauded by a mother of a fortune which his father had allotted him, he entered the world without a friend; and though his abilities forced themselves into esteem and reputation, he was never able to obtain any real advantage; and whatever prospects arose, were always intercepted as he began to approach them. The king's intentions in his favour were frustrated; his dedication to the prince, whose generosity on every other occasion was eminent, procured him no reward; Sir Robert Walpole, who valued himself upon keeping his promise to others, broke it to him without regret; and the bounty of the queen was, after her death, withdrawn from him, and from him only.

Such were his misfortunes, which yet he bore, not only with decency, but with cheerfulness; nor was his gaiety clouded even by his last disappointments, though he was in a short time reduced to the lowest degree of distress, and often wanted both lodging and food. At this time he gave another instance of the insurmountable obstinacy of his spirit: his clothes were worn out; and he received notice, that at a coffee-house some clothes and linen were left for him. The person who sent them did not, I believe, inform him to whom he was to be obliged, that he might spare the perplexity of acknowledging the benefit; but though the offer was so far generous, it was

made with some neglect of ceremonies, which Mr. Savage so much resented, that he refused the present, and declined to enter the house till the clothes that had been designed for him were taken away.

His distress was now publicly known, and his friends, therefore, thought it proper to concert some measures for his relief; and one of them wrote a letter to him, in which he expressed his concern "for the miserable withdrawing of his pension;" and gave him hopes, that in a short time he should find himself supplied with a competence, "without any dependence on those little creatures which we are pleased to call the Great."

The scheme proposed for this happy and independent subsistence was, that he should retire into Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a year, to be raised by a subscription, on which he was to live privately in a cheap place, without aspiring any more to affluence, or having any further care of reputation.

This offer Mr. Savage gladly accepted, though with intentions very different from those of his friends; for they proposed that he should continue an exile from London for ever, and spend all the remaining part of his life at Swansea; but he designed only to take the opportunity, which their scheme offered him, of retreating for a short time, that he might prepare his play for the stage, and his other works for the press, and then return to London to exhibit his tragedy, and live upon the profits of his own labour.

With regard to his works, he proposed very great improvements, which would have required much time, or great application; and, when he had finished them, he designed to do justice to his subscribers, by publishing them according to his proposals.

As he was ready to entertain himself with future pleasures, he had planned out a scheme of life for the country, of which he had no knowledge but from pastorals and songs. He imagined that he should be transported to scenes of flowery felicity, like those which one poet has reflected to another; and had projected a perpetual round of innocent pleasures, of which he suspected no interruption from pride, or ignorance, or brutality.

With these expectations he was so enchanted, that when he was once gently reproached by a friend for submitting to live upon a subscription, and advised rather by a resolute exertion of his abilities to support himself, he could not bear to debar himself from the happiness which was to be found in the calm of a cottage, or lose the opportunity of listening, without intermission, to the melody of the nightingale, which he believed was to be heard from every bramble, and which he did not fail to mention as a very important part of the happiness of a country life.

While this scheme was ripening, his friends directed him to take a lodging in the liberties of the Fleet, that he might be secure from his creditors; and sent him every Monday a guinea, which he commonly spent before the next morning, and trusted, after his usual manner, the remaining part of the week to the bounty of fortune.

He now began very sensibly to feel the miseries of dependence. Those by whom he was to be supported began to prescribe to him with an air of authority, which he knew not how decently to resent, nor patiently to bear; and he soon discovered, from the conduct of

most of his subscribers, that he was yet in the hands of "little creatures."

Of the insolence that he was obliged to suffer he gave many instances, of which none appeared to raise his indignation to a greater height, than the method which was taken of furnishing him with clothes. Instead of consulting him, and allowing him to send a tailor his orders for what they thought proper to allow him, they proposed to send for a tailor to take his measure, and then to consult how they should equip him.

This treatment was not very delicate, nor was it such as Savage's humanity would have suggested to him on a like occasion; but it had scarcely deserved mention, had it not, by affecting him in an uncommon degree, shown the peculiarity of his character. Upon hearing the design that was formed, he came to the lodging of a friend with the most violent agonies of rage; and being asked what it could be that gave him such disturbance, he replied with the utmost vehemence of indignation, "That they had sent for a tailor to measure him."

How the affair ended was never inquired, for fear of renewing his uneasiness. It is probable that, upon recollection, he submitted with a good grace to what he could not avoid, and that he discovered no resentment where he had no power.

He was, however, not humbled to implicit and universal compliance; for when the gentleman, who had first informed him of the design to support him by a subscription, attempted to procure a reconciliation with the Lord Tyrconnel, he could by no means be prevailed upon to comply with the measures that were proposed.

A letter was written for him* to Sir William Lemon, to prevail upon him to interpose his good offices with Lord Tyrconnel, in which he solicited Sir William's assistance "for a man who really needed it as much as any man could well do;" and informed him, that he was retiring "for ever to a place where he should no more trouble his relations, friends, or enemies." He confessed, that his passion had betrayed him to some conduct, with regard to Lord Tyrconnel, for which he could not but heartily ask his pardon; and as he imagined Lord Tyrconnel's passion might be yet so high that he would not "receive a letter from him," begged that Sir William would endeavour to soften him; and expressed his hopes that he would comply with his request, and that "so small a relation would not harden his heart against him."

That any man should presume to dictate a letter to him, was not very agreeable to Mr. Savage; and therefore he was, before he had opened it, not much inclined to approve it. But when he read it, he found it contained sentiments entirely opposite to his own, and, as he asserted, to the truth; and therefore, instead of copying it, wrote his friend a letter full of masculine resentment and warm expostulations. He very justly observed, that the style was too supplicatory, and the representation too abject, and that he ought at least to have made him complain with "the dignity of a gentleman in distress." He declared that he would not write the paragraph in which he was

* By Mr. Pope.—DR. J.

to ask Lord Tyrconnel's pardon; for "he despised his pardon, and therefore could not heartily, and would not hypocritically, ask it." He remarked that his friend made a very unreasonable distinction between himself and him; for, says he, "when you mention men of high rank in your own character," they are "those little creatures whom we are pleased to call the Great;" but when you address them "in mine," no servility is sufficiently humble. He then with great propriety explained the ill consequences which might be expected from such a letter, which his relations would print in their own defence, and which would for ever be produced as a full answer to all that he should allege against them; for he always intended to publish a minute account of the treatment which he had received. It is to be remembered, to the honour of the gentleman by whom this letter was drawn up, that he yielded to Mr. Savage's reasons, and agreed that it ought to be suppressed.

After many alterations and delays, a subscription was at length raised, which did not amount to fifty pounds a year, though twenty were paid by one gentleman.* Such was the generosity of mankind, that what had been done by a player without solicitation, could not now be effected by application and interest; and Savage had a great number to court and to obey for a pension less than that which Mrs. Oldfield paid him without exacting any servilities.

Mr. Savage, however, was satisfied, and willing to retire, and was convinced that the allowance, though scanty, would be more than sufficient for him, being now determined to commence a rigid economist, and to live according to the exactest rules of frugality: for nothing was in his opinion more contemptible than a man, who, when he knew his income, exceeded it; and yet he confessed, that instances of such folly were too common, and lamented that some men were not to be trusted with their own money.

Full of these salutary resolutions, he left London in July 1739, having taken leave with great tenderness of his friends, and parted from the author of this narrative with tears in his eyes. He was furnished with fifteen guineas, and informed that they would be sufficient, not only for the expense of his journey, but for his support in Wales for some time; and that there remained but little more of the first collection. He promised a strict adherence to his maxims of parsimony, and went away in the stage-coach; nor did his friends expect to hear from him till he informed them of his arrival at Swansea.

But, when they least expected, arrived a letter dated the fourteenth day after his departure, in which he sent them word, that he was yet upon the road, and without money; and that he therefore could not proceed without a remittance. They then sent him the money that was in their hands, with which he was enabled to reach Bristol, from whence he was to go to Swansea by water.

At Bristol he found an embargo laid upon the shipping, so that he could not immediately obtain a passage; and being therefore obliged to stay there some time, he with his usual felicity ingratiated himself with many of the principal inhabitants, was invited to their houses,

* Mr. Pope.

distinguished at their public feasts, and treated with a regard that gratified his vanity, and therefore easily engaged his affection.

He began, very early after his retirement, to complain of the conduct of his friends in London, and irritated many of them so much by his letters, that they withdrew, however honourably, their contributions; and it is believed that little more was paid him than the twenty pounds a year, which were allowed him by the gentleman who proposed the subscription.

After some stay at Bristol he retired to Swansea, the place originally proposed for his residence, where he lived about a year, very much dissatisfied with the diminution of his salary; but contracted, as in other places, acquaintance with those who were most distinguished in that country; among whom he has celebrated Mr. Powel and Mrs. Jones, by some verses which he inserted in *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

Here he completed his tragedy, of which two acts were wanting when he left London; and was desirous of coming to town, to bring it upon the stage. This design was very warmly opposed; and he was advised, by his chief benefactor, to put it into the hands of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Mallet, that it might be fitted for the stage, and to allow his friends to receive the profits, out of which an annual pension should be paid him.

This proposal he rejected with the utmost contempt. He was by no means convinced that the judgment of those to whom he was required to submit was superior to his own. He was now determined, as he expressed it, to be "no longer kept in leading-strings," and had no elevated idea of "his bounty, who proposed to pension him out of the profits of his own labours."

He attempted in Wales to promote a subscription for his works, and had once hopes of success; but in a short time afterwards formed a resolution of leaving that part of the country, to which he thought it not reasonable to be confined, for the gratification of those who, having promised him a liberal income, had no sooner banished him to a remote corner, than they reduced his allowance to a salary scarcely equal to the necessities of life.

His resentment of this treatment, which, in his own opinion at least, he had not deserved, was such, that he broke off all correspondence with most of his contributors, and appeared to consider them as persecutors and oppressors; and in the latter part of his life declared, that their conduct towards him since his departure from London "had been perfidiousness improving on perfidiousness, and inhumanity on inhumanity."

It is not to be supposed that the necessities of Mr. Savage did not sometimes incite him to satirical exaggerations of the behaviour of those by whom he thought himself reduced to them. But it must be granted, that the diminution of his allowance was a great hardship; and that those who withdrew their subscriptions from a man who, upon the faith of their promise, had gone into a kind of banishment, and abandoned all those by whom he had been before relieved in his distresses, will find it no easy task to vindicate their conduct.

It may be alleged, and perhaps justly, that he was petulant and contemptuous; that he more frequently reproached his subscribers

for not giving him more, than thanked them for what he received; but it is to be remembered, that his conduct—and this is the worst charge that can be drawn up against him—did them no real injury, and that it therefore ought rather to have been pitied than resented; at least, the resentment it might provoke ought to have been generous and manly; epithets which his conduct will hardly deserve, that starves the man whom he has persuaded to put himself into his power.

It might have been reasonably demanded by Savage, that they should, before they had taken away what they promised, have replaced him in his former state, that they should have taken no advantages from the situation to which the appearance of their kindness had reduced him, and that he should have been recalled to London before he was abandoned. He might justly represent, that he ought to have been considered as a lion in the toils, and demand to be released before the dogs should be loosed upon him.

He endeavoured, indeed, to release himself, and, with an intent to return to London, went to Bristol, where a repetition of the kindness which he had formerly found invited him to stay. He was not only caressed and treated, but had a collection made for him of about thirty pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for London; but his negligence did not suffer him to consider that such proofs of kindness were not often to be expected, and that this ardour of benevolence was in a great degree the effect of novelty, and might, probably, be every day less; and therefore he took no care to improve the happy time, but was encouraged by one favour to hope for another, till at length generosity was exhausted, and officiousness wearied.

Another part of his misconduct was the practice of prolonging his visits to unseasonable hours, and disconcerting all the families into which he was admitted. This was an error in a place of commerce, which all the charms of his conversation could not compensate; for what trader would purchase such airy satisfaction by the loss of solid gain, which must be the consequence of midnight merriment, as those hours which were gained at night were generally lost in the morning?

Thus Mr. Savage, after the curiosity of the inhabitants was gratified, found the number of his friends daily decreasing, perhaps without suspecting for what reason their conduct was altered; for he still continued to harass, with his nocturnal intrusions, those that yet countenanced him, and admitted him to their houses.

But he did not spend all the time of his residence at Bristol in visits or at taverns; for he sometimes returned to his studies, and began several considerable designs. When he felt an inclination to write, he always retired from the knowledge of his friends, and lay hid in an obscure part of the suburbs, till he found himself again desirous of company, to which it is likely that intervals of absence made him more welcome.

He was always full of his design of returning to London, to bring his tragedy upon the stage; but, having neglected to depart with the money that was raised for him, he could not afterwards procure a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey; nor perhaps

would a fresh supply have had any other effect than, by putting immediate pleasures into his power, to have driven the thoughts of his journey out of his mind.

While he was thus spending the day in contriving a scheme for the morrow, distress stole upon him by imperceptible degrees. His conduct had already wearied some of those who were at first enamoured of his conversation; but he might, perhaps, still have devolved to others, whom he might have entertained with equal success, had not the decay of his clothes made it no longer consistent with their vanity to admit him to their tables, or to associate with him in public places. He now began to find every man from home at whose house he called; and was therefore no longer able to procure the necessaries of life, but wandered about the town, slighted and neglected, in quest of a dinner, which he did not always obtain.

To complete his misery, he was pursued by the officers for small debts which he had contracted; and was therefore obliged to withdraw from the small number of friends from whom he had still reason to hope for favours. His custom was, to lie in bed the greatest part of the day, and to go out in the dark with the utmost privacy, and, after having paid his visit, return again before morning to his lodging, which was the garret of an obscure inn.

Being thus excluded on one hand, and confined on the other, he suffered the utmost extremities of poverty; and often fasted so long that he was seized with faintness, and had lost his appetite, not being able to bear the smell of meat till the action of his stomach was restored by a cordial.

In this distress, he received a remittance of five pounds from London, with which he provided himself a decent coat, and determined to go to London, but unhappily spent his money at a favourite tavern. Thus was he again confined to Bristol, where he was every day hunted by bailiffs. In this exigence he once more found a friend, who sheltered him in his house, though at the usual inconveniences with which his company was attended; for he could neither be persuaded to go to bed in the night, nor to rise in the day.

It is observable, that in these various scenes of misery he was always disengaged and cheerful: he at some times pursued his studies, and at others continued or enlarged his epistolary correspondence; nor was he ever so far dejected as to endeavour to procure an increase of his allowance by any other methods than accusations and reproaches.

He had now no longer any hopes of assistance from his friends at Bristol, who as merchants, and by consequence sufficiently studious of profit, cannot be supposed to have looked with much compassion upon negligence and extravagance, or to think any excellence equivalent to a fault of such consequence as neglect of economy. It is natural to imagine that many of those who would have relieved his real wants, were discouraged from the exertion of their benevolence by observation of the use which was made of their favours, and conviction that relief would only be momentary, and that the same necessity would quickly return.

At last he quitted the house of his friend, and returned to his lodging at the inn, still intending to set out in a few days for Lon-

don; but on the 10th of January, 1742-3, having been at supper with two of his friends, he was at his return to his lodgings arrested for a debt of about eight pounds, which he owed at a coffee-house, and conducted to the house of a sheriff's officer. The account which he gives of this misfortune, in a letter to one of the gentlemen with whom he had supped, is too remarkable to be omitted:

"It was not a little unfortunate for me that I spent yesterday's evening with you; because the hour hindered me from entering on my new lodging: however, I have now got one, but such an one as I believe nobody would choose.

"I was arrested at the suit of Mrs. Read, just as I was going upstairs to bed, at Mr. Bowyer's; but taken in so private a manner, that I believe nobody at the White Lion is apprised of it. Though I let the officers know the strength, or rather weakness of my pocket, yet they treated me with the utmost civility; and even when they conducted me to confinement, it was in such a manner, that I verily believe I could have escaped, which I would rather be ruined than have done, notwithstanding the whole amount of my finances was but threepence-halfpenny.

"In the first place I must insist that you will industriously conceal this from Mrs. S——s, because I would not have her good nature suffer that pain, which I know she would be apt to feel on this occasion.

"Next, I conjure you, dear sir, by all the ties of friendship, by no means to have one uneasy thought on my account; but to have the same pleasantry of countenance, and unruffled serenity of mind, which (God be praised!) I have in this, and have had in a much severer calamity. Furthermore, I charge you, if you value my friendship as truly as I do yours, not to utter, or even harbour, the least resentment against Mrs. Read. I believe she has ruined me, but I freely forgive her; and (though I will never more have any intimacy with her), I would, at a due distance, rather do her an act of good, than ill-will. Lastly (pardon the expression), I absolutely command you not to offer me any pecuniary assistance, nor to attempt getting me any from any one of your friends. At another time, or on any other occasion, you may, dear friend, be well assured, I would rather write to you in the submissive style of a request, than that of a peremptory command.

"However, that my truly valuable friend may not think I am too proud to ask a favour, let me intreat you to let me have your boy to attend me for this day, not only for the sake of saving me the expense of porters, but for the delivery of some letters to people whose names I would not have known to strangers.

"The civil treatment I have thus far met with from those whose prisoner I am, makes me thankful to the Almighty, that though he has thought fit to visit me (on my birth-night) with affliction, yet (such is his great goodness!) my affliction is not without alleviating circumstances. I murmur not; but am all resignation to the divine will. As to the world, I hope that I shall be endued by Heaven with that presence of mind, that serene dignity in misfortune, that constitutes the character of a true nobleman; a dignity far beyond that of coro-

nets; a nobility arising from the just principles of philosophy, refined and exalted by those of Christianity."

He continued five days at the officer's, in hopes that he should be able to procure bail, and avoid the necessity of going to prison. The state in which he passed his time, and the treatment which he received, are very justly expressed by him in a letter which he wrote to a friend:

"The whole day," says he, "has been employed in various people's filling my head with their foolish chimerical systems, which has obliged me coolly (as far as nature will admit) to digest, and accommodate myself to every different person's way of thinking; hurried from one wild system to another, till it has quite made a chaos of my imagination, and nothing done—promised—disappointed—ordered to send, every hour, from one part of the town to the other."

When his friends, who had hitherto caressed and applauded, found that to give bail and pay the debt was the same, they all refused to preserve him from a prison at the expense of eight pounds; and therefore, after having been for some time at the officer's house, "at an immense expense," as he observes in his letter, he was at length removed to Newgate.

This expense he was enabled to support by the generosity of Mr. Nash, at Bath, who, upon receiving from him an account of his condition, immediately sent him five guineas, and promised to promote his subscription at Bath with all his interest.

By his removal to Newgate, he obtained at least a freedom from suspense, and rest from the disturbing vicissitudes of hope and disappointment: he now found that his friends were only companions, who were willing to share his gaiety, but not to partake of his misfortunes; and therefore he no longer expected any assistance from them.

It must, however, be observed of one gentleman, that he offered to release him by paying the debt; but that Mr. Savage would not consent, I suppose, because he thought he had before been too burdensome to him.

He was offered by some of his friends that a collection should be made for his enlargement; but he "treated the proposal," and declared* "he should again treat it, with disdain. As to writing any mendicant letters, he had too high a spirit, and determined only to write to some ministers of state to try to regain his pension."

He continued to complain† of those that had sent him into the country, and objected to them, that he had lost the profits of his play, which had been "finished three years;" and in another letter his resolution to publish a pamphlet, that the world might know how "he had been used."

This pamphlet was never written; for he in a very short time recovered his usual tranquillity, and cheerfully applied himself to more inoffensive studies. He, indeed, steadily declared that he was promised a yearly allowance of fifty pounds, and never received half the sum; but he seemed to resign himself to that, as well as to other

* In a letter after his confinement.—DR. J.

† Letter, Jan. 15.

misfortunes, and lose the remembrance of it in his amusements and employments.

The cheerfulness with which he bore his confinement, appears from the following letter, which he wrote, January 30th, to one of his friends in London:

"I now write to you from my confinement in Newgate, where I have been ever since Monday last was se'nnight, and where I enjoy myself with much more tranquillity than I have known for upwards of a twelvemonth past; having a room entirely to myself, and pursuing the amusement of my poetical studies uninterrupted, and agreeable to my mind. I thank the Almighty I am now all collected in myself; and, though my person is in confinement, my mind can expatiate on ample and useful subjects with all the freedom imaginable. I am now more conversant with the Nine than ever; and if, instead of a Newgate-bird, I may be allowed to be a bird of the Muses, I assure you, sir, I sing very freely in my cage; sometimes, indeed, in the plaintive notes of the nightingale, but at others in the cheerful strains of the lark."

In another letter he observes that he ranges from one subject to another, without confining himself to any particular task; and that he was employed one week upon one attempt, and the next upon another.

Surely the fortitude of this man deserves, at least, to be mentioned with applause; and, whatever faults may be imputed to him, the virtue of suffering well cannot be denied him. The two powers, which, in the opinion of Epictetus, constituted a wise man, are those of bearing and forbearing; which it cannot, indeed, be affirmed to have been equally possessed by Savage; and, indeed, the want of one obliged him very frequently to practise the other.

He was treated by Mr. Dagge, the keeper of the prison, with great humanity; was supported by him at his own table, without any certainty of recompense; had a room to himself, to which he could at any time retire from all disturbance; was allowed to stand at the door of the prison, and sometimes taken out into the fields; so that he suffered fewer hardships in prison than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest part of his life.

The keeper did not confine his benevolence to a gentle execution of his office, but made some overtures to the creditor for his release, though without effect; and continued, during the whole time of his imprisonment, to treat him with the utmost tenderness and civility.

Virtue is undoubtedly most laudable in that state which makes it most difficult; and therefore the humanity of a gaoler certainly deserves this public attestation; and the man whose heart has not been hardened by such an employment, may be justly proposed as a pattern of benevolence. If an inscription was once engraved "to the honest toll-gatherer," less honours ought not to be paid "to the tender gaoler."

Mr. Savage very frequently received visits, and sometimes presents, from his acquaintances; but they did not amount to a subsistence; for the greater part of which he was indebted to the generosity of this keeper: but these favours, however they might endear to

him the particular persons from whom he received them, were very far from impressing upon his mind any advantageous ideas of the people of Bristol, and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himself in prison, than in writing a poem called, *London and Bristol delineated.**

When he had brought this poem to its present state, which, without considering the chasm, is not perfect, he wrote to London an account of his design, and informed his friend† that he was determined to print it with his name; but enjoined him not to communicate his intention to his Bristol acquaintance. The gentleman, surprised at his resolution, endeavoured to dissuade him from publishing it, at least from prefixing his name; and declared that he could not reconcile the injunction of secrecy with his resolution to own it at its first appearance. To this Mr. Savage returned an answer, agreeable to his character, in the following terms:

"I received yours this morning, and not without a little surprise at the contents. To answer a question with a question, you ask me concerning London and Bristol, why will I add delineated? Why did Mr. Woolaston add the same word to his *Religion of Nature?* I suppose that it was his will and pleasure to add it in his case; and it is mine to do so in my own. You are pleased to tell me that you understand not why secrecy is enjoined, and yet I intend to set my name to it. My answer is: I have my private reasons, which I am not obliged to explain to any one. You doubt my friend Mr. S——‡ would not approve of it. And what is it to me whether he does or not? Do you imagine that Mr. S—— is to dictate to me? If any man who calls himself my friend should assume such an air, I would spurn at his friendship with contempt. You say I seem to think so by not letting him know it. And suppose I do, what then? Perhaps I can give reasons for that disapprobation, very foreign from what you would imagine. You go on in saying, Suppose I should not put my name to it. My answer is, that I will not suppose any such thing, being determined to the contrary. Neither, sir, would I have you suppose that I applied to you for want of another press: nor would I have you imagine that I owe Mr. S—— obligations which I do not."

Such was his imprudence, and such his obstinate adherence to his own resolutions, however absurd! A prisoner! supported by charity! and, whatever insults he might have received during the latter part of his stay at Bristol, once caressed, esteemed, and presented with a liberal collection, he could forget on a sudden his danger and his obligations, to gratify the petulance of his wit, or the eagerness of his resentment, and publish a satire, by which he might reasonably expect that he should alienate those who then supported him, and provoke those whom he could neither resist nor escape!

This resolution, from the execution of which it is probable that only his death could have hindered him, is sufficient to show how much he disregarded all considerations that opposed his present passions, and how readily he hazarded all future advantages for any im-

* The author preferred this title to that of *London and Bristol compared*, which, when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.—DR. J.

† This friend was Mr. Cave the printer.

‡ Mr. Strong, of the post-office.

mediate gratifications. Whatever was his predominant inclination, neither hope nor fear hindered him from complying with it; nor had opposition any other effect than to heighten his ardour, and irritate his vehemence.

This performance was, however, laid aside, while he was employed in soliciting assistance from several great persons; and one interruption succeeding another, hindered him from supplying the chasm, and perhaps from retouching the other parts, which he can hardly be imagined to have finished in his own opinion; for it is very unequal, and some of the lines are rather inserted to rhyme to others, than to support or improve the sense; but the first and last parts are worked up with great spirit and elegance.

His time was spent in the prison for the most part in study, or in receiving visits; but sometimes he descended to lower amusements, and diverted himself in the kitchen with the conversation of the criminals; for it was not pleasing to him to be much without company; and, though he was very capable of a judicious choice, he was often contented with the first that offered. For this he was sometimes reproved by his friends, who found him surrounded with felons: but the reproof was on that, as on other occasions, thrown away; he continued to gratify himself, and to set very little value on the opinion of others.

But here, as in every other scene of his life, he made use of such opportunities as occurred of benefiting those who were more miserable than himself, and was always ready to perform any office of humanity to his fellow-prisoners.

He had now ceased from corresponding with any of his subscribers except one, who yet continued to remit him the twenty pounds a year which he had promised him, and by whom it was expected that he would have been in a very short time enlarged, because he had directed the keeper to inquire after the state of his debts.

However, he took care to enter his name according to the forms of the court, that the creditor might be obliged to make him some allowance, if he was continued a prisoner; and, when on that occasion he appeared in the hall, was treated with very unusual respect.

But the resentment of the city was afterwards raised by some accounts that had been spread of the satire; and he was informed that some of the merchants intended to pay the allowance which the law required, and to detain him a prisoner at their own expense. This he treated as an empty menace; and perhaps might have hastened the publication, only to show how much he was superior to their insults, had not all his schemes been suddenly destroyed.

When he had been six months in prison, he received from one of his friends,* in whose kindness he had the greatest confidence, and on whose assistance he chiefly depended, a letter that contained a charge of very atrocious ingratitude, drawn up in such terms as sudden resentment dictated. Henley, in one of his advertisements, had mentioned "Pope's treatment of Savage." This was supposed by Pope to be the consequence of a complaint made by Savage to Henley, and was therefore mentioned by him with much resentment.

* Mr. Pope.

Mr. Savage returned a very solemn protestation of his innocence; but, however, appeared much disturbed at the accusation. Some days afterwards he was seized with a pain in his back and side, which, as it was not violent, was not suspected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of July he confined himself to his room, and a fever seized his spirits. The symptoms grew every day more formidable; but his condition did not enable him to procure any assistance. The last time that the keeper saw him was on July the 31st, 1743; when Savage, seeing him at his bedside, said, with an uncommon earnestness, "I have something to say to you, sir;" but, after a pause, moved his hand in a melancholy manner; and, finding himself unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, said, "'Tis gone!" The keeper soon after left him; and the next morning he died. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Peter, at the expense of the keeper.

Such was the life and death of Richard Savage, a man equally distinguished by his virtues and vices; and at once remarkable for his weaknesses and abilities.

He was of a middle stature, of a thin habit of body, a long visage, coarse features, and melancholy aspect; of a grave and manly deportment, a solemn dignity of mien; but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, softened into an engaging easiness of manners. His walk was slow, and his voice tremulous and mournful. He was easily excited to smiles, but very seldom provoked to laughter.

His mind was in an uncommon degree vigorous and active. His judgment was accurate, his apprehension quick, and his memory so tenacious, that he was frequently observed to know what he had learned from others, in a short time, better than those by whom he was informed; and could frequently recollect incidents, with all their combination of circumstances, which few would have regarded at the present time, but which the quickness of his apprehension impressed upon him. He had the peculiar felicity that his attention never deserted him; he was present to every object, and regardful of the most trifling occurrences. He had the art of escaping from his own reflections, and accommodating himself to every new scene.

To this quality is to be imputed the extent of his knowledge, compared with the small time which he spent in visible endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in cursory conversation with the same steadiness of attention as others apply to a lecture; and amidst the appearance of thoughtless gaiety, lost no new idea that was started, nor any hint that could be improved. He had therefore made in coffee-houses the same proficiency as others in their closets: and it is remarkable, that the writings of a man of little education and little reading, have an air of learning scarcely to be found in any other performances, but which perhaps as often obscures as embellishes them.

His judgment was eminently exact, both with regard to writings and to men. The knowledge of life was, indeed, his chief attainment; and it is not without some satisfaction that I can produce the suffrage of Savage in favour of human nature, of which he never appeared to entertain such odious ideas as some, who perhaps had neither his judgment nor experience, have published, either in osten-

tation of their sagacity, vindication of their crimes, or gratification of their malice.

His method of life particularly qualified him for conversation, of which he knew how to practise all the graces. He was never vehement or loud, but at once modest and easy, open and respectful; his language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy upon grave or humorous subjects. He was generally censured for not knowing when to retire; but that was not the defect of his judgment, but of his fortune: when he left his company, he was frequently to spend the remaining part of the night in the street, or at least was abandoned to gloomy reflections, which it is not strange that he delayed as long as he could; and sometimes forgot that he gave others pain to avoid it himself.

It cannot be said that he made use of his abilities for the direction of his own conduct: an irregular and dissipated manner of life had made him the slave of every passion that happened to be excited by the presence of its object, and that slavery to his passions reciprocally produced a life irregular and dissipated. He was not master of his own motions, nor could promise any thing for the next day.

With regard to his economy, nothing can be added to the relation of his life. He appeared to think himself born to be supported by others, and dispensed from all necessity of providing for himself; he therefore never prosecuted any scheme of advantage, nor endeavoured even to secure the profits which his writings might have afforded him. His temper was, in consequence of the dominion of his passions, uncertain and capricious; he was easily engaged and easily disgusted; but he is accused of retaining his hatred more tenaciously than his benevolence.

He was compassionate both by nature and principle, and always ready to perform offices of humanity; but when he was provoked (and very small offences were sufficient to provoke him), he would prosecute his revenge with the utmost acrimony till his passion had subsided.

His friendship was, therefore, of little value; for, though he was zealous in the support or vindication of those whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to trust him, because he considered himself as discharged by the first quarrel from all ties of honour or gratitude; and would betray those secrets which in the warmth of confidence had been imparted to him. This practice drew upon him an universal accusation of ingratitude: nor can it be denied that he was very ready to set himself free from the load of an obligation; for he could not bear to conceive himself in a state of dependence, his pride being equally powerful with his other passions, and appearing in the form of insolence at one time, and of vanity at another. Vanity, the most innocent species of pride, was most frequently predominant: he could not easily leave off, when he had once begun to mention himself or his works; nor ever read his verses without stealing his eyes from the page, to discover in the faces of his audience how they were affected with any favourite passage.

A kinder name than that of vanity ought to be given to the delicacy with which he was always careful to separate his own merit from every other man's, and to reject that praise to which he had

no claim. He did not forget, in mentioning his performances, to mark every line that had been suggested or amended; and was so accurate, as to relate that he owed three words in *The Wanderer* to the advice of his friends.

His veracity was questioned, but with little reason; his accounts, though not indeed always the same, were generally consistent. When he loved any man, he suppressed all his faults; and when he had been offended by him, concealed all his virtues: but his characters were generally true, so far as he proceeded; though it cannot be denied, that his partiality might have sometimes the effect of falsehood.

In cases indifferent, he was zealous for virtue, truth, and justice: he knew very well the necessity of goodness to the present and future happiness of mankind; nor is there, perhaps, any writer who has less endeavoured to please by flattering the appetites or perverting the judgment.

As an author, therefore—and he now ceases to influence mankind in any other character, if one piece which he had resolved to suppress be excepted—he has very little to fear from the strictest moral or religious censure. And though he may not be altogether secure against the objections of the critic, it must, however, be acknowledged, that his works are the productions of a genius truly poetical; and, what many writers who have been more lavishly applauded cannot boast, that they have an original air, which has no resemblance of any foregoing writer; that the versification and sentiments have a cast peculiar to themselves, which no man can imitate with success, because what was nature in Savage, would in another be affectation. It must be confessed that his descriptions are striking, his images animated, his fictions justly imagined, and his allegories artfully pursued; that his diction is elevated, though sometimes forced, and his numbers sonorous and majestic, though frequently sluggish and encumbered. Of his style the general fault is harshness, and its general excellence is dignity; of his sentiments the prevailing beauty is simplicity, and uniformity the prevailing defect.

For his life, or for his writings, none who candidly consider his fortune will think an apology either necessary or difficult. If he was not always sufficiently instructed on his subject, his knowledge was at least greater than could have been attained by others in the same state. If his works were sometimes unfinished, accuracy cannot reasonably be exacted from a man oppressed with want, which he has no hope of relieving but by a speedy publication. The insolence and resentment of which he is accused, were not easily to be avoided by a great mind, irritated by perpetual hardships, and constrained hourly to return the spurns of contempt, and repress the insolence of prosperity; and vanity may surely be readily pardoned in him, to whom life afforded no other comforts than barren praises, and the consciousness of deserving them.

Those are no proper judges of his conduct who have slumbered away their time on the down of plenty; nor will any wise man presume to say, "Had I been in Savage's condition, I should have lived or written better than Savage."

This relation will not be wholly without its use, if those who languish under any part of his sufferings shall be enabled to fortify

their patience by reflecting that they feel only those afflictions from which the abilities of Savage did not exempt him; or those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregarded the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.



JOHN BYROM.*

(1691-1763.)

John Byrom, a younger son of Edward Byrom, a linendraper of Manchester, was born at Kersall, in the neighbourhood of that town, in 1691; and after receiving such education as his native place afforded, was removed to Merchant Taylors' School in London, where he made such extraordinary progress in classical learning as to be deemed fit for the University. At the age of sixteen he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the tuition of Mr., afterwards Dr. Baker. During his residence here, the proficiency he had made in classical knowledge was probably neither remitted nor overlooked; but he is said to have paid no greater share of attention to logic and philosophy than was necessary to enable him to pass his examinations with credit. In 1711 he was admitted to his degree of bachelor of arts.

* Chalmers.

His inclination to poetry appeared very early, but was imparted principally to his friends and fellow-students. The first production which brought him into general notice was probably written in his twenty-third year. At this time the beautiful pastoral of *Colin and Phœbe* appeared in the eighth volume of the *Spectator*, and was, as it continues to be, universally admired.

The Phœbe of this pastoral was Joanna, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Bentley, master of Trinity College. This young and very amiable lady was afterwards married to Dr. Dennison Cumberland, Bishop of Clonfert and Killaloe in Ireland, and was the mother of Richard Cumberland, Esq., the dramatic writer, who, in his Memoirs, has honoured her memory with genuine filial affection. It has been asserted, but without any foundation, that Byrom paid his addresses to Miss Bentley. His object was rather to recommend himself to the notice of her father, who was an admirer of the *Spectator*, and likely to notice a poem of so much merit coming, as he would soon be told, from one of his college. Byrom had before this sent two ingenious papers on the subject of dreaming to the *Spectator;* and these specimens of promising talent introduced him to the particular notice of Dr. Bentley, by whose interest he was chosen Fellow of his college, and soon after admitted to the degree of master of arts.

Amidst this honourable progress, he does not appear to have thought of any profession; and as he declined going into the church, the statutes of the college required that he should vacate his fellowship. Perhaps the state of his health created this irresolution, for we find that in 1716 it became necessary for him to visit Montpelier upon that account; and his fellowship being lost, he returned no more to the University.

During his residence in France, he met with Malebranche's *Search after Truth*, and some of the works of Mademoiselle Bourignon; the consequence of which, Dr. Nichols informs us, was, that he came home strongly possessed with the visionary philosophy of the former, and the enthusiastic extravagances of the latter. From the order of his poems, however, which was probably that of their respective dates, he appears to have been at first rather a disciple of the celebrated Mr. Law, and a warm opponent of those divines who were termed latitudinarian. His admiration of Malebranche and of Bourignon afterwards increased; but he never followed either so far as to despise human learning, in which his acquirements were great; and the delight which he took in various studies ended only with his life.

By what means he was maintained abroad, or after his return, is matter of conjecture. His biographer tells nothing of his father's inclination or abilities to forward his pursuits. It is said that he studied medicine in London for some time, and thence acquired among his familiar friends the title of Dr. Byrom. But this pursuit was interrupted by his falling in love with his cousin, Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Byrom, a mercer at Manchester, then on a visit to London. To this young lady he disclosed his passion, and followed her to Manchester, where the ardour of his addresses soon procured a favourable return. Her father, however, was extremely averse to the match; and when it took place without his consent, refused the young couple

any means of support. Dr. Nichols assigns two reasons for this conduct, which are not very consistent: the one, that the father was in opulent circumstances; the other, that he thought our poet out of his senses, and therefore would not permit him to superintend the education of his children, but took that care upon himself. If so, however wrong his reasons might be, he could not be said to withdraw his support; and I suspect he was soon convinced that he had formed an erroneous estimate of his son-in-law's understanding and general character.

In this dilemma, however, Mr. Byrom had recourse to the teaching of short-hand writing, as a means of supporting himself and his wife, who adhered to him with affectionate tenderness in all his vicissitudes. Dr. Nichols informs us that he had invented his short-hand at Cambridge on the following occasion: some manuscript sermons being communicated to him, written in short-hand, he easily discovered the true reading; but observing the method to be clumsy and ill-contrived, he set about inventing a better. The account given by the editor of his system, published in 1764, is somewhat different. It is said that the first occasion of his turning his attention that way arose from his acquaintance with Mr. Sharp of Trinity College, son of Archbishop Sharp. Mr. Sharp had been advised by his father to study the art, and Mr. Byrom joined him. All the systems then in vogue appearing inadequate to the end, he devised that which now goes by his name. This discovery was made not without considerable exultation, and provoked Weston, then the chief stenographer, to a trial of skill, or rather a controversy, which terminated in favour of Byrom. Weston published his system in 1725, and the dispute was carried on probably about that time.

Among his scholars, of whom an ample list is given, in honour of his system, we find the names of many distinguished scholars,—of Isaac Hawkins Browne, Martin Folkes, Dr. Hoadley, Dr. Hartley, Lord Camden, &c. Lord Chesterfield, according to Dr. Nichols, was likewise taught by him, which appears to be doubtful. The same biographer informs us, that it was Byrom's practice to read a lecture to his scholars upon the history and utility of short-hand, interspersed with strokes of wit that rendered it very entertaining. About the same time he became acquainted with that irregular genius Dr. Byfield, with whom he used to have skirmishes of humour and repartee at the Rainbow coffee-house, near Temple Bar. Upon that chemist's decease, who was the inventor of the *sal volatile oleosum*, Byrom wrote the following impromptu:

"Hic jacet Dr. Byfield, diu volatilis, tandem fixus."

These circumstances are perhaps trifles, but they prove that the study of the mystic writers had not at this time much influence on our author's temper and habits; and I suspect that it was not until much later in life that he became an admirer of Jacob Behmen.

He first taught short-hand at Manchester; but afterwards came to London during the winter months, and not only had great success as a teacher, but became distinguished as a man of general learning. In 1724 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and communicated to that learned body two letters: one containing some

remarks on the elements of short-hand, by Samuel Geake, Esq., which was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 488; and another letter, printed in the same volume, containing remarks on Mr. Lodwick's alphabet. The summer months he was enabled to pass with his family at Manchester.

By the death of his elder brother, Edward Byrom, without issue, the family estate at Kersall devolved to him. At what time this happened, his biographer has not informed us; but in consequence of this independence, he began to relax from teaching, and passed the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of the quiet comforts of domestic life, for which he had the highest relish, and which were heightened by the affectionate temper of his wife. It is said by Dr. Nichols, that he employed the latter part of his life in writing his poems; but an inspection of their dates and subjects will show that a very considerable part must have been written much sooner. Some he is said to have committed to the flames a little before his death: these were probably his juvenile effusions. What remain were transcribed from his own copies.

He died at Manchester September 28, 1763, in the seventy-second year of his age. His character is given briefly in these words: "As the general tenour of his life was innocent and inoffensive, so he bore his last illness with resignation and cheerfulness. The great truths of Christianity had made from his earliest years a deep impression on his mind, and hence it was that he had a peculiar pleasure in employing his pen upon serious subjects." Of his family we are told only that he had several children, and that his eldest son was taken early into the shop of his grandfather, where he acquired a handsome fortune.

To this short account it may be added, that his opinions and much of his character are discoverable in his poems. At first he appears to have been a disciple of Mr. Law, zealously attached to the Church of England, but with pretty strong prejudices against the Hanoverian succession. He afterwards held some of the opinions which are usually termed methodistical; but he rejected Mr. Hervey's doctrine of imputed righteousness, and entertained an abhorrence of predestination. His reading on subjects of divinity was extensive, and he watched the opinions that came from the press with the keenness of a polemic: whenever any thing appeared adverse to his peculiar sentiments, he immediately opposed it in a poem; but as scarcely any of his writings were published in his lifetime, he appears to have employed his pen chiefly for his own amusement or that of his friends.

At what time he began to lean towards the mysticism of Jacob Behmen is uncertain. An anonymous writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. li.) says, that in 1744 he learned High Dutch of a Russian at Manchester, in order to read Jacob's works in the original; and being asked "whether Jacob was more intelligible in that than in the English translation, he affirmed that he was equally so in both; that he himself perfectly understood him; and that the reason others do not, was the blindness and naughtiness of their hearts." If this account be true, Byrom was farther gone in Behmenism than we should conjecture from his works.

The character of Byrom as a poet has been usually said to rest

on his pastoral of *Colin and Phœbe*, which has been universally praised for its natural simplicity. Yet if we inquire what it is that pleases in this poem, we shall probably find that it is not the serious and simple expression of a pastoral lover, but the air of delicate humour which runs through the whole, and inclines me to think, contrary to the received opinion, that he had no other object in view. Much, therefore, as this piece has been praised, he appears to have more fully established his character in many of those poems written at a more advanced age, and published for the first time in two elegant volumes, at Manchester, in 1773. I allude principally to the verses spoken extempore at the meeting of a club; *The Astrologer*, *The Pond; Contentment, or the Happy Workman;* most of his tales and fables; and the paraphrase on the twenty-third Psalm, entitled *A Divine Pastoral.* In these there appears so much of the genuine spirit of poetry, and so many approaches to excellence, that it would be difficult, even upon the principles of fastidious criticism, and impossible upon those of comparison, to exclude Byrom from the list of English poets.

It is almost superfluous to add that, with such an attachment to rhyme, he wrote with ease: it is more to his credit that he wrote in general with correctness; and that his mind was stored with varied imagery and original turns of thought, which he conveys in flowing measure, always delicate and often harmonious. In his *Dialogue on Contentment*, and his poem on *The Fall of Man*, in answer to Bishop Sherlock, he strongly reminds us of Pope in the celebrated Essay, although in the occasional adoption of quaint conceits he appears to have followed the example of the earlier poets. Of his long pieces, perhaps the best is *Enthusiasm*, which he published in 1751,* and which is distinguished by superior animation and a glow of vigorous fancy suited to the subject. He depicts the classical enthusiast and the virtuoso with a strength of colouring not inferior to some of Pope's happiest portraits in his epistles.

His controversial and critical verses, I have already hinted, are rather to be considered as literary curiosities than as poems; for what can be a poem which excludes the powers of invention, and interdicts the excursions of fancy? Yet if there be a merit in versifying terms of art, some may also be allowed to the introduction of questions of grammar, criticism, and theology, with so much ease and perspicuity.

Byrom's lines on the *Patron of England* are worthy of notice, as having excited a controversy which is perhaps not yet decided. In this poem he endeavoured to prove the non-existence of St. George, the patron saint of England, by this argument chiefly, that the English were converted by Gregory I., or the Great, who sent over

* In 1749 he published *An Epistle to a Gentleman of the Temple.* In 1755 a pamphlet was published, entitled *The Contest*, in which is exhibited a preface in favour of blank verse; with an experiment of it in an ode upon the British country life, by Roger Comberbach, Esq.; an epistle from Dr. Byrom to Mr. Comberbach, in defence of rhyme; and an eclogue by Mr. Comberbach, in reply to Dr. Byrom: 8vo, Chester. This pamphlet I have never seen. It was published by Mr. Comberbach, and is probably alluded to in our author's *Thoughts on Rhyme and Blank Verse.* Comberbach was a barrister.

St. Austin for that purpose: and he conceives that in the ancient *Fasti* Georgius was erroneously set down for Gregorius, and that George nowhere occurs as patron until the reign of Edward III. He concludes with requesting that the matter may be considered by Willis, Stukeley, Ames, or Pegge, all celebrated antiquaries, or by the Society of Antiquaries at large, stating the plain question to be, "Whether England's patron was a knight or a pope?"

This challenge must have been given some time before the year 1759, when all these antiquaries were living; but in what publication, if printed at all, I have not been able to discover. Mr. Pegge, however, was living when Byrom's collected poems appeared, and judged the question of sufficient importance to be discussed in the society. His observations on the history of St. George were printed in the fifth volume of the *Archæologia*, in answer not only to Byrom, but to Dr. Pettingal, who, in 1760, expressed his unbelief in St. George, by a dissertation on the equestrian figure worn by the knights of the garter: Mr. Pegge is supposed to have refuted both. The controversy was, however, revived at a much later period (1795) by Mr. Milner of Winchester, who, in answer to the assertions of Gibbon the historian, has supported the reality of the person of St. George with much ingenuity.



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.*

(1709-1784.)

This highly-distinguished writer was born on the 18th of September, 1709, at Lichfield in Staffordshire; where his father, Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, was at that time a bookseller and stationer. His mother, Sarah Ford, was a native of Warwickshire, and sister to Dr. Ford, physician, who was father to Cornelius Ford, a clergyman of loose character, whom Hogarth has satirised in one of the prints of his Modern Midnight Conversation.

Our author was the eldest of two sons. Nathaniel, the youngest,

* Chalmers.

died in 1737, in his twenty-fifth year. The father was a man of robust body and active mind, yet occasionally depressed by melancholy, which Samuel inherited, and with the aid of a stronger mind was not always able to shake off. He was also a steady high-churchman, and an adherent of the house of Stuart,—a prejudice which his son outlived in the nation at large, without entirely conquering in himself. Mrs. Johnson was a woman of good natural understanding, unimproved by education; and our author acknowledged with gratitude that she endeavoured to instil sentiments of piety as soon as he was capable of any instruction. There is little else in his family history worthy of notice; nor had he much pleasure in tracing his pedigree. He venerated others, however, who could produce a recorded ancestry; and used to say, that in him this was disinterested, for he could scarcely tell who was his grandfather.



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHNSON AT LICHFIELD.

That he was remarkable in his early years has been supposed; but many proofs have not been advanced by his biographers. He had, indeed, a retentive memory, and soon discovered symptoms of an impetuous temper; but these circumstances are not enough to distinguish him from hundreds of children who never attain eminence. In his infancy he was afflicted with the scrofula, which injured his sight; and he was carried to London to receive the royal touch from the hand of Queen Anne, the last of our sovereigns who encouraged that popular superstition.

He was first taught to read English by a woman who kept a school for young children at Lichfield, and afterwards by one Brown. Latin he learned at Lichfield School, under Mr. Hunter, a man of severe discipline, but an attentive teacher. Johnson owned that he needed correction, and that his master did not spare him; but this,

instead of being the cause of unpleasant recollections in his advanced life, served only to convince him that severity in school-education is necessary; and in all his conversations on the subject, he persisted in pleading for a liberal use of the rod.

At this school his superiority was soon acknowledged by his companions, who could not refuse submission to the ascendency which he acquired. His proficiency, however, as in every part of his life, exceeded his apparent diligence. He could learn more than others in the same allotted time; and he was learning when he seemed to be idle. He betrayed an early aversion to stated tasks; but if roused, he could recover the time he appeared to have lost with great facility. Yet he seems afterwards to have been conscious that much depends on regularity of study; and we find him often prescribing to himself stated portions of reading, and recommending the same to others. No man, perhaps, was ever more sensible of his failings, or avowed them with more candour; nor, indeed, would many of them have been known, if he had not exhibited them as warnings.

His memory was uncommonly tenacious; and to his last days he prided himself on it, considering a defect of memory as the prelude of total decay. Perhaps he carried this doctrine rather too far, when he asserted that the occasional failure of memory in a man of seventy must imply something radically wrong; but it may be in general allowed that the memory is a pretty accurate standard of mental strength.

Although his weak sight prevented him from joining in the amusements of his schoolfellows, for which he was otherwise well qualified by personal courage and an ambition to excel, he found an equivalent pleasure in sauntering in the fields, or reading such books as came into his way, particularly old romances. For these he retained a fondness throughout life; but was wise and candid enough to attribute to them, in some degree, that unsettled turn of mind which prevented his fixing in any profession.

About the age of fifteen he paid a long visit to his uncle, Cornelius Ford; but on his return, his master, Hunter, refused to receive him again on the foundation of Lichfield School: what his reasons were is not known. He was now removed to the school of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, where he remained about a year, with very little acquisition of knowledge; but here, as well as at Lichfield, he gave several proofs of his inclination to poetry, and afterwards published some of these juvenile productions in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. From Stourbridge he returned home, where he remained about two years, without any regular application. His time, however, was not entirely wasted, as he employed it in reading many of the ancient writers; and stored his mind with so much various information, that when he went to Oxford, Dr. Adam said he "was the best qualified for the university that he had ever known come there."

By what means his father was enabled to defray the expense of an university education, has not been very accurately told. It is generally reported that he went to assist the studies of a young gentleman of the name of Corbet. His friend Dr. Taylor assured Mr.

Boswell, that he never could have gone to college, had not a gentleman of Shropshire, one of his schoolfellows, spontaneously undertaken to support him at Oxford, in the character of his companion; though, in fact, he never received any assistance whatever from that gentleman. He was, however, entered a commoner of Pembroke College on the 31st October, 1728. His tutor was Mr. Jordan, a fellow of Pembroke; a man whom Johnson mentioned with respect many years after, but to whose instructions he did not pay much regard, except that he formally attended his lectures, as well as those in the college-hall. It was at Jordan's request that he translated Pope's *Messiah* into Latin verse, as a Christmas exercise. Pope is said to have expressed his high approbation of it; but critics in that language, among whom Pope could never be ranked, have not considered Johnson's Latin poems as the happiest of his compositions. When Jordan left college to accept of a living, Johnson became a scholar of Dr. Adams, who was afterwards the head of Pembroke, and with whom Johnson maintained a strict friendship to the last hour of his life.

During the vacation in the following year he suffered severely by an attack of his constitutional melancholy, accompanied by alternate irritation, fretfulness, and languor. It appears, however, that he resisted his disorder by every effort of a great mind, and proved that it did not arise from want of mental resources, or weakness of understanding. On his return to the university, he probably continued his desultory manner of reading, and occasionally formed resolutions of regular study, in which he seldom persisted. Among his companions he was looked up to as a young man of wit and spirit, singular and unequal in temper, impatient of college rules, and not over respectful to his seniors. Such, at least, seems to have been the result of Mr. Boswell's inquiries; but little is known with certainty, except what is painful to relate,—that he either put on an air of gaiety to conceal his anxious cares, or secluded himself from company that that poverty might not be known which at length compelled him to leave college without a degree.

He now (1731) returned to Lichfield with very gloomy prospects. His father died a few months after his return; and the little he left behind him was barely sufficient for the temporary support of his widow. In the following year our author accepted the place of usher of the school of Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire,—an employment which the pride of Sir Wolstan Dixie, the patron, soon rendered irksome; and he threw it up in a disgust which recurred whenever he recollected this part of his history. For six months after he resided at Birmingham as the guest of Mr. Hector, an eminent surgeon; and is supposed during that time to have furnished some periodical essays for a newspaper printed by Warren, a bookseller in Birmingham. Here, too, he abridged and translated Father Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia*, which was published, in 1735, by Bettesworth and Hitch, in Paternoster Row, London. For this, his first literary performance, he received the small sum of five guineas. In the translation there is little that marks the hand of Johnson; but in the preface and dedication are a few passages in the same energetic and manly style

which he may be said to have invented, and to have taught to his countrymen.

In 1734 he returned to Lichfield, and issued proposals for an edition of the Latin poems of Politian, with the history of Latin poetry from the era of Petrarch to the time of Politian, and also the life of Politian; the book to be printed in thirty octavo sheets, price five shillings. Those who have not attended to the literary history of this country, will be surprised that such a work could not be undertaken without the precaution of a subscription; and they will regret that in this case the subscription was so inadequate to the expense of printing, as to deter our author from executing what probably would have made him known and patronised by the learned world.

Disappointed in this scheme, he offered his services to Mr. Cave, the proprietor and editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who had given some proofs of a liberal spirit of enterprise in calling forth the talents of unknown and ingenious writers. On this occasion he suggested some improvements in the management of the magazine, and specified the articles which he was ready to supply. Cave answered his letter; but it does not appear that any agreement was formed at this time. He soon, however, entered into a connection of a more tender kind, which ended in marriage. His wife, who was about twenty years older than himself, was the widow of Mr. Porter, a mercer of Birmingham,—a lady whose character has been variously represented, but seldom to her discredit. She was, however, the object of his first passion; and although they did not pass the whole time of their union in uninterrupted harmony, he lamented her death with unfeigned sorrow, and retained an enthusiastic veneration for her memory.

She had a fortune of eight hundred pounds; and with part of this he hired a large house at Edial, near Lichfield, which he fitted up as an academy, where young gentlemen were to be boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages. Gilbert Walmsley, a man of learning and worth, whom he has celebrated by a character drawn with unparalleled elegance, endeavoured to promote this plan; but it proved abortive. Three pupils only appeared, one of whom was David Garrick: with these he made a shift to keep the school open for about a year and a half, and was then obliged to discontinue it, perhaps not much against his inclination. No man knew better than Johnson what ought to be taught; but the business of education was confessedly repugnant to his habits and his temper.

During this short residence at Edial he wrote a considerable part of his *Irene*, which Mr. Walmsley advised him to prepare for the stage; and it was probably by this gentleman's advice that he determined to try his fortune in London. His pupil Garrick had formed the same resolution; and in March 1737 they arrived in London together. Garrick, after some farther preparatory education, was designed for the study of the law, but in three or four years went on the stage, obtained the highest honours that dramatic fame could confer, with a fortune splendid beyond all precedent. The difference in the lot of these two young men might lead to many reflections on

the taste of the age, and the value of its patronage; but they are too obvious to be obtruded on any reader of feeling or judgment, and to others they would be unintelligible.

In what manner Johnson was employed for some time after his arrival in London is not known. He brought a small sum of money with him; and he husbanded it with frugality, while he mixed in such society as was accessible to a friendless and uncourtly scholar, and amused himself in contemplating the manners of the metropolis. It appears that at one time he took lodgings at Greenwich, and proceeded by fits to complete his tragedy. He renewed his application also to Cave, sending him a specimen of a translation of the *History of the Council of Trent*, and desiring to know if Cave would join in the publication of it. Cave appears to have consented; for twelve sheets were printed, for which our author received forty-nine pounds: but another translation being announced about the same period (1738) by a rival, whose name was also Samuel Johnson, librarian of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, our author desisted; and the other design was also dropped.

In the course of the summer he went to Lichfield, where he had left Mrs. Johnson; and there, during a residence of three months, finished his tragedy for the stage. On his return to London with Mrs. Johnson, he endeavoured to prevail on Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury-lane theatre, to accept *Irene;* but in this he was unsuccessful; and having no interest with any other manager, he laid aside his play in pursuit of literary employment. He had now become personally known to Cave, and began to contribute to the magazine original poetry, Latin and English translations, biographical sketches, and other miscellaneous articles, particularly the debates in parliament, under the name of the Senate of Lilliput. At that time the debates were not allowed to be published, as now, the morning after the day of meeting; and the only safe mode of conveying the substance of them to the public was by adopting a historical form at more distant periods. At first Johnson merely revised the manuscript as written by Guthrie,* who then supplied this department of the magazine; but when Guthrie had attained a higher rank among authors, the whole devolved on his coadjutor. His only materials were a few notes supplied by persons who attended the houses of parliament; from which, and sometimes from information even more scanty, he compiled a series of speeches, of which the sentiments, as well as the style, were often his own. In his latter days he disapproved of this practice, and desisted from writing the speeches as soon as he found they were thought genuine.

The value of his contributions to this magazine must have been soon acknowledged. It was then in its infancy; and there is a visible improvement from the time he began to write for it. Cave had a contriving head, but with too much of literary quackery. Johnson, by recommending original or selected pieces, calculated to improve the taste and judgment of the public, raised the dignity of the magazine above its contemporaries; and to him we certainly owe, in a

* Guthrie composed the parliamentary speeches from July 1736, and Johnson succeeded him November 1740, and continued them to February 1742-3.

great measure, the various information and literary history for which that miscellany has ever been distinguished, and in which it has never been interrupted by a successful rival. By some manuscript memorandums concerning Dr. Johnson, written by the late Dr. Farmer, and obligingly given to me by Mr. Nichols, it appears that he was considered as the conductor or editor of the magazine for some time, and received an hundred pounds per anuum from Cave.

In the year 1738 he made his name at once known and highly respected among the eminent men of his time, by the publication of *London*, a piece in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. The history of this publication is not uninteresting. Young authors did not then present themselves to the public without much cautious preparation. Johnson conveyed his poem to Cave as the production of another,—of one who was "under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune;" and as some small encouragement to the printer, he not only offered to correct the press, but even to alter any stroke of satire which he might dislike. Cave, whose heart appears to more advantage in this than in some other of his transactions with authors, sent a present to Johnson for the use of his poor friend; and afterwards, it appears, recommended Dodsley as a purchaser. Dodsley had just begun business, and had speculated but on a few publications of no great consequence. He had, however, judgment enough to discern the merit of the poem now submitted to him, and bargained for the whole property. The sum Johnson received was ten guineas; and such were his circumstances, or such the state of literary property at that time, that he was fully content, and was ever ready to acknowledge Dodsley's useful patronage.

The poem was accordingly published in May 1738, and on the same morning with Pope's satire of *Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-Eight*. Johnson's was so eagerly bought up, that a second edition became necessary in less than a week. Pope behaved on this occasion with great liberality. He bestowed high praise on the *London;* and intimated that the author, whose name had not yet appeared, could not be long concealed. In this poem may be observed some of those political prejudices for which Johnson contended more frequently afterwards. He thought proper to join in the popular clamour against the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, but lived to reflect with more complacency on the conduct of that minister when compared with some of his successors.

His *London* procured him fame; and Cave was not sorry to have engaged the services of a man whose talents had now the stamp of public approbation. Whether he had offers of patronage, or was thought a formidable enemy to the minister, is not so certain; but having leisure to calculate how little his labours were likely to produce, he soon began to wish for some establishment of a more permanent kind. With this view, an offer was made to him of the mastership of the school of Appleby, in Leicestershire, the salary of which was about sixty pounds; but the laws of the school required that the candidate should be a master of arts. The University of Oxford, when applied to, refused to grant this favour. Earl Gower was then solicited, in behalf of Johnson, by Pope, who knew him

only as the author of *London*. His lordship accordingly wrote to Swift, soliciting a diploma from the University of Dublin; but, for what reason we are not told, this application too was unsuccessful. Mr. Murphy says, "There is reason to think that Swift declined to meddle in the business; and to that circumstance Johnson's known dislike of Swift has often been imputed." That Swift declined to meddle in the business is not improbable; for it appears, by his letters of this date (August 1738), that he was incapable of attending to any business; but Johnson's *Life of Swift* proves that his dislike had a more honourable foundation.

About this time Johnson formed a design of studying the civil law, in order to practise in Doctors' Commons; yet this also was rendered impossible for want of a degree, and he was obliged to resume his labours in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The various articles which came from his pen are enumerated in chronological series by Mr. Boswell. It will be sufficient for the present sketch to notice only his more important productions, or such as were of sufficient consequence to be published separately.

In 1739 he wrote *A complete Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage from the malicious and scandalous Aspersions of Mr. Brooke, author of Gustavus Vasa;* and a political tract, entitled *Marmor Norfolciense, or an Essay on an ancient Prophetical Inscription, in monkish rhyme, lately discovered near Lynne in Norfolk, by Probus Britannicus*. These pieces, it is almost needless to add, were ironical, a mode of writing in which our author was not eminently successful. The *Marmor Norfolciense* was a severe attack on the Walpole administration and on the reigning family; but whether it was not well understood, or when understood considered as feeble, it certainly was not much attended to by the friends of government, nor procured to the author the reputation of a dangerous opponent. Sir John Hawkins, indeed, says that a prosecution was ordered; but of this no traces can be found in any of the public offices. One of his political enemies reprinted it in the year 1775, to show what a change had been effected in his principles by a pension; but the publisher does not seem to have known how little change was really effected, and how little was necessary to render Johnson a loyal subject to his munificent sovereign, and a determined enemy of the popular politics of that time.

His next publication of any note was his *Life of Savage*, which he afterwards prefixed to that poet's works when admitted into his collection. With Savage he had been for some time intimately acquainted, but how long is not known. They met at Cave's house. Johnson admired his abilities; and while he sympathised with the very singular train of misfortunes which placed him among the indigent, was not less touched by his pride of spirit, and the lofty demeanour with which he treated those who neglected him. In all Savage's virtues there was much in common with Johnson; but his narrative shows with what nicety he could separate his virtues from his vices, and blame even firmness and independence when they degenerated into obstinacy and misanthropy. He has concealed none of Savage's failings; and what appears of the exculpatory kind is

merely an endeavour to present a just view of that unfortunate combination of circumstances by which Savage was driven from the paths of decent and moral life, and to incite every reflecting person to put the important question, "Who made me to differ?"

This life, of which two editions were very speedily sold, affords an extraordinary proof of the facility with which Johnson composed. He wrote forty-eight pages of the printed copy in the course of a day or night, for it is not very clear which. His biographer, who records this, enters at the same time into a long discussion intended to prove that Savage was not the son of the Countess of Macclesfield; but had this been possible, it would surely have been accomplished when the proof might have been rendered unanswerable.

In 1745 he published *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition of Shakespeare*, to which he affixed proposals for a new edition of that poet; and it is probable he was now devoting his whole time to this undertaking, as we find a supension of his periodical contributions during the years 1745 and 1746. It is perhaps too rash to conclude that he declined writing in the magazine because he would not join in the support of government during the rebellion in Scotland; but there are abundant proofs in Mr. Boswell's *Life* that his sentiments were favourable to that attempt. As to his plan of an edition of Shakespeare, he had many difficulties to encounter. Little notice was taken of his proposals; and Warburton was known to be engaged on a similar undertaking. Warburton, however, had the liberality to praise his observations on Macbeth, as the production of a man of parts and genius; and Johnson never forgot the favour. Warburton, he said, praised him when praise was of value.

In 1747 he resumed his labours in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* and although many entire pieces cannot be ascertained to have come from his pen, he was frequently, if not constantly, employed to superintend the materials of the magazine, and several introductory passages may be pointed out which bear evident marks of his composition. In this year his old pupil and friend Garrick became manager of Drury-lane theatre, and obtained from Johnson a prologue, which is generally esteemed one of the finest productions of that kind in our language. In this year also he issued his plan for a Dictionary of the English language.

The design of this great work was at first suggested by Dodsley; and Johnson, having consented to undertake it, entered into an agreement with the booksellers for the sum of 1500 guineas, which he was to receive in small payments proportionate to the quantity of manuscript sent to press. The plan was addressed to the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, who had discovered an inclination to be the patron of the author; and Johnson, having made suitable preparations, hired a house in Gough-square, engaged amanuenses, and began a task which he carried on by fits, as inclination and health permitted, for nearly eight years. His amanuenses were six in number, and employed upon what may be termed the mechanical part of the work; but their expenses and his own were so considerable, that before the work was concluded he had received the whole of the

money stipulated for in his agreement with the proprietors. In what time it might have been completed, had he, to use his own phrase, "set doggedly about it," it is useless to conjecture, and it would perhaps have been hurtful to try. Whoever has been engaged on any great literary work knows, not only the pleasure, but the necessity of occasional relaxation; and Johnson's mind, stored with various knowledge and a rich fund of sentiment, afforded him many opportunities of this kind, in addition to the love of society, which was his predominant passion. We find, accordingly, that during the years in which his Dictionary was on hand, he accepted some inferior employment from the booksellers, and produced some of the most valuable of his original works.

In 1749 he published his second imitation of Juvenal, under the title of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, for which, with all the fame he had now acquired, he received only fifteen guineas. In his *London* we have the manners of common life; in the *Vanity of Human Wishes* he has given us more of his own mind,—more of that train of sentiment, excited sometimes by poverty and sometimes by disappointment, which always inclined him to view the gloomy side of human affairs.

In the same year Garrick offered to produce his *Irene* in the Drury-lane theatre, but presumed, at the same time, to suggest such alterations as his superior knowledge of stage-effect might be supposed to justify. Johnson did not much like that his labours should be revised and amended at the pleasure of an actor, and with some difficulty was persuaded to yield to Garrick's advice. The play, however, was at length performed, but without much success; although the manager contrived to have it played long enough to entitle the author to the profits of his three nights, and Dodsley bought the copyright for 100*l*. It has ever been admired in the closet for the propriety of its sentiments and the elegance of its language.

In 1750 he commenced a work which raised his fame yet higher than it had ever yet reached, and will probably convey his name to the latest posterity. He appears to have entered on the *Rambler* without any communication with his friends, or desire of assistance. Whether he proposed the scheme himself is uncertain; but he was fortunate enough in forming a connexion with Mr. John Payne, a bookseller in Paternoster-row, and afterwards chief accountant in the Bank of England; a man with whom he lived many years in habits of friendship, and who on the present occasion treated him with great liberality. He engaged to pay him two guineas for each paper, or four guineas per week, which at that time must have been to Johnson a very considerable sum; and he admitted him to a share of the future profits of the work, when it should be collected into volumes: this share Johnson afterwards sold. This paper began Tuesday, March 20, 1749-50, and closed on Saturday, March 14, 1752. So conscious was Johnson that his fame would in a great measure rest on this production, that he corrected the first two editions with the most scrupulous care.

In 1751 he was carrying on his Dictionary and the *Rambler;* and, besides some occasional contributions to the magazine, assisted in the

detection of Lauder, who had imposed on him and on the world by advancing forged evidence that Milton was a gross plagiary. Dr. Douglas, the late Bishop of Salisbury, was the first who refuted this unprincipled impostor; and Johnson, whom Lauder's ingenuity had induced to write a preface and postscript to his work, now dictated a letter addressed to Dr. Douglas, acknowledging his fraud in terms of contrition, which Lauder subscribed. The candour of Johnson on this occasion was as readily acknowledged at that time as it has since been misrepresented by the bigoted adherents to Milton's politics. Lauder, however, returned to his "dirty work," and published, in 1754, a pamphlet entitled "The Grand Impostor detected, or Milton convicted of Forgery against Charles I.;" which was reviewed with censure in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that year, and probably by Johnson.

The *Rambler* was concluded on March 14, 1752; and three days after the author's wife died,—a loss which he long deplored, and never at the latest period of life recollected without emotion. Many instances of his affection for her occur in the collection of *Prayers and Meditations*, published after his death; which, however they may expose him to ridicule, combine to prove that his attachment to her was uniformly sincere. She was buried at Bromley, and Johnson placed a Latin inscription on her tomb. She left a daughter by her former husband; and by her means our author became acquainted with Mrs. Anne Williams, the daughter of Zachary Williams, a physician, who died about this time. Mrs. Williams was a woman of considerable talents, and her conversation was interesting. She was left in poverty by her father, and had the additional affliction of being totally blind. To relieve his melancholy reflections, Johnson took her home to his house in Gough-square, procured her a benefit-play from Garrick, and assisted her in publishing a volume of poems, by both of which schemes she raised about 300*l.* With this fund she became an inmate in Johnson's house, where she passed the remainder of her days, protected and cheered by every act of kindness and tenderness which he could have showed to the nearest relation.

When he had in some measure recovered from the shock of Mrs. Johnson's death, he contributed several papers to the *Adventurer*, which was carried on by Dr. Hawkesworth and Dr. Warton. The profit of these papers he is said to have given to Dr. Bathurst, a physician of little practice, but a very amiable man, whom he highly respected. Mr. Boswell thinks he endeavoured to make them pass for Bathurst's, which is highly improbable.* In 1754 we find him approaching to the completion of his Dictionary. Lord Chesterfield, to whom he once looked up as to a liberal patron, had treated him with neglect, of which, after Johnson had declined to pay court to such a man, he became sensible, and, as an effort at reconciliation, wrote two papers in the *World*, recommending the Dictionary, and soothing the author by some ingenious compliments. Had there been no previous offence, it is probable this end would have been answered,

* See this matter explained in the preface to the *Adventurer*, British Essayists, vol. xxiii.

and Johnson would have dedicated the work to him. He loved praise, and from Lord Chesterfield, the Mæcenas of the age, and the most elegant of noble writers, praise was at this time valuable. But Johnson never departed from exacting the just respect due to a man of letters, and was not to be appeased by the artifice of these protracted compliments. He could not even brook that his lordship should for a moment suppose him reconciled by his flattery, but immediately wrote that celebrated letter which has been so much admired as a model of dignified contempt. The allusion to the loss of his wife and to his present situation is exquisitely beautiful: "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till *I am solitary*, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it." Lord Chesterfield is said to have concealed his feelings on this occasion with his usual art, conscious perhaps that they were not to be envied.

In 1755 the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford, after which (in May) his Dictionary was published in two large volumes folio. Of a work so well known, it is unnecessary to say more in this place, than that after the lapse of half a century, neither envy has injured, nor industry rivalled, its usefulness or popularity.

In the following year, he abridged his Dictionary into an octavo size, and engaged to superintend a monthly publication entitled the *Literary Magazine, or Universal Register*. To this he contributed a great many articles enumerated by Mr. Boswell, and several reviews of new books. The most celebrated of his reviews, and one of his most finished compositions, both in point of style, argument, and wit, was that of Soame Jenyn's *Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil*. This attracted so much notice that the bookseller was encouraged to publish it separately, and two editions were rapidly sold. The magazine continued about two years, after which it was dropt for want of encouragement. He wrote also, in 1756, some essays in the *Universal Visitor*, another magazine which lasted only a year. His friend Cave died in 1754; and, for whatever reason, Johnson's regular contributions appear no more in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. But he wrote a very elegant life of Cave, and was afterwards an occasional contributor. This, it would appear, was one of his worst years as to pecuniary matters. We find him, in the month of March, arrested for the sum of 5*l*. 18*s*., and relieved by Mr. Richardson. His proposal for an edition of Shakespeare was again revived, and subscription tickets issued out; but it did not go to press for many years after.

In 1758 the worthy John Newbery, bookseller, who frequently employed Johnson in his literary progress, began a newspaper called the *Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette*, in conjunction with Mr. John Payne. To give it an air of novelty, Johnson was engaged to write a short periodical paper, which he entitled *The Idler*. Most of these papers were written in haste, in various places where he happened to be on the eve of publication, and with very little preparation. A few of them express the train of thought which prevails in the *Rambler;* but in general they have more vivacity, and exhibit a

species of grave humour in which Johnson excelled. When the *Universal Chronicle* was discontinued, these papers were collected into two small volumes, which he corrected for the press, making a few alterations, and omitting one whole paper, which has since been restored.

No. 41 of *The Idler* alludes to the death of his mother, which took place in 1759: he had ever loved her with anxious affection, and had contributed to her support often when he knew not where to recruit his finances. On this event, he wrote his *Rasselas*, with a view to raise a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of her funeral, and pay some little debts she had left. His mind appears to have been powerfully excited and enriched both with the subject and the motive; for he wrote the whole of this elegant and philosophical fiction during the evenings of one week, and sent it to press in portions as it was written. He received 100*l.* from Messrs. Strahan, Johnston, and Dodsley, for the copy, and 25*l.* more when it came, as it soon did, to a second edition. Few works of the kind have been more generally or more extensively diffused by means of translation. Yet the author, perhaps from the pain he felt in recollecting the melancholy occasion which called forth his pen, appears to have dismissed it with some degree of indifference, as soon as published; for from that time to the year 1781, when he found it accidentally in a chaise while travelling with Mr. Boswell, he declared he had never looked into it. His translation of *Lobo* probably suggested his placing the scene in Abyssinia; but there is a little scarce volume, unnoticed by his biographers, from which I suspect he took some hints. It is entitled, *The late Travels of S. Giacomo Baratti, an Italian Gentleman, into the remotest Countries of the Abyssins, or of Ethiopia Interior.* 12mo. London, 1670.

Among his occasional productions about this time, were his translation of a Dissertation on the Greek Comedy, for Mrs. Lennox's English version of *Brumoy*, the general conclusion of the book; and an introduction to the *World Displayed*, a collection of voyages and travels, projected by his friend Newbery. When a new bridge was about to be built over the Thames at Blackfriars, he wrote some papers against the plan of the architect, Mr. Mylne. His principal motive appears to have been his friendship for Mr. Gwyn, who had given in a plan, and probably he only clothed Gwyn's arguments in his own stately language. Such a contest was certainly not within his province, and he could derive little other advantage than the pleasure of serving his friend. He appeared more in character when he assisted his contemporaries with prefaces and dedications, which were very frequently solicited from him. Poor as he was at this time, he taught how dedications might be written without servile submission or flattery, and yet with all the courtesy, compliment, and elegance, which a liberal mind could expect.

But an end was now approaching to his pecuniary embarrassments. In 1762, while he was proceeding with his edition of Shakespeare, he was surprised by the information that his majesty had been pleased to grant him a pension of 300*l.* a year, not, as has been invidiously asserted, in order to induce him to write for administration, but as the reward of his literary merit. Had it been

otherwise, he had surely the strongest inducement to have exerted his talents in favour of Lord Bute, by whose recommendation the pension was granted, and who at this time wanted much abler support than the hired writers of government could supply. But it is well known that he wrote no political tract for nearly eight years afterwards. He now took a house in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, and allotted an apartment for Mrs. Williams. In 1765 he was introduced to the late Mr. Thrale and family, a circumstance which contributed much to alleviate the solicitudes of life, and furnished him with the enjoyment of an elegant table and elegant society. Here an apartment was fitted up for him, which he occupied when he pleased; and he accompanied the family in their various summer excursions, which tended to exhilarate his mind, and render the return of his constitutional melancholy less frequent.

In the same year he received a diploma from Trinity College, Dublin, complimenting him with the title of Doctor of Laws; and after many delays, his edition of Shakespeare was published in eight volumes octavo. The preface is universally acknowledged to be one of the most elegant and acute of all his compositions. But as an illustrator of the obscurities of Shakespeare, it must be allowed he has not done much, nor was this a study for which he was eminently qualified. He was never happy when obliged to borrow from others, and he had none of that useful industry which indulges in research. Yet his criticisms have rarely been surpassed; and it is no small praise that he was the precursor of Stevens and Malone.

The success of the Shakespeare was not great, although, upon the whole, it increased the respect in which the literary world viewed his talents. Kenrick made the principal attack on this work, which was answered by an Oxford student named Barclay; but neither the attack nor the answer attracted much notice.

In 1766 he furnished the preface and some of the pieces which compose a volume of poetical miscellanies by Mrs. Anna Williams. This lady was still an inmate in his house, and was, indeed, absolute mistress. Although her temper was far from pleasant, and she had now gained an ascendency over him which she often maintained in a fretful and peevish manner, he forgot every thing in her distresses; and was, indeed, in all his charities, which were numerous, the most remote that can be conceived from the hope of gratitude or reward. His house was filled by dependents, whose perverse tempers frequently drove him out of it; yet nothing of this kind could induce him to relieve himself at their expense. His noble expression was, "If I dismiss them, who will receive them?" Abroad, his society was now very extensive, and included almost every man of the age distinguished for learning, and many persons of considerable rank, who delighted in his company and conversation.

In 1767 he had the honour to be admitted to a personal interview with his majesty in the library of the queen's palace. Of the conversation which passed, Mr. Boswell has given a very interesting and authentic account, which, it may here be mentioned, he prized at so high a rate, as to print it separately in a quarto sheet, and enter it in that form at Stationers' Hall, a few days before the publication of his Life of Johnson. He attempted in the same manner to secure

Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield. In 1767, on the institution of the Royal Academy of Arts, Johnson was appointed professor in ancient literature; and there probably was at that time some design of giving a course of lectures; but this, and the professorship of ancient history, are as yet mere sinecures.

In 1770 his first political pamphlet made its appearance, in order to justify the Ministry and the House of Commons in expelling Mr. Wilkes, and afterwards declaring Colonel Luttrell to be duly elected representative for the county of Middlesex, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkes had the majority of votes. The vivacity and pointed sarcasm of this pamphlet formed its chief recommendation, and it continues to be read as an elegant political declamation. But it failed in its main object: it made no converts to the right of incapacitating Mr. Wilkes by the act of expulsion; and the ministry had not the courage to try the question of absolute incapacitation. Wilkes lived to see the offensive resolutions expunged from the journals of the House of Commons, and, what seemed yet more improbable, to be reconciled to Johnson, who, with unabated dislike of his moral character, could not help admiring his classical learning and social talents. His pamphlet, which was entitled *The False Alarm*, was answered by two or three anonymous writers of no great note.

In 1771 he appeared to more advantage as the author of *Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting the Falkland Islands*, from materials partly furnished by the ministry, but highly enriched by his vigorous style and peculiar train of thought. The object of this pamphlet was to represent the dispute respecting a barren island as an insufficient cause of war; and in the course of his reasoning, he has taken an opportunity to depict the miseries as well as the absurdity of unnecessary war, in a burst of animated and appropriate language which will probably never be exceeded. His character of Junius in this pamphlet is scarcely inferior. The sale of the first edition was stopped for awhile by Lord North, and a few alterations made before it appeared in a second. Johnson's opinion of these two pamphlets was, that "there is a subtlety of disquisition in *The False Alarm*, which is worth all the fire of the other."

About this time, an ineffectual attempt was made by his steady friend Mr. Strahan, his majesty's printer, to procure him a seat in parliament. His biographers have amused their readers by conjectures as to the probable figure he would make in that assembly; and he owned frequently that he should not have been sorry to try. Why the interference of his friends was ineffectual, the minister only could tell, but he was certainly not ill-advised. It is not improbable that Johnson would have proved an able assistant on some occasions, where a nervous and manly speech was wanted to silence the inferiors in opposition, but it may be doubted whether he would have given that uniform and open consent which is expected from a party man. Whatever aid he might be induced to give by his pen on certain subjects which accorded with his own sentiments, and of which he thought himself master, he by no means approved of many parts of the conduct of those ministers who carried on the American war; and he was ever decidedly against the principle (if it may be so called that a man should go along with his party right or wrong.

"This," he once said, "is so remote from native virtue, from scholastic virtue, that a good man must have undergone a great change before he can reconcile himself to such a doctrine. It is maintaining that you may lie to the public;—for you do lie when you call that right which you think wrong, or the reverse."

In the year 1773 he carried into execution a design which he had long meditated of visiting the western isles of Scotland. He arrived at Edinburgh on the 18th of August, and finished his journey on the 22d of November. During this time he passed some days at Edinburgh, and then went by St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Inverness, and Fort-Augustus, to the Hebrides, visiting the isles of Skye, Rasay, Col, Mull, Inchkenneth, and Icolmkill. He then travelled through Argyleshire by Inverary, and thence by Lochlomond and Dumbarton to Glasgow and Edinburgh. The popularity of his own account, which has perhaps been more generally read than any book of travels in modern times, and the journal of his pleasant companion Mr. Boswell, render any further notice of this journey unnecessary. The censure he met with is now remembered with indifference; and his Tour continues to be read without any of the unpleasant emotions which it first excited in those who contended that he had not stated the truth, or was unwilling that the truth should be stated.

During his absence, his humble friend and admirer, Thomas Davies, bookseller, ventured to publish two volumes entitled *Miscellanies and Fugitive Pieces*, which he advertised in the newspapers as the production of the "author of the *Rambler*." Johnson was inclined to resent this liberty, until he recollected Davies's narrow circumstances, when he cordially forgave him, and continued his kindness to him as usual. A third volume appeared soon after, but all its contents are not from Dr. Johnson's pen.

On the dissolution of parliament in 1774, he published a short political pamphlet entitled *The Patriot*, the principal object of which appears to have been to repress the spirit of faction, which at that time was too prevalent, especially in the metropolis. It was a hasty composition, called for, as he informed Mr. Boswell, on one day, and written the next. The success, since his time, of those mock-patriots whom he has so ably delineated, is too decisive a proof that the reign of political delusion is not to be shortened by eloquence or argument.

During his tour in Scotland he made frequent inquiries respecting the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, and received answers so unsatisfactory, that, both in his book of travels and in conversation, he did not hesitate to treat the whole as an imposture. This excited the resentment of Macpherson, the editor, to such a degree, that he wrote a threatening letter to Johnson, who answered it in a composition which, in the expression of firm and unalterable contempt, is perhaps superior to that he wrote to Lord Chesterfield. In that he mixed somewhat of courtesy; but Macpherson he despised both as a man and a writer, and treated him as a ruffian.

The rupture between Great Britain and America once more roused our author's political energies, and produced his *Taxation no Tyranny;* in which he endeavoured to prove that distant colonies, which had in their assemblies a legislature of their own, were, notwith-

standing, liable to be taxed in a British parliament, where they had no representatives; and he thought that this country was strong enough to enforce obedience. This pamphlet, which appeared in 1775, produced a controversy which was carried on for some time with considerable spirit, although Johnson took no share in it: but the right of taxation was no longer a question for discussion; the Americans were in arms, blood had been spilt, and "successful rebellion became revolution." No censure was more generally advanced at this time against our author, than that his opinions were regulated by his pension; and none could be more void of foundation. His opinion, whether just or not, of the Americans was uniform throughout his life; and he continued to maintain them when, in strict prudence, they might as well have been softened to the measure of changed times.

It is not improbable, however, that he felt the force of some of the replies made to his pamphlet, seconded as they were by the popular voice and by the discomfiture of the measures of administration. It is reported that he complained, and perhaps about this time, of being called upon to write political pamphlets, and threatened to give up his pension. Whether this complaint was carried to the proper quarter, Mr. Boswell has not informed us; but it is certain he wrote no more in defence of the ministry; and he received no kind of reward for what he had done. His pension neither he nor his friends ever considered in that light, although it might make him acquiesce more readily in what the minister required. He was willing to do something for gratitude, but nothing for hire.

A few months after the publication of his last pamphlet, he received his diploma as Doctor of Laws from the University of Oxford, in consequence of a recommendation from the chancellor, Lord North. It is remarkable, however, that he never assumed this title in writing notes or cards. In the autumn of this year he went on a tour to France with Mr. and Mrs. Thale. Of this tour Mr. Boswell has printed a few memorandums, which were probably intended as the foundation of a more regular narrative; but this he does not appear to have ever begun. As the tour lasted only about two months, it would probably have produced more sentiment than description.

In 1777 he was engaged by the London booksellers to write short lives or prefaces to an edition of the English poets; and this being one of the most important of his literary undertakings, some account of its origin is necessary, especially as the precise share which belongs to him has been frequently misrepresented. It is perhaps too late now to inquire into the propriety of the decision of the House of Lords respecting literary property. It had not, however, taken place many months before some of the predicted consequences appeared. Among other instances, an edition of the English poets was published at Edinburgh, in direct violation of that honourable compact by which the booksellers of London had agreed to respect each other's property, notwithstanding their being deprived of the more effectual support of the law. This, therefore, induced the latter to undertake an edition of the poets in a more commodious form, and with suitable accuracy of text. A meeting was called of about forty of the most respectable booksellers of London, the proprietors, or the suc-

cessors and descendants of the proprietors, of copyrights in these works; and it was agreed that an elegant and uniform edition of the English Poets should be printed, with a concise account of the life of each author by Dr. Samuel Johnson, and that Messrs. Strahan, Cadell, and T. Davies, should wait upon him with their proposals.

Johnson was delighted with the task, the utility of which had probably occurred to his mind long before; and he had certainly more acquaintance than any man then living with the poetical biography of his country, and appeared to be best qualified to illustrate it by judicious criticism. Whether we consider what he undertook or what he performed, the sum of 200 guineas which he demanded will appear a very trivial recompense. His original intention, and all indeed that was expected from him, was a very concise biographical and critical account of each poet; but he had not proceeded far before he began to enlarge the lives to the present extent, and at last presented the world with such a body of criticism as was scarcely to be expected from one man, and still less from one now verging on his seventieth year.

Of this edition it is yet necessary to say, that Dr. Johnson was not in all respects to be considered as the editor. He had not the choice of the poets to be admitted, although, in addition to the list prepared by his employers, he recommended Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden. The selection was made by the booksellers, who appear to have been guided partly by the acknowledged merit of the poet and partly by his popularity, a quality which is sometimes independent of the former. Our author, however, felt himself under no restraint in accepting the list offered, nor did he in any instance consider himself bound to lean with partiality to any author merely that the admission of his works might be justified. This absurd species of prejudice, which has contaminated so many single lives and critical prefaces, was repugnant to his, as it must ever be to the opinion of every man who considers truth as essential to biography, and that the possession of talents, however brilliant, ought to be no excuse for the abuse of them. Every preliminary having been settled in the month of April 1777, the new edition of the poets was sent to press; and Johnson was informed that his lives might be written in the meantime, so as to be ready to accompany the publication.

Not long after he undertook this work he was invited to contribute the aid of his eloquent pen in saving the forfeited life of Dr. William Dodd, a clergyman, who was convicted of forgery. This unhappy man had long been a popular preacher in the metropolis; and the public sentiment was almost universal in deprecating so shameful a sight as that of a clergyman of the Church of England suffering by a public execution. Whether there was much in Dodd's character to justify this sentiment, or to demand the interference of the corporation of London, backed by the petitions of thousands of the most distinguished and wealthy citizens, may perhaps be doubted. Johnson, however, could not resist what put every other consideration out of the question, "a call for mercy," and accordingly contributed every thing that the friends of Dodd could suggest as useful. He wrote his Speech to the Recorder of London, delivered at the Old Bailey when sentence of death was about to be passed on him; the

Convict's Address to his unhappy Brethren, a sermon delivered by Dodd in the chapel of Newgate; two letters, one to the Lord Chancellor Bathurst, and one to Lord Chief-justice Mansfield; a petition from Dr. Dodd to the king; another from Mrs. Dodd to the queen; observations, inserted in the newspapers, on occasion of Earl Percy's presenting to his majesty a petition for mercy to Dodd, signed by 20,000 persons; a petition from the City of London; and Dr Dodd's last solemn declaration, which he left with the sheriff at the place of execution. All these have been printed in Dr. Johnson's works, with some additional correspondence, which Mr. Boswell inserted in his life. Every thing is written in a style of pathetic eloquence; but as the author could not be concealed, it was impossible to impress a stronger sense of the value of Dodd's talents than had already been entertained. The papers, however, contributed to heighten the clamour which was at that time raised against the execution of the sentence, and which was confounded with what was then thought more censurable, the conduct of those by whom the unhappy man might have been saved before the process of law had been begun.

In 1779 the first four volumes of his *Lives of the Poets* were published; and the remainder in the year 1781, which he wrote, by his own confession, "dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste." He had, however, performed so much more than was expected, that his employers presented him with 100*l.* in addition to the stipulated sum. As he never was insensible to the pleasure or value of fame, it is not improbable that he was yet more substantially gratified by the eagerness with which his lives of the poets were read and praised. He enjoyed likewise another satisfaction, which, it appears, he thought not unnecessary to the reputation of a great writer: he was attacked on all sides for his contempt of Milton's politics, and the sparing praise or direct censure he had bestowed on the poetry of Prior, Hammond, Collins, Gray, and a few others. The errors, indeed, which on any other subject might have passed for errors of judgment, were, by the irascible tempers of his adversaries, magnified into high-treason against the majesty of poetic genius. During his life these attacks were not few, nor very respectful to a veteran whom common consent had placed at the head of the literature of his country; but the courage of his adversaries was observed to rise very considerably after his death, and the name which public opinion had consecrated was reviled with the utmost malignity. Even some who during his life were glad to conceal their hostility, now took an opportunity to retract the admiration in which they had joined with apparent cordiality; and to discover faults in a body of criticism which, after all reasonable exceptions are admitted, was never equalled, and perhaps never will be equalled, for justice, acuteness, and elegance. Where can we hope to find discussions that can be compared with those introduced in the lives of Cowley, Milton, Dryden, and Pope? His abhorrence, indeed, of Milton's political conduct led him to details and observations which can never be acceptable to a certain class of politicians; but when he comes to analyse his poetry and to fix his reputation on its proper basis, it must surely be confessed that no man, since the first appearance of *Paradise Lost*, has ever bestowed praise with a

more munificent hand. He appears to have collected his whole energy to immortalise the genius of Milton; nor has any advocate for Milton's democracy appeared, who has not been glad to surrender the guardianship of his poetical fame to Johnson.

In 1782 the public demand rendered it necessary to print an edition of the *Lives* in four octavo volumes; and in 1783 another edition of the same number, but considerably enlarged, altered, and corrected by the author. I cannot here suppress a circumstance, communicated by my worthy friend Mr. Nichols, which may check the murmurs of the public respecting improved editions. Although the corrections and alterations of the edition of 1783 were printed separately, and offered *gratis* to the purchasers of the former, not ten copies were called for!

With this work the public labours of Johnson ended; and when we consider his advanced time of life, and the almost unabated vigour of his mind, it may be surely added, that his sun set with unrivalled splendour. But the infirmities of age were now undermining a constitution that had kept perpetual war with hereditary disease; and his most valued friends were dropping into the grave before him. He lost Mr. Thrale and Mrs. Williams; his home became cheerless, and much visiting was no longer convenient. His health began to decline more visibly from the month of June 1783, when he had a paralytic stroke; and although he recovered so far as to be able to take another journey to Lichfield and Oxford towards the close of the year, symptoms of a dropsy indicated the probability of his dissolution at no distant period. Some relief, however, having been administered, he rejoined the society of his friends, and with a mind still curious, intelligent, and active, renewed his attention to the concerns of literature, dictating information wherever it was wanted, and trying his faculties by Latin translations from the Greek poets. Nothing was so much the subject of alarm with him as the decay of memory and judgment; of which, however, to the last he never betrayed the least symptom.

In Midsummer 1784 he acquired sufficient strength to go for the last time into Derbyshire. During his absence, his friends, who were anxious for the preservation of so valuable a life, endeavoured to procure some addition to his pension, that he might be enabled to try the efficacy of a tour to the southern part of the continent. Application was accordingly made to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who seconded it in the proper quarter, but without success. He evinced, however, his high respect for Johnson, by offering to advance the sum of 500*l.*; and Johnson, when the circumstance was communicated, thanked his lordship in a letter, elevated beyond the common expressions of gratitude, by a dignity of sentiment congenial to the feelings of his noble and liberal correspondent. Dr. Brocklesby also made a similar offer, although of a lesser sum; and such, indeed, was the estimation in which Johnson was held, that nothing would have been wanting which money or affection could procure, either to protract his days or to make them comfortable.

But these offers were not accepted. The scheme of a continental tour, which he once thought necessary, was never much encouraged by his physicians; and had it promised greater effects, was now be-

yond his strength. The dropsy and asthma were making hasty approaches; and although he longed for life, and was anxiously desirous that every means might be used to gain another day, he soon became convinced that no hopes were left. During this period he was alternately resigned to die and tenacious of life, tranquil in the views of eternity and disturbed by gloomy apprehensions, but at last his mind was soothed with the consolatory hopes of religion; and although the love of life occasionally recurred, he adjusted his worldly concerns with composure and exactness, as one who was conscious that he was soon to give an account. On Monday the 13th of December he tried to obtain a temporary relief by puncturing his legs, as had been before performed by the surgeon, but no discharge followed the operation; and about seven o'clock in the evening he breathed his last, so gently, that some time elapsed before his death was perceived

On the 20th his body was interred with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey, close to the grave of his friend Garrick. Of the other honours paid to his memory, it may suffice to say, that they were more in number and quality than were ever paid to any man of literature. It was his singular fate that the age which he contributed to improve repaid him by a veneration of which we have no example in the annals of literature; and that when his failings as well as his virtues were exhibited without disguise and without partiality, he continued to be revered by the majority of the nation, and is now, after scrutiny and censure have done their worst, enrolled amongst the greatest names in the history of English genius.

But to delineate the character of Johnson is a task which the present writer wishes to decline. Successive editions of Mr. Boswell's *Life* have familiarised Johnson to the knowledge of the public so intimately, that it would be impossible to advance any thing with which every reader is not already acquainted. The suffrages of the nation have been taken, and the question is finally decided. On mature consideration, there appears no reason to depart from the generally received opinions as to the rank Johnson holds among men of genius and virtue,—a rank which those who yet capriciously dwell on his failings will find it difficult to disturb. His errors have been brought forward with no sparing hand, both by his friends and his enemies; yet when every fair deduction is made from the reputed excellence of his character as a man and a writer, enough, in my opinion, will remain to gratify the partiality of his admirers and to perpetuate the public esteem.

It is unpleasant, however, to quit a subject which, the more it is revolved, serves to gladden the mind with pleasing recollections. There are surely circumstances in the history of Johnson which compel admiration in defiance of prejudice or envy. That a man of obscure birth, of manners by no means prepossessing, whose person was forbidding, whose voice was rough, inharmonious, and terrifying, whose temper was frequently harsh and overbearing; that such a man should have forced his way into the society of a greater number of eminent characters than perhaps ever gathered round an individual; that he should not only have gained but increased their respect to a degree of enthusiasm, and preserved it unabated for so long a series of years;

that men of all ranks in life, and of the highest degrees of mental excellence, should have thought it a duty, and found it a pleasure, not only to tolerate his occasional roughness, but to study his humour and submit to his control, to listen to him with the submission of a scholar and consult him with the hopes of a client,—all this surely affords the strongest presumption that such a man was remarkable beyond the usual standard of human excellence. Nor is this inference inconsistent with the truth; for it appears that whatever merit may be attributed to his works, he was perhaps yet more to be envied in conversation, where he exhibited an inexhaustible fertility of imagination, an elegance and acuteness of argument, and a ready wit, such as never appear to have been combined in one man. And it is not too much to say, that whatever opinion was entertained by those who knew him only in his writings, it never could have risen to that pitch of admiration which has been excited by the labours of his industrious biographer.

His death formed a very remarkable era in the literary world. For a considerable time the periodical journals, as well as general conversation, were eagerly occupied on an event which was the subject of universal regret; and every man hastened with such contributions as memory supplied, to illustrate a character in which all took a lively interest. Numerous anecdotes were published, some authentic and some imaginary; and the general wish to know more of Johnson was for some years insatiable.

At length the proprietors of his printed works met to consider of a complete and uniform edition; but as it was feared that the curiosity which follows departed genius might soon abate, some doubt was entertained of the policy of a collection of pieces, the best of which were already in the hands of the public in various forms; but this was fortunately overruled, and in the course of the last year (1806) these collected works were printed for the fourth time, and will probably be long considered as a standard book in every library. Less fortunately, however, Sir John Hawkins, who was one of Johnson's executors, and professed to be in possession of materials for his life, was engaged to write that life, as well as to collect his works. They accordingly appeared in 1787, in eleven volumes octavo. Of the *Life* it is unnecessary to add any thing to the censure so generally passed. Sir John spoke his mind, perhaps honestly; but his judgment must have been as defective as his memory, when he decided with so much prejudice and so little taste or candour on the merits of his author and of other eminent persons, whom, as a critic humorously said, "he brought to be tried at the Middlesex quarter-sessions." In collecting the works, he inserted some which no man could suspect to be Johnson's, while he omitted other pieces that had been acknowledged. A more correct arrangement, however, has been since adopted.

Two years before this edition appeared, Mr. Boswell published his *Tour to the Hebrides*, and exhibited such a sample of Dr. Johnson's conversational talents as raised very high expectations from the *Life* which he then announced to be in a state of preparation. Mr. Boswell's acquaintance with Dr. Johnson commenced in the year 1763; and from that time he appears to have meditated, what he at length

executed, the most complete and striking portrait ever exhibited of any human being. His *Tour* having shown the manner in which he was to proceed, Johnson's friends willingly contributed every document they could collect from memory or writing; and Mr. Boswell, who meditated one volume only, was soon obliged to extend his work to two bulky quartos. These were published in 1791, and bought up with an avidity which their wonderful variety of entertainment, vivacity, anecdote, and sentiment, amply justified. Four very large editions have since appeared; and it seems to be one of those very fortunate and fascinating books of which the public is not likely to tire.

Mr. Boswell, indeed, has proved, contrary to the common opinion, and by means which will not soon be repeated, that the life of a mere scholar may be rendered more instructive, more entertaining, and more interesting, than that of any other human being. And although the "confidence of private conversation" has been thought to be sometimes violated in this work, for which no apology is here intended, yet the world seems agreed to forgive this failing in consideration of the pleasure it has afforded; that wonderful variety of subjects, of wit, sentiment, and anecdote, with which it abounds; and above all, the valuable instruction it presents on many of the most important duties of life. It must be allowed that it created some enemies to Dr. Johnson, among those who were not enemies before this disclosure of his sentiments. Vanity has been sometimes hurt, and vanity has taken its usual revenge. It is generally agreed, however, that Mr. Boswell's account of his illustrious friend is impartial: he conceals no failing that revenge or animosity has since been able to discover; all his foibles of manner and conversation are faithfully recorded, and recorded so frequently, that it is easier to form a just estimate of Doctor Johnson than of any eminent character in the whole range of biography.

One singular effect was produced by this extraordinary book. When it was determined to discard Sir John Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, application was made to Mr. Murphy to furnish another, to be prefixed to the second edition of the works published in 1793. This Mr. Murphy executed under the title (which he had used in the case of Fielding) of An Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson; but he had conceived a prejudice of jealousy of Mr. Boswell's fame, and notwithstanding the latter had strengthened his narrative by every possible proof, Murphy persisted in taking his facts from the very inaccurate narrative of Sir John Hawkins, and the more flippant anecdotes published by Mrs. Piozzi. In his Essay, therefore, it is not wonderful that many circumstances are grossly, and, considering that proofs were within his reach, we may add, wilfully misrepresented.

What Dr. Johnson might have produced, if he had devoted himself to the Muses, it is not easy to determine. That he had not the essentials of a poet of the higher order must, I think, be allowed; but as a moral poet, his acknowledged pieces stand in a very high rank. Like Pope, he preferred reason to fancy; and his two imitations of *Juvenal* are not only equal to any thing that writer has produced, in the happy delineation of living manners and in elegance of versification, but are perhaps superior to any compositions of the

kind in our language. His *Irene* is remarkable for splendour of language, richness of sentiment, and harmony of numbers, but as a tragedy it is radically defective: it excites neither interest nor passion. Of his lesser pieces, the *Prologue on opening the Theatre*, in 1747, and that for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter, are perfect models of elegant and manly address. His odes are effective in imagination and description; he always undervalued this species of poetry, and certainly has not improved it. A few of his translations are more happily executed, particularly the *Dove of Anacreon*. The poem on the death of his humble friend Levet is one of those pathetic appeals to the heart which are irresistible.

ROBERT MACKAY.

(1714-1778.)

Robert Mackay, commonly called *Rob Donn*, was born at Alt-na-Caillich, in Strathmore, Sutherlandshire, in the year 1714. From childhood he gave proofs of poetic ability, and is said to have composed his first verse when only three years old. When six or seven years of age, the precocity of the boy induced a gentleman to take him into his service, or rather family. Although his talents thus early excited much attention, he did not receive even the rudiments of education (indeed, he never knew the alphabet); but, ere he had marked himself man, he had laid in an extensive stock of such lore, as had, from time immemorial, constituted the intellectual wealth of his country. This consisted of Highland traditions, legends, and ballads; his knowledge of which was quite extraordinary. The gentleman into whose family Rob had been taken was an extensive grazier and cattle-dealer, and Rob was sent to tend calves on the hill-side, till sufficiently advanced in strength and years to assist in driving droves of cattle to the markets of the South. His witty sayings, satires, elegies, and above all, his love songs, had already, however, begun to make him famous, not only in his native glen, but wherever the drovers, in their annual peregrinations, could carry an anecdote or stanza. His fame thus spreading, Donald Lord Reay, now took him under his charge, and appointed him to the office of *bowman*, or head cow-herd; a responsible situation in those days, and one which he faithfully discharged for several years. He was subsequently a drover; then for a short time he joined the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders, but more in the capacity of bard to the regiment than as a private soldier. He afterwards settled as a small farmer, which occupation he followed till his death. He died on the 5th August, 1778, aged 64 years.

From Rob Donn being an uneducated man, his compositions must be looked upon as the efforts of unaided, uncultivated genius. His satirical pieces are generally considered his best efforts; but his elegies are also much admired, being simple and pathetic, and in many instances rising even to the sublime. Being all in the Gaelic language,

they are little known except in the Highlands, but there his lyrics, satires, and songs are much admired and sung by the natives, and have rendered our mountains and glens classic ground. His two most successful efforts are considered to be *Marbhrann Eoghainn* (Ewen's Elegy), in which he treats of the uncertainty of time, and the calls to preparation for death sounded to mankind, in the simultaneous fall of high and low, rich and poor; and *Piobaireachd Iseabail Nic Aoidh*, a song composed in honour of the daughter of his first patron.

Rob Donn married in early life, and had several children; but none of them, so far as is known, had any of the poetic talent of their father. His poems were collected by the Rev. Dr. Mackay, late of Dunoon, and published at Inverness in 1829, under the title of *Orain le Rob Donn, bard ainmeil Dhuthaich Mhic Aoidh.*

A granite monument of neat design has been erected to his memory in Durness Churchyard, with inscriptions in Gaelic, English, Greek, and Latin. The English inscription is as follows:—

"In memory
of
ROB DONN, otherwise ROBERT MACKAY,
Of Durness,
The Reay Gaelic bard,
This tomb was erected at the expense of a few of his countrymen,
Ardent admirers of native talent
and extraordinary genius.
1829."

ELIZABETH CARTER.

(1717-1806.)

Elizabeth Carter, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D., was born at Deal, December 17, 1717. She early applied herself with assiduity to the acquisition of learning, and to such purpose, that her acquaintance with both dead and living languages well nigh equalled that of the most eminent linguist that ever adorned her own, or any other period. She peculiarly delighted in Greek, and was more completely mistress of that language than she was of any other. Hebrew and Latin she understood well, and Arabic sufficiently to read it tolerably. Of modern languages, she was versed in French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Portuguese. Her knowledge of ancient and modern history was equally exact and extensive; of the sciences, astronomy was her favourite study, and in that she had made very considerable progress. Miss Carter was not only a great scholar, she was also one of the most pious and humble of Christians, one of the kindest of relations, one of the most affectionate of friends, one, in its most extensive sense, of the most charitable of women. Her publications were not numerous; she read more than she wrote, and thought more than she said. Her principal work was the translation of *Epictetus*, with an admirable introduction to it, which has passed through several editions. She also published, when

very young, a translation of Algarotti's *Dialogues*, and of Newton's *Philosophy*. The production which has procured the admission of her name into this work, was a small volume of poems, which have always been much read and admired, and of which four editions have been printed. These poems were principally contributions commenced in November 1734, when she was only seventeen, and continued for many years, to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It was one of these contributions, a *Riddle*, printed in the number for February 1738, which procured for the authoress the esteem and friendship of Samuel Johnson, then himself struggling into fame. "I have composed a Greek epigram to Eliza," said Johnson to Cave; "and think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Louis le Grand." The epigram, in Latin as well as Greek, appeared in the number for the following April (1738). Miss Carter, besides the works already mentioned, translated Crousaz's Examen of Pope's *Essay on Man*. Dr. Johnson advised her to "undertake a translation of Boethius *De Consolatione*, because there is prose and verse; and to put her name to it, when published;" but she does not appear to have adopted the suggestion. Miss Carter died universally respected, in Clarges Street, London, February 19, 1806.

FRANCIS FAWKES.*

(1721-1777.)

Mr. Fawkes was born in Yorkshire, about the year 1721. He was educated at Leeds, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Cookson, vicar of that parish; from whence he went to Jesus College, Cambridge, and took his bachelor's degree in 1741, and his master's in 1745.

After being admitted into holy orders, he settled at Bramham, in Yorkshire, near the elegant seat of that name, belonging to Robert Lane, Esq., the beauties of which afforded him the first subject for his Muse. He published his *Bramham Park* in 1745, but without his name. His next publications were the *Descriptions of May and Winter*, from Gawen Douglas; the former in 1752, the latter in 1754: these brought him into considerable notice as a poetical antiquary; and it was hoped that he would have been encouraged to modernise the whole of that author's works.

About the year last mentioned he removed to the curacy of Croydon in Surrey, where he had an opportunity of courting the notice of Archbishop Herring, who resided there at that time, and to whom, among other complimentary verses, he addressed an ode on his grace's recovery, which was printed in Dodsley's collection. These attentions, and his general merit as a scholar, induced the archbishop to collate him, in 1755, to the vicarage of Orpington with St. Mary Cray, in Kent. In 1757 he had occasion to lament his patron's death in a pathetic elegy styled *Aurelius*, printed with his grace's Sermons in 1763, but previously in our author's volume

* Chalmers.

of poems in 1761; about the same time he married Miss Purrier of Leeds.

In April 1774, by the late Dr. Plumptre's favour, he exchanged his vicarage for the rectory of Hayes; this, except the office of chaplain to the Princess Dowager of Wales, was the only ecclesiastical promotion he obtained.

In 1761 he published by subscription a volume of original poems and translations, by which he got more profit than fame. His subscribers amounted to nearly 800; but no second edition was called for. A few pieces are now added from Mr. Nichols' collection and from the *Poetical Calendar*, a periodical selection of fugitive poetry, which he published in conjunction with Mr. Woty, an indifferent poet of that time. In 1767 he published an eclogue entitled *Partridge Shooting*, so inferior to his other productions, that the omission of it cannot be regretted. He was the editor also of a Family Bible, with notes, in 4to, which is a work of very inconsiderable merit; but to which he probably contributed only his name, a common trick among the retailers of "complete family Bibles."

His translations of Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus, and Musæus, appeared in 1760; and his Theocritus, encouraged by another liberal subscription, in 1767. His *Appollonius Rhodius*, a posthumous publication, completed by the Rev. Mr. Meen, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, made its appearance in 1780, when Mr. Fawkes's widow was enabled, by the kindness of the editor, to avail herself of the subscriptions, contributed, as usual, very liberally. Mr. Fawkes died August 26, 1777.

MARK AKENSIDE.*

(1721-1770.)

Mark Akenside was born on the 9th of November, 1721, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His father Mark was a butcher, of the Presbyterian sect; his mother's name was Mary Lumsden. He received the first part of his education at the Grammar-school of Newcastle; and was afterwards instructed by Mr. Wilson, who kept a private academy.

At the age of eighteen he was sent to Edinburgh, that he might qualify himself for the office of a Dissenting minister, and received some assistance from the fund which the Dissenters employ in educating young men of scanty fortune. But a wider view of the world opened other scenes, and prompted other hopes; he determined to study physic, and repaid that contribution, which, being received for a different purpose, he justly thought it dishonourable to retain.

Whether, when he resolved to be a Dissenting minister, he ceased to be a Dissenter, I know not. He certainly retained an unnecessary and outrageous zeal for what he called and thought liberty; a zeal which sometimes disguises from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it possesses, an envious desire of plundering wealth, or

* Johnson.

degrading greatness; and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerness to subvert and confound, with very little care what shall be established.



MARK AKENSIDE.

Akenside was one of those poets who have felt very early the motions of genius, and one of those students who have very early stored their memories with sentiments and images. Many of his performances were produced in his youth; and his greatest work, *The Pleasures of Imagination*, appeared in 1744. I have heard Dodsley, by whom it was published, relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was 120*l.*, being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer, for "this was no every-day writer."

In 1741 he went to Leyden in pursuit of medical knowledge; and three years afterwards (May 16, 1744,) became doctor of physic; having, according to the custom of the Dutch Universities, published a thesis or dissertation. The subject which he chose was *The Origin and Growth of the Human Fœtus;* in which he is said to have departed, with great judgment, from the opinion then established; and to have delivered that which has been since confirmed and received.

Akenside was a young man, warm with every notion that by nature or accident had been connected with the sound of liberty; and, by an eccentricity which such dispositions do not easily avoid, a lover

of contradiction, and no friend to any thing established. He adopted Shaftesbury's foolish assertion of the efficacy of ridicule for the discovery of truth. For this he was attacked by Warburton, and defended by Dyson: Warburton afterwards reprinted his remarks at the end of his dedication to the Freethinkers.

The result of all the arguments which have been produced in a long and eager discussion of this idle question, may easily be collected. If ridicule be applied to any position as the test of truth, it will then become a question whether such ridicule be just; and this can only be decided by the application of truth, as the test of ridicule. Two men fearing, one a real, and the other a fancied danger, will be for a while equally exposed to the inevitable consequences of cowardice, contemptuous censure, and ludicrous representation; and the true state of both cases must be known, before it can be decided whose terror is rational and whose is ridiculous; who is to be pitied and who to be despised. Both are for a while equally exposed to laughter; but both are not, therefore, equally contemptible.

In the revisal of his poem,—though he died before he had finished it,—he omitted the lines which had given occasion to Warburton's objections.

He published, soon after his return from Leyden (1745), his first collection of Odes; and was impelled by his rage of patriotism to write a very acrimonious epistle to Pulteney, whom he stigmatises, under the name of Curio, as the betrayer of his country.

Being now to live by his profession, he first commenced physician at Northampton, where Dr. Stonehouse then practised, with such reputation and success, that a stranger was not likely to gain ground upon him. Akenside tried the contest a while; and, having deafened the place with clamours for liberty, removed to Hampstead, where he resided more than two years; and then fixed himself in London, the proper place for a man of accomplishments like his.

At London he was known as a poet, but was still to make his way as a physician; and would perhaps have been reduced to great exigences, but that Mr. Dyson, with an ardour of friendship that has not many examples, allowed him 300*l.* a year. Thus supported, he advanced gradually in medical reputation; but never attained any great extent of practice or eminence of popularity. A physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual; they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiency. By any acute observer, who has looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the "Fortune of Physicians."

Akenside appears not to have been wanting to his own success: he placed himself in view by all the common methods; he became a Fellow of the Royal Society; he obtained a degree at Cambridge, and was admitted into the College of Physicians; he wrote little poetry, but published from time to time medical essays and observations; he became physician to St. Thomas's Hospital; he read the Gulstonian Lectures in Anatomy; but began to give for the Crounian Lecture a history of the revival of learning, from which he soon desisted; and, in conversation, he very eagerly forced himself into notice

by an ambitious ostentation of elegance and literature. He was ultimately appointed a physician to the queen.

His *Discourse on the Dysentery* (1764) was considered as a very conspicuous specimen of Latinity, which entitled him to the same height of place among the scholars as he possessed before among the wits: and he might perhaps have risen to a greater elevation of character, but that his studies were ended with his life, by a putrid fever, June 23, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.



AKENSIDE'S BIRTHPLACE.

Akenside is to be considered as a didactic and lyric poet. His great work is *The Pleasures of Imagination;* a performance which, published as it was at the age of twenty-three, raised expectations that were not very amply satisfied. It has undoubtedly a just claim to very particular notice, as an example of great felicity of genius, and uncommon amplitude of acquisitions; of a young mind stored with images, and much exercised in combining and comparing them.

With the philosophical or religious tenets of the author I have nothing to do; my business is with his poetry. The subject is well chosen; as it includes all images that can strike or please; and thus comprises every species of poetical delight. The only difficulty is in the choice of examples and illustrations; and it is not easy, in such exuberance of matter, to find the middle point between penury and satiety. The parts seem artificially disposed, with sufficient coherence, so as that they cannot change their places without injury to the general design.

His images are displayed with such luxuriance of expression, that they are hidden, like Butler's noon, by a "veil of light;" they are forms fantastically lost under superfluity of dress. *Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.* The words are multiplied till the sense is hardly per-

ceived; attention deserts the mind, and settles in the ear. The reader wanders through the gay diffusion, sometimes amazed, and sometimes delighted; but, after many turnings in the flowery labyrinth, comes out as he went in. He remarked little, and laid hold on nothing.

To his versification, justice requires that praise should not be denied. In the general fabrication of his lines he is perhaps superior to any other writer of blank verse; his flow is smooth, and his pauses are musical; but the concatenation of his verses is commonly too long continued, and the full close does not recur with sufficient frequency. The sense is carried on through a long intertexture of complicated clauses; and, as nothing is distinguished, nothing is remembered.

The exemption which blank verse affords from the necessity of closing the sense with the couplet, betrays luxuriant and active minds into such self-indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not easily persuaded to close the sense at all. Blank verse will, therefore, I fear, be too often found in description exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tiresome.

His diction is certainly poetical, as it is not prosaic; and elegant, as it is not vulgar. He is to be commended as having fewer artifices of disgust than most of his brethren of the blank song. He rarely either recalls old phrases, or twists his metre into harsh inversions. The sense, however, of his words is strained; when "he views the Ganges from Alpine heights;" that is, from mountains like the Alps. And the pedant surely intrudes (but when was blank verse without pedantry?) when he tells how "Planets *absolve* the stated round of Time."

It is generally known to the readers of poetry that he intended to revise and augment this work, but died before he had completed his design. The reformed work as he left it, and the additions which he had made, are very properly retained in the late collection. He seems to have somewhat contracted his diffusion; but I know not whether he has gained in closeness what he has lost in splendour. In the additional book *The Tale of Solon* is too long.

One great defect of his poem is very properly censured by Mr. Walker; unless it may be said in his defence, that what he has omitted was not properly in his plan. "His picture of man is grand and beautiful, but unfinished. The immortality of the soul, which is the natural consequence of the appetites and powers she is invested with, is scarcely once hinted throughout the poem. This deficiency is amply supplied by the masterly pencil of Dr. Young; who, like a good philosopher, has invincibly proved the immortality of man, from the grandeur of his conceptions, and the meanness and misery of his state. For this reason a few passages are selected from the *Night Thoughts*, which, with those from Akenside, seem to form a complete view of the powers, situation, and end of man." *Exercises for Improvement in Elocution*, p. 66.

His other poems are now to be considered; but a short consideration will dispatch them. It is not easy to guess why he addicted himself so diligently to lyric poetry, having neither the ease and airiness of the lighter, nor the vehemence and elevation of the grander

ode. When he lays his ill-fated hand upon his harp, his former powers seem to desert him; he has no longer his luxuriance of expression, nor variety of images. His thoughts are cold, and his words inelegant. Yet such was his love of lyrics that, having written with great vigour and poignancy his *Epistle to Curio*, he transformed it afterwards into an Ode disgraceful only to its author.

Of his Odes nothing favourable can be said: the sentiments commonly want force, nature, or novelty; the diction is sometimes harsh and uncouth; the stanzas ill-constructed and unpleasant; and the rhymes dissonant, or unskilfully disposed; too distant from each other, or arranged with too little regard to established use, and therefore perplexing to the ear; which, in a short composition, has not time to grow familiar with an innovation.

To examine such compositions singly cannot be required: they have doubtless brighter and darker parts; but when they are once found to be generally dull, all further labour may be spared; for to what use can the work be criticised that will not be read?

JOHN HOME.

(1722-1808.)

John Home was born at Leith, on the 22d September, 1772. His father, Mr. Alexander Home, was town-clerk of Leith; and the poet's family were descended from the same source as the present Earls of Home. John was educated at Leith Grammar-School, and subsequently at the University of Edinburgh. At the latter place his talents and his pleasant manners procured him the friendship of many eminent men, who, during the whole course of his life, never failed in their regards for their college acquaintance. After the usual studies, Home was licensed to preach the gospel on the 4th April, 1745.

But under the gown of a Scotch presbyterian, our poet concealed a heart which burned for military distinction. Nor was he inconsistent or puerile in his ardour. He aspired to distinction as a soldier, but he was not blinded to the benefits of civil government. Far from enlisting under the banners of Charles Edward, Home joined a volunteer corps which was raised at that time to resist the efforts of the Pretender. But when the danger was at hand the corps laid down their arms, and Home was reluctantly obliged to follow their example. In the next year he was present at the battle of Falkirk, and was taken prisoner; and was obliged to effect his escape by cutting blankets into shreds, and thus letting himself down from the prison window.

In 1746 he succeeded the Rev. R. Blair in the curacy of Athelstanesford, to which he was presented by Sir David Kinloch. His passionate fondness for the classic writers, and a naturally enthusiastic temperament, led him at this time to write a tragedy upon the subject of one of Plutarch's heroes—Agis. He took it to London, and offered it to Garrick; who, however, not thinking it adapted

to the Drury-lane stage, declined it. Home was mortified, but not desperate. He now turned his mind to the composition of the tragedy of *Douglas*, which was founded on the old ballad of Gil Morris. This finished, the author once more turned his steps towards London; this was in February 1752. His success was as before; Garrick declared it totally unfit for the stage. The author and his friends, thus disappointed in their fondest hopes, applied to Mr. Digges, of the Edinburgh theatre, who accepted it. It was performed for the first time on the 14th December, 1756, before a numerous audience, chiefly composed of the author's friends, and those who came to see a tragedy written by a member of the Church of Scotland; and they no doubt looked down with serene pity on the want of taste which had been displayed by Garrick.

The representation of this play caused a strong feeling of indignation in the minds of the Scotch Presbytery, who, though unable to suppress the admiration of the people, had the author in their power; and Home only escaped degradation by leaving the pulpit in 1757.

Sir David Kinloch had, in the early part of 1757, introduced him to Lord Justice Clerk Milton, who introduced him to the Duke of Argyle. The duke, too old to do any thing for the poet himself, gave him an introduction to his nephew, the Earl of Bute, who received Home with the greatest kindness. Bute induced Garrick to bring out *Douglas*, and the manager conceded to the earl what he had refused to the merit of the play. *Douglas* was performed; and, contrary to expectations, met with distinguished success.

Home was now placed in the sinecure situation of conservator of Scots' privileges at Campvere. The poet, thus set at ease as to his means of subsistence, had leisure to proceed with his literary labours. *Agis*, his first play, was now brought forward; and Garrick and Mrs. Cibber played the principal parts. The *Siege of Aquileia* was performed in 1759, but did not meet with success; owing, it is said, to a want of action in the piece. In 1760 he printed his three tragedies in one volume, and dedicated them to the Prince of Wales, who showed his esteem for the dramatist by granting him a pension of 100*l.* per annum. In 1770 he married a lady of his own name, by whom he had no issue. Three more tragedies, the *Fatal Discovery*, *Alonzo*, and *Alfred*, appeared successively, in 1769, 1773, and 1778; but their ill-success confirmed Home in his resolution not to write any further for the stage.

John Home enjoyed the society and friendship of most of the literary men of his day; and among the rest, the historian, David Hume, may be mentioned as one for whom he always expressed the deepest regard. Mr. Home spent the latter part of his long life in retirement and comparative indolence; and the only work which he wrote after 1778 was a *History of the Rebellion* of 1745; but his pension kept his tongue tied, and the historian was obliged to accommodate his terms and opinions to the ear of George III. This history appeared in 1802; but its composition was not such as to entitle it to an eminent place in English literature. It was a mere sketch, and not a complete history of that memorable event.

Mr. Home died on the 5th September, 1808, having nearly completed his eighty-sixth year. It is said he was a warm-hearted and

generous friend. His poems breathe a spirit of fervour, and are less stiff and artificial than was usually the case in that day. Like all his fraternity, he was a flatterer of power, and thought that the day when he was introduced to the Prince Regent was the greatest event of his life.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(1728-1774.)

There is a tradition that the Goldsmith family were descended by the mother's side from a Spanish gentleman, Juan Romeiro, who, while travelling in Ireland, became enamoured of a female ancestor of Oliver, whom he married; and his children by her adopted the maternal name of Goldsmith. Oliver's father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was curate of a parish in the diocese of Dublin, whence he is supposed to have removed to another, the name of which was Duneham. In 1718 he married Ann, daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the diocesan school at Elphin, where Charles Goldsmith had received his preliminary education, and where the attachment commenced. Mrs. Goldsmith was one of a family of five, and received consequently but a slender portion. Mr. Green, Mrs. Goldsmith's uncle, and rector of Kilkenny West, knowing Mr. Goldsmith's narrow circumstances, gave him a house at Pallas, six miles distant from his own residence.

Mr. Goldsmith appears to have possessed some landed property, which had been given to him by the wife of the rector, his mother-in-law, some fifty acres of land, which was of material assistance to him in supporting his numerous family.

Pallas, or Pallas-more, consists of an ordinary farm-house or two, and, in a direct line, is about a mile and a half from the town of Ballymahon; it overlooks the part of the country overflowed by the river Inny, which flows into the Shannon. In this village Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 10th of November, 1728. The house, however, in which he first saw the light, has been long since levelled with the ground. The future poet was instructed in reading and writing by Mr. Byrne, a schoolmaster in his father's parish, and who had formerly served under Queen Anne. Oliver listened with great avidity to the stories this person used to tell of his former life; and it is conjectured that this was mainly instrumental in engendering in the mind of his pupil that wandering disposition which characterised him in after life. After remaining here a short time, he was placed under the Rev. Mr. Griffin, schoolmaster of Elphin, where his uncle lived. In his frequent visits to his relative's house, his uncle's friends were so struck with the sprightly abilities of young Oliver, that they offered to provide means for giving him a liberal education. The chief contributor was the Rev. Thomas Contarine, who had married the poet's aunt. He was accordingly sent to the school at Athlone, where he remained but two years, his master, at the expiration of that period, resigning his charge on a plea of ill health. Thence he was removed to the school of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, of Edgeworthstown, county Longford, where he remained till he entered the university. Goldsmith is described at this period as a short thick-set boy, marked with the small-pox, reserved in manner, though, when in a gay humour, a pleasant companion. He is said to have been fond of fives, in which he displayed great activity. On the 11th of June, 1745, he was admitted a sizar of Trinity College, Dublin, in his sixteenth year, and was placed under a Mr. Wilder, a person, whose harsh and ill-tempered character little fitted him for the duties with which he was intrusted. But however Mr. Wilder's conduct may be open to censure, we are perhaps indebted to it for Godsmith's subsequent career; for if he had been successful in obtaining orders, he would not have risen to such eminence as a poet. In the year 1747, a riot occurred at Trinity College, in which he took part, and which had nearly involved him in the disgrace of expulsion. He escaped, however, with a public admonition, for aiding and abetting the rioters. To counteract as much as possible the evil effects of this reprimand, Goldsmith exerted himself to obtain a scholarship, in which, however, he was unsuccessful; he merely got an exhibition on the foundation of Erasmus Smith, who, at his death, had left to the College sums for two scholarships and thirty-five exhibitions, twenty of the larger, and fifteen of the smaller description; that of Goldsmith was of the latter; the emolument small, somewhere about thirty shillings of the then currency; but the honour was great, since it was his first, and he resolved to celebrate it by inviting a party of friends. His tutor, hearing of this irregularity, proceeded to the festive scene; and after abusing his pupil, went so far as to strike

him. This produced such an effect upon the sensitive mind of Goldsmith, that he resolved to leave a college where he had been, as he conceived, irretrievably disgraced, and seek a home in another country. He remained, however, at Dublin, till he had drained his purse of its last shilling, and he then proceeded to Cork. He had intended to have gone to America; but his want of resources obliged him to abandon that scheme, at least for the present: and after wandering for some time across the country, he found himself near home. He was kindly received by his brother Henry, clothed, and sent back to college, where a reconciliation was effected between the tutor and his pupil. Early in the year 1747, Oliver lost his father, who had enjoyed for the last seventeen years of his life the rectory of Kilkenny West, which had fallen vacant by the death of his wife's uncle, Mr. Green, and, at the same time, had removed from Pallas to Lissoy, a house and farm on the verge of a small village in his own parish, on the right of the road leading from Ballymahon to Athlone. This loss caused a considerable diminution in the wealth of the family, which had never been very great, and was the cause of Oliver's entering the university as a sizar instead of as a pensioner, which had been his ambition. During the remainder of Oliver's stay at college, he and his tutor took every opportunity of testifying their mutual aversion. Wilder hated the boy whom he had ill-used, and Goldsmith ceased to respect a man who was so wanting in self-respect. He is mentioned in the university books twice as "cautioned" for neglecting Greek lectures, and thrice, as "having received the thanks of the house," as they termed it, for attention and diligence in the same subject. Goldsmith, however, never gave any indications of that genius which adorned his latter years, and which has raised him so high in the estimation of posterity. In fact, it is said that he was, like Johnson, a lounger at the college gate. He is said, on the authority of Dr. Michael Kearey, to have gained a premium at a Christmas examination, which was considered a great honour, since the examination was more strict; and although no traces of this honour are to be found, we may fairly suppose it to have been the case, on such good authority as that of the Doctor. Oliver, although not very assiduous in his studies, developed even at this early period some talent for poetry, although no traces of his early compositions have come down to us. It is likewise believed that he began to sketch at this period (1759) the tale of the "Double Transformation." On the 27th February, 1749, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The attainment of this distinction being all that Oliver could expect from the college, hastened his departure from a place where he met little else than humiliation and discouragement. He spent two years in visiting his friends, and he occasionally assisted his brother in his school, as a small return for his unlimited kindness. At Lissoy, likewise, he spent a considerable portion of his time, entering heartily into the rural sports of his brother-in-law. In after-life he often alluded to this spot with that warm affection we are wont to feel for the haunts of our youth.

He was now entreated by his family to take orders; but from conscientious motives and feelings, and perhaps from having no inclination for the clerical profession, he felt a great repugnance to accede to

the wishes of his family in this respect; but being desirous of meeting the entreaties of Mr. Contarine, he presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin for ordination, but was rejected. It is supposed that the bishop's motives for refusing his request were grounded on an exaggerated report of his irregularities at college; the bishop, however, stated as his reason that Goldsmith was too young. Goldsmith, however, conceived that he had had a lucky escape from a profession to which he was but indifferently inclined. The vicinity of Ballymahon to his usual places of residence was the means of introducing him to some of the society of that town. Among these may be mentioned Mr. Robert Bryanton, whom he had formerly known at college, and with whom he went on fishing and walking excursions in the neighbourhood. He likewise was fond of spending his evenings in a convivial manner at "George Conway's inn," which was still standing a few years ago. Here he displayed his learning before his less erudite companions, reciting verses, or even writing them; and when no more amusement could be got out of them, Oliver would tell a story, or sing a song. All this did not improve his manners, and laid him open to the charge of uncouthness, which was afterwards brought against him. At length he took the situation of tutor in the family of a private gentleman, Mr. Flinn.

With Mr. Flinn he remained about a year, when, having managed to save some thirty pounds, he set out on his travels. At the end of about six weeks he returned, having lost the horse which was the result of his savings. It seems from his own account that he had sold his horse to pay his passage to America, his final destination; but that he had missed the ship, which sailed without him. His uncle Contarine determined to make a lawyer of his unpromising nephew, and accordingly sent him with fifty pounds in his pocket to Dublin, on his way to London, intending that he should study at the Temple. But Oliver never got farther than the Irish metropolis; for here he met a *friend* who helped him to dispose of his money, so that he was soon obliged to retrace his steps homeward, once more to be a burden and a reproach to his family. Mr. Contarine, whose kindness towards him was always the same, determined to send him to study medicine at Edinburgh; and, thanks to the contributions of his uncle, brother, and sister, the autumn of 1752 saw him on his way to the Scotch capital. Here he took lodgings, and pursued his studies under the usual professors, attending the lectures during two winters; at the expiration of which period his uncle gave him permission to repair to Leyden, whither he proceeded, *viâ* Bordeaux, in a Scotch ship, called the St. Andrew. They had been only two days at sea, when they were driven by stress of weather into Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here they were all arrested, our poet not excepted, by the king's officers. It turned out that Goldsmith's fellow-passengers were Scotchmen in the French service, and had visited Scotland to enlist soldiers for that service. He tried to prove his innocence, but in vain; it was with great difficulty he got off after a fortnight's imprisonment. This saved Oliver's life; for the ship in which he had set out was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and not a soul escaped.

On recovering his liberty, he sailed to Holland, on his way to Leyden, where he remained about a year in the study of chemistry and

anatomy. Here he seems to have paid more attention to the acquisition of the literature and language of France, through which country he intended to make a tour, than in his professional studies. The celebrated Albinus was then professor of anatomy, and Gaubius of chemistry. Among his countrymen who were visiting Leyden to extend their professional knowledge, was Dr. Ellis, who had graduated at Dublin. This Dr. Ellis was subsequently appointed clerk to the Irish House of Commons: he died in 1791. Goldsmith remained at Leyden about a twelvemonth, when, having spent not only all his own money, but also some supplies given by some friends, he resolved to make the tour of Europe on foot. This determination of his evinced no common insensibility to privations, and dependence on chance. He seems to have paid his way by playing on the flute, and singing at the doors of peasants' houses, in order to procure a lodging for the night.

About the month of February 1755 he set out on his journey. He stopped at Antwerp and Brussels, at the former of which places a criminal, whom he saw suffering torture with gaiety, although he knew that he was to be confined for life, formed the subject of one of his essays.* He passed through Flanders into France, where, as in Flanders, he sang and played before such of the peasants as were poor enough to be very merry; but from the rich he got neither sympathy nor *sous*.

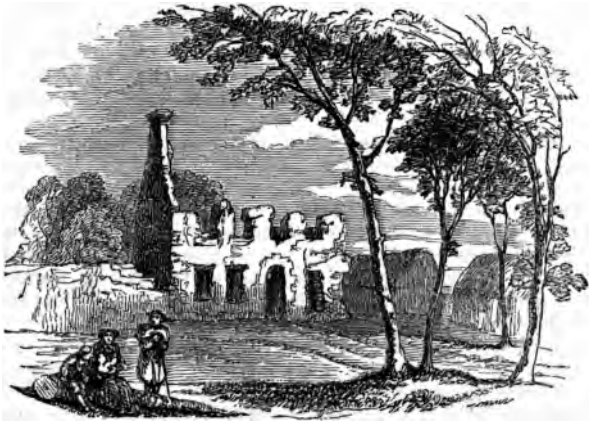
At Paris he attended the lectures of Rouelle, an eminent chemist, who first discovered the composition of the diamond by submitting it to the process of combustion. While at Paris, Goldsmith is said to have had an introduction to Voltaire, which accounts for his admiration of the genius of that remarkable man. From France Goldsmith went into Switzerland, where he visited the falls of Schaffhausen. He remained in this country some time, visiting Baden, Berne, but more particularly Geneva. From Switzerland he sent the first sketch of the *Traveller* to his brother.

From Geneva he made excursions to the Alpine ranges in the vicinity, in which manner he spent the early part of the summer of 1755. Thence he passed into Italy, a country which owes its present reputation to its past celebrity, and which is always associated in one's mind with ancient heroism, oratory, literature, and art.

During his travels in Italy, he is said to have remained six months at Padua, which seems to prove that he must have received assistance from his friends. Without visiting Rome or Naples, he, at the end of the year 1755, set out on his return to England. But here he had to surmount the greatest difficulty he had hitherto met with. Without resources, his singing availed him but little in a country where the commonest peasant was a better musician than himself; he had lately picked up another mode of temporary subsistence—this was skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities there are on certain days philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; and if the champion is any way successful, he may claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for the night. Thus did Oliver fight his way to England, his return being perhaps accelerated by his uncle's death, which occurred while Oliver was in Italy.

* *Happiness dependent on Constitution.*

Early in the year 1756 he reached England. London, as being the focus of all business, and the resort of all necessity, was his first object. But here there were several obstacles of a serious nature to surmount. *Imprimis*, he was unknown to any one who would be likely to afford him material aid in the matter. Secondly, he was yet a novice in the practical business of life, although in his continental journey he had in the abstract seen a good deal of men and things. Thirdly, and lastly, he was an Irishman, which, at that period, was in itself sufficient to preclude a chance of employment. He succeeded, however, in procuring a place as usher in an academy, some say under Dr. Milner; but the incidents of his life on revisiting England are involved in such darkness, that it is difficult to achieve the facts. It seems, however, that he only stayed a short time; for his old friend Dr. Sleigh found him out acting as journeyman to a chemist, living, it is said, in Fish Street Hill, or



RUINS OF HOUSE AT LISSOY.

thereabouts; and not only relieved him, but enabled him to take lodgings in the city, where he endeavoured to establish himself in medical practice. It is supposed that his scene of action was Bankside, Southwark. Here, again, he was unsuccessful; his poor appearance little pleased the eye of wealthier customers, who were, of course, yet unable to judge of his skill. While continuing this precarious mode of subsistence, Goldsmith made the acquaintance of several former fellow-students at Edinburgh whom he casually met. Among these was the son of Dr. Milner, a dissenting minister, who kept an eminent classical school at Peckham, in Surrey. As Dr. Milner laboured under very bad health, Goldsmith was offered a situation as his deputy in the establishment, which Oliver, who thought that it

was at least a temporary refuge from starvation, gladly accepted. Here he could not have stayed more than six or seven months; for he had only entered the establishment towards the end of 1756, and in April 1757 he accepted a post on the *Monthly Review*, the property of Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Griffiths, whose acquaintance he had made at Dr. Milner's, and who was struck with Goldsmith's shrewd observations on literary topics. This engagement was to last for one year; but at the end of five months both parties had seen enough of each other. Goldsmith was tired of his employment and his employer; and Mr. Griffiths was too glad to part with an inmate so unruly and so indolent. There is an article of his, in April 1757, among the notices of publications in the Monthly Catalogue, criticising a political squib, entitled *The Rival Politicians, or the Fox Triumphant*. This is only quoted as an instance of homely beginning in this department of literature. In the same month appeared a paper of his, entitled, *Remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celts*, by Professor Mallet, of Copenhagen. In May there is a review by him of *Douglas*, a tragedy, and *The Connoisseur*; also in the foreign articles, *Specimens of Plants as are most curious in Piedmont*, and *Literary News*, and the concluding review of this month was on Burke's *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*. In August, among his contributions, there is one which deserves mention. He wrote a *Letter to the Authors of the Monthly Review* on Voltaire's *Universal History*. Here the critic grew tired; and we find him, two months afterwards, metamorphosed into a sort of half physician, half poet; not yet overmuch of reputation, however, in either department. The word *poet*, at that time, was a term of very general meaning, and was frequently put for author; which latter term is more properly applicable to the nature of Goldsmith's productions at this period. Although he must have written a good many miscellaneous pieces about this time, no trace of them is discoverable. Dr. Kippis, who also wrote in the *Review*, says, that Oliver, as far as he recollected, was in the habit of making translations from the French; among others, of a tale of Voltaire; the name of which, however, does not appear.

His enlargement of the paper on the *Merits of the English Poets*, is believed to have been drawn up, at this time, at the desire of Mr. Contarine. It is called the *Poetical Scale*, and at least divulges the opinions of the author, though in itself imperfect and fanciful. This paper appeared in the *Literary Magazine*, in January 1758.

At this time Goldsmith was living in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Square, Fleet Street; and the close vicinity of the Temple Exchange coffee-house, near Temple Bar, drew him often thither. With him, as with others who have had no domestic circle of their own, a coffee-house and a club were his constant resort in his leisure hours; and besides, at that time these places were houses of call, whither physicians resorted to see their patients; there also were discussed the literary and dramatic topics of the day. Through Mr. Grainger, a poet, reviewer, and physician, like himself, who had graduated in Edinburgh, he became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Percy, in 1758.

In the same year, the arrival of his brother Charles in London was the source of considerable embarrassment to Goldsmith, who

owed this visit to his brother's misconceived ideas of his ability to get him employment. He soon departed—not for Ireland, as one would have supposed, but for Jamaica; and was not heard of for some years. Goldsmith was now occupied in translating from the French a piece entitled, *Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Galleys of France for his Religion; written by Himself.* There was a journal, published at this time by Mr. Griffiths, called the *Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence, and Monthly Chronicle of our own Times;* to which it is conjectured that Goldsmith made some contributions. Among the pieces which bear the stamp of his style, are those *On Happiness, On the Station of Kings, Distinction between Pride and Vanity,* and some others. About this time also he was persuaded to return to Mr. Milner's establishment, by the promise which that gentleman held out to him of a prospective appointment as a physician in India. Goldsmith received this appointment; but his reluctance to leave his friends, and a profession in which he continued to rise,—to say nothing of the expense of getting out, and the length of time which must elapse before he realised an independence, confirmed him in his resolution of giving up the idea of India; and as the tediousness of a scholastic life soon grew insupportable, Goldsmith once more embarked in the frail bark of literature. He now determined to turn his continental trip, and the acquaintance he had managed to pick up with the works of foreign authors, to account. The *Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe* appeared in March 1759. Goldsmith, however, had not given up the idea of being an army or navy surgeon; which would not necessarily take him so far from home. He applied accordingly at Surgeon's Hall for examination as an hospital mate; and the result may be gathered from the following extract, dated 21st December, 1758:—"James Bernard, mate to an hospital; Oliver Goldsmith found not qualified for ditto." This failure was not only galling to the feelings of Goldsmith, but involved serious pecuniary difficulties; which exposed Goldsmith to ridicule for a long time. This arose from money he had borrowed from Mr. Griffiths, to defray the expenses of his examination; and to which Mr. Griffiths was ungenerous enough to allude, on every occasion, for several years. Toward the end of 1758, he took up his abode in No. 12 Green Arbour Court; a spot long remembered by his literary brethren. Here he composed his *Inquiry into Polite Learning,* in a dirty room with one chair in it; and it is related, that he used of an evening to assemble the children of the neighbourhood in his room, and make them dance to his flute. This natural flow of gaiety in one whose position may be characterised as almost the last stage of human misery, is a proof that happiness is the result of constitution.

On the 6th October, 1759, appeared the first number of the *Bee*, a publication to which Goldsmith contributed the most valuable papers. The *Bee* was published by Wilkie, price threepence; and did not exceed the eighth number (November 24). Goldsmith's contributions to the *Bee* did not prevent him from enlisting in the service of the *Busy-Body;* a journal which appeared close on the heels of the *Bee.* The third number, *On the Clubs of London,* was by him, and was afterwards republished in his *Essays.*

The *Lady's Magazine* (which appeared on the 1st October, 1759) was the third publication to which Goldsmith contributed, and of which he afterwards became the editor. For several months Goldsmith, in his new vocation, ceased to write for the various magazines; but he soon left that for what he deemed more suitable employment; and accordingly he commenced writing for the *British Magazine*, in July 1761, a series of papers on the *Belles Lettres*, which seem, with a few exceptions, to have been continued until January 1763. An essay of his, the last indeed of a miscellaneous nature, which appeared in January 1762, was entitled, *Proposal for augmenting the Forces of Great Britain.*

In the *Lady's Magazine* he wrote some Chinese letters, the first of which appeared on the 24th January, 1760; the second on the 29th; the third on the 31st. Goldsmith, in these letters, appeared in the character of a Chinese philosopher, who, in travelling to Europe, came to England, and proceeded in a course of letters to describe the manners and customs of its people.

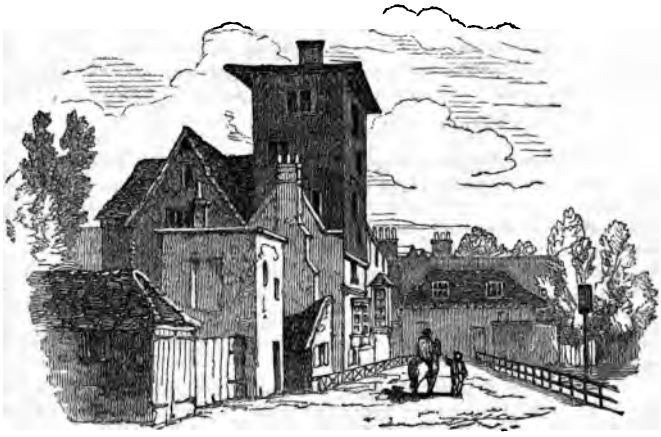
During the year 1760-61, his writings were gradually forcing themselves into notice, although their author's name still remained unknown. About the middle of the year 1760 he left Green Arbour Court, and took respectable lodgings in Wine Office Court, where he seems to have received a numerous circle of literary acquaintances. This period was marked by another event—the greatest in his life: he now became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, with whom he remained on terms of intimacy until they were severed by the hand of death.

The year 1762 found him amply employed in writing history, biography, and criticisms, for Mr. Newbery; among others appeared a pamphlet on the Cock Lane Ghost, for which, as appears from his receipt, he was paid the moderate sum of three guineas. In February 1762 appeared a *History of Mecklenburg, from the first Settlement of the Vandals in that Country to the Present Time*, including a period of about 3000 years. A few days afterwards appeared, in two volumes, *The Art of Poetry on a New Plan, illustrated with a great variety of Examples from the best English Poets.*" This was merely revised, altered, and enlarged by Goldsmith, the original work being by Newbery.

In the summer of 1762 he visited Bath, partly for the restoration of his health, and partly to collect materials for a life of Beau Nash, the master of the ceremonies there. Another repository of his effusions was the *Christian's Magazine*, another monthly publication by Mr. Newbery, which at one time was edited by the unfortunate Dr. Dodd. Towards the end of 1762, or the beginning of the following year, he became acquainted with Mr. Boswell, who had lately come from Scotland in quest of his future idol, Dr. Johnson. The end of that year (1762) saw Goldsmith installed in the house of a Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, who lived at Islington. Goldsmith's removal to this suburb was partly with a view to his health, and partly in order to be near his friend, Mr. Newbery. Here he continued to reside during the year 1763 and part of 1764.

In the spring of 1763 he projected a work on biography, of which he made an offer to Mr. Dodsley, which the latter acceded to; but the matter was relinquished, why it does not appear.

There were few persons in whose society Goldsmith took greater pleasure than in that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom his acquaintance commenced in 1762. As a means of facilitating the intercourse



CANONBURY TOWER.

of persons whose conversations and talents delighted the world and each other, Johnson and Reynolds proposed the formation of the literary club, of which Burke, Goldsmith, Mr. T. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Nugent, were the earliest members. In 1763 Goldsmith made an excursion into Yorkshire, where some incident of an interesting nature gave subsequent birth to *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The translations of *The Life of Christ* and the *Lives of the Fathers* appeared first in the *Christian's Magazine*, for which two Goldsmith seems to have received the sum of twenty guineas. A book entitled *A General History of the World, from the Creation to the Present Time*, was at this time undertaken by several eminent literary characters of the day, and Goldsmith wrote the Preface.

An oratorio, entitled *The Captivity in Babylon*, which Goldsmith wrote in this year, was sold to Dodsley, 31st October, 1764, for ten guineas, and Newbery was to have a share in it.

This year appeared *The Traveller*, which established his fame. It was favourably noticed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and in the critical and monthly reviews.

Among the friends drawn to him by the reputation of *The Traveller*, was Mr. Robert Nugent, afterwards Lord Nugent, Viscount Clare, and Earl Nugent. Through Mr. Nugent he was introduced to the Earl of Northumberland, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, but staying a while in London. The earl granted an interview; but when

he waited on the earl, he threw away his flattery on his lordship's groom, and mended matters by stating to his lordship, that he would rather trust to the employments of literature than to the patronage of the great. This interview ended unsatisfactorily to both parties. He seems, however, to have received kindnesses from the countess, who was a great patroness of literature.

On the 2d June, 1765, appeared *Essays by Mr. Goldsmith*, which were reprinted from the various magazines; and on the 27th March, 1766, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which immediately received the applause it so well deserved. The years 1765-66 were chiefly spent in editing works for Mr. Newbery, and in contributions to the various magazines.

The Vicar of Wakefield was read with delight by every class of readers: to the young it was interesting; to the old its moral lessons recommended it. It had none of the prolixity and sentimental refinement of Richardson; none of the immoral tendencies which are prominent in the works of Fielding and Smollett. In June 1766 appeared a translation from the French, entitled *A concise History of Philosophy and Philosophers;* and in 1767 a compilation, entitled *The Beauties of English Poesy selected by Oliver Goldsmith.* It appears also, that in December 1766 he wrote an *English Grammar* for his indefatigable friend Mr. Newbery.

Goldsmith had been for some time past resident in the Temple, where he spent the last ten years of his life. He belonged to a Card Club, which assembled at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar.

Part of the summer of 1767 he spent at Islington, in the same apartments which had been occupied by Newbery. Towards the end of this year he began his *Roman History*, which was to be published by Mr. Thomas Davies. It was to be completed within two years, if possible, and the sum to be paid for it was 250 guineas.

On Friday, the 29th January, 1768, after some delay, appeared *The Good-natured Man.* It was only just saved on the first night from being damned by that scene in the fourth act, where Shuter, in the character of Croaker, reads the incendiary letter. The summer of 1768 was spent at Edgeware, near Canons, in a cottage which he had taken with a friend, in order to secure the quiet of the country for the compilation of his *Roman History.* The close of the year 1768 was spent in contributions to several journals and magazines, and in proceeding with his *History of Rome;* and in February 1769 he wrote an excellent epilogue to Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's play of the *Sister.* In this year also he first conceived the idea of bringing out *A History of Animated Nature.*

In the spring of 1769 he visited Oxford in company with Dr. Johnson, and, it is said, received the degree of M.B. In the middle of May appeared the *Roman History*, in two octavo volumes. This work seems to have been anxiously expected by the publishers, for it was announced in the preceding August. It was, on the whole, favourably received; and the encouragement it gave to Mr. Davies, the publisher, was such, that he entered into another agreement, three weeks after its appearance, for a *History of England*, in four volumes, for which it was stipulated that Goldsmith should receive 500*l.* At this period of his life he found a pleasant relaxa-

tion from the drudgery of a literary life in the society of Captain Hornick and his family, with whom he continued on terms of intimacy during the remainder of his life. In December 1769 Goldsmith was, by the interest of Sir Joshua Reynolds, appointed Professor of History to the Royal Academy, which had been instituted by George II. in the preceding year. The end of 1769, and the commencement of 1770, saw Goldsmith employed upon his *History of England* and his *Natural History*, and also in finishing and altering the *Deserted Village;* and, as appeared by the advertisement, he was also engaged in editing *The Poems of Dr. Parnell.* It was not, however, till April 1770, that the *Deserted Village* appeared; and it soon found a place in popular esteem, equal, if not superior, to the *Traveller.* In the month of June appeared *The Poems of Dr. Parnell;* and towards the end of July the poet went to Paris with Mrs. and the Misses Hornick.

They visited part of Flanders, and returned to Paris *viâ* Lille. He seems, however, soon to have got tired of Paris and the Parisians, and to have returned to a spot where he began to be appreciated. In September 1770 he received fifty guineas for abridging his *Roman History* from two volumes into one for Thomas Davies. Part of the spring and summer of 1771 was spent at Gosfield and at Bath with Lord Clare. There is an anecdote of Goldsmith during his stay at Lord Clare's:—The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland were at this time staying at Bath in a house next to Lord Clare's; and one morning, who should come into their breakfast-parlour but the poet, who coolly flung himself upon a sofa, where he remained some time in a state of reverie. At length, breakfast was announced, and the poet was asked to partake of it. This roused him from his temporary dream; and he no sooner discovered his mistake than he rushed out of the room; but it is said that before he left they persuaded him to come and dine with them. Early in August appeared his *History of England*, in which he closely followed the steps of Hume. The apartment which he continued to hold until his death was in a house situate on an eminence in Hyde Lane, about 300 yards from the village of Hyde, on the Edgeware Road.

In September 1771, encouraged by the favourable reception of *The Good-natured Man*, he finished his comedy of *She stoops to conquer.* The death of the Princess Dowager of Wales, in February 1772, was honoured by the poet with a poetical lament, to which he gave the name of *Threnodia Augustalis.* It was sung on the 20th of February in the rooms of Mrs. Comelys, in Soho Square. During the year 1772 he was chiefly engaged in polishing his comedy, and, what was of more pecuniary value, proceeding with his *Natural History.* At this time Sir Joshua Reynolds, in return for the honour of the dedication of the *Deserted Village* to him by Goldsmith, produced a picture illustrating a passage in the same work, which he dedicated to Goldsmith.

Towards the end of 1772 appeared the magazine, to which Goldsmith contributed some of the earlier numbers, all of which were reproduced in the edition of his essays published by Reed in 1797. On the 8th of May, 1773, appeared a version of Sir Charles Sedley's translation of the *Grondeur*, which had been adapted by Gold-

smith, but was not repeated. Goldsmith, encouraged by the success of his English and Roman histories, now began to turn his attention to a Grecian one, for Mr. William Griffin, for which he received 250*l*.

The early part of the summer of 1773 was spent in London, and Goldsmith's mind was sufficiently distracted by the multifarious employments in which he was engaged. He was occupied in writing his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, his *History of Greece*, which he was passing through the press, and a third *History of England*, which did not appear till after his death, and revising various other matters. Early in 1774 appeared *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, and, at the same time, a revision of his *Inquiry into Polite Learning*. Goldsmith often informed his friends of a resolution he had formed to give up his chambers in the Temple, and fix himself in the country; and, in fact, he sold his right to the chambers three weeks before his death. However this may be, it is certain that in the month of March, having retired to Hyde, he was attacked by a painful disease to which he was subject, called dysuria. On the 25th he sent for Mr. Hawes, his apothecary; but he persisted in taking some favourite powders, of which the result proved fatal. During the following week the symptoms were fluctuating; on the 3d April they were altogether favourable. In the afternoon Mr. Hawes was summoned in consequence of an unfavourable change which had occurred; and at four o'clock on the morning of the fourth he expired, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

Goldsmith, both in his verse and prose, was one of the most delightful writers in the language. His verse flows like a limpid stream; his ease is quite unconscious. Every thing in him is spontaneous, unstudied, unaffected, yet elegant, harmonious, graceful, nearly faultless. Without the point or refinement of Pope, he has more natural tenderness, a greater suavity of manner, a more genial spirit. Goldsmith seldom rises into sublimity, and seldom sinks into insipidity, or stumbles upon coarseness. His *Traveller* contains masterly national sketches. The *Deserted Village* is sometimes spun out into sentimentality; but the characters of the village-schoolmaster and the village-clergyman redeem a hundred faults. His *Retaliation* is a poem of exquisite humour, spirit, and freedom of style.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

(1724-1805.)

Christopher Anstey was born at Brinkley, in Cambridgeshire. He was the son of the Rev. Christopher Anstey, D.D., and born on the 31st October, 1724. He received the rudiments of his education at the free school at Bury St. Edmunds; was subsequently a king's scholar at Eton; and in due time became a scholar and fellow of King's College, Cambridge. In 1746 he took his bachelor's degree. He was refused his master's degree in consequence of a somewhat absurd opposition to the authorities of the University, who having

required the bachelors of the college to deliver certain declamations, Anstey, as senior bachelor, chose to turn the whole affair into ridicule, by reciting an incoherent rhapsody, instead of the composition which was required. His biographer calls this "a popular and spirited opposition." And it was probably in accordance with the principle still recognised, that King's College is, to a certain extent, independent of the University. The University, however, enforced their authority on this occasion, by refusing Anstey his degree of master of arts. His son, who is his biographer, says, that he was exemplary and regular in his moral conduct at the University. He held his fellowship till 1754; when, upon succeeding to the family estates of his maternal grandfather, he resigned it and quitted Cambridge. Two years afterwards, he married. During the next ten years he was an occasional resident at Bath; but his celebrated poem was originally printed at Trumpington, near Cambridge; at which place he lived upon his own property. The first edition appeared in 1766, when the author was forty-two. It met with decided success. Dodsley, who purchased the copyright, after it had been printed in the country, placed it again in the hands of the author in 1777; saying that he had made more by it than by any book he had ever published, taking the length of time into account. It is easy to understand the reason of this success. Without any knowledge of the personalities involved in some of the descriptions, *The New Bath Guide* may still be read with pleasure, as a lively picture of a past state of society; droll, if not witty; sparkling, if not profound; and with some exceptions, not more malicious in its satire than is agreeable to the mere reader for amusement. It is difficult, however, at the present day, to understand how some of its grossnesses could have been tolerated. Its chief subjects of ridicule were doctors and Methodists. All the world was ready to laugh, and without any great harm, at the clever caricature of a fashionable community, whose rulers were the physicians; where the bumpkin of fortune, who is come to drink the waters, sends for the doctor; and the doctor sends for the nurse; and the nurse recommends a consultation; and they all meet together to talk politics, till the patient begs them to think of his stomach and nerves.

> "But a light little doctor began a dispute
> About administration, Newcastle, and Bute."

In his gross satire upon the followers of Wesley and Whitfield, who, in the cant of that day, were universally called hypocrites, the author refers, as an authority, to Bishop Lavington's *Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared.* The son of a doctor of divinity was, no doubt, held to do good service, by writing indecent verses against those who sought, however mistaken they might appear in some points, to arouse men from the prevailing indifference to all things which belong to their spiritual nature. The last editor of the *New Bath Guide,* Mr. Britton, omits some of the more offensive passages; but it is difficult to purify what is radically corrupt. The style of the *New Bath Guide* has been carried forward with a higher polish by the author of the *Two-penny Post-bag.* It is in many re-

spects original in Anstey, although it necessarily suggests some points of resemblance to Swift. Mr. Campbell, in his *Specimens of the British Poets*, is mistaken in his belief that the leading characters in the *New Bath Guide* are borrowed from Smollett. *Humphrey Clinker*, to which he refers, was not published till 1771. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Smollett*, assumes the obligations of the author of *Humphrey Clinker* to the *New Bath Guide*, as far as regards the very ingenious scheme of describing the different effects produced upon different members of a family by the same object. We find a similar resemblance to *Humphrey Clinker* in Sheridan's *Rivals;* but here, although the scene is still Bath, the identity has more relation to individual character, not dependent upon place or time. Mr. Anstey published several other poems, amongst which is the *Election Ball*. Some of his own poems were translated by him into Latin verse; as well as some of Gay's *Fables*, and Gray's *Elegy*. All his works were reprinted in 1808, in one volume, quarto; with a memoir by his son, John Anstey, who was himself the author of a poem, which used to be familiar to the students of the inns of court, *The Pleader's Guide*. This satirical poem, which professes to contain "the conduct of a suit at law, with the arguments of Counsellors Bother'um and Bore'um, in an action betwixt John-a-Gull and John-a-Gudgeon, for assault and battery, at a late contested election," was published as "by the late Jno. Surrebutter, Esq., Special Pleader, Barrister-at-law." The first book, or part, was originally published as an octavo pamphlet, in 1796; and this was reprinted in 1803, with the second and concluding part, in a small pocket volume. Christopher Anstey died at Chippenham, aged eighty-one. He was buried at Walcot, Bath; and there is a monument to him in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey; erected at a period when the world was not very discriminating in awarding the honours of that hallowed spot.

THOMAS WARTON.

(1728-1790.)

Thomas Warton, second son of Thomas Warton, Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford, was born in 1728, and at the age of sixteen entered of Trinity College, of which he continued an ornament for forty-seven years. His first offering to the Muses was made at the early age of eighteen, when he published anonymously five pastoral eclogues, the scenes of which are laid among the shepherds oppressed by the war in Germany, and which are certainly remarkable productions for a lad of his age. Next year he produced his *Pleasures of Melancholy*, a poem of more promise than the writer ever fulfilled. In 1749 appeared his *Triumph of Isis*, in answer to Mason's poetical attack on the loyalty of Oxford. The fine passage beginning,

> "Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
> Ye towers, that wear the mossy vest of time,"

discover, as Mr. Campbell aptly observes, that fondness for the beauties of architecture which was an absolute passion in the breast of Warton. Joseph Warton relates, that at an early period of their youth, his brother and he were taken by their father to see Windsor Castle. Old Dr. Warton complained, that while the rest of the party expressed delight at the magnificent spectacle, Thomas made no remarks; but Joseph Warton justly observes that the silence of his brother was rather a proof of the depth of his pleasure; that he was really absorbed in the enjoyment of the sight; and that his subsequent fondness for *castle-imagery* may be traced to the impression then received from Windsor Castle. In 1750 Warton proceeded M.A., and in 1751, succeeded to a fellowship. His ecclesiastical appointments, it may be here mentioned, were the curacy of Woodstock (1735); then (1744) the small living of Kiddington, in Oxfordshire; and lastly (1785), the donative of Hill-Farrance, in Somersetshire, the gift of his own college. His articulation, indistinct and hurried, was not adapted for pulpit oratory, even had he possessed ambition for clerical preferment, which was not at all the case. In 1754 he produced his *Observations on Spenser's Faerie Queen*; the acute analysis and refined poetical discrimination of which doubtless promoted his appointment to the professorship of poetry in the University, which took place in 1757. His edition of *Theocritus* embodies the substance of the valuable remarks on the bucolic poetry of the Greeks, which, among other cognate lectures, he delivered from the professional chair. In 1758 he contributed Nos. 33, 93, and 96, to *The Idler;* wrote *A Description of Winchester;* a burlesque account of Oxford, and *A Selection of Latin Metrical Inscriptions.* His edition of the minor poems of Milton is characterised by Leigh Hunt as a wilderness of sweets. Warton's great work, however, that by which he has entitled himself to the enduring gratitude of all who cherish our literature, is his *History of English Poetry,* of which the first volume appeared in 1774, the second in 1778, and the third in 1781. Of the fourth volume only a few sheets were printed; and this grand undertaking, which was designed to extend the account of our poetry to the last century, was continued only to the reign of Elizabeth. "In this history," writes Mr. Chambers, "Warton poured out in profusion the treasures of a full mind. His antiquarian lore, his love for antique manners, and his chivalrous feelings, found appropriate exercise in tracing the stream of our poetry down to the luxuriant reign of Elizabeth, which he justly styled the most poetical age of our annals. Pope and Gray had planned schemes of a history of English poetry, in which the authors were to be arranged according to their style and merits. Warton adopted the chronological arrangement, as giving freer place for research, and as enabling him to exhibit without transposition, the progress of our poetry, and of our language itself. The untiring industry and learning of the poet-historian accumulated a mass of materials equally valuable and curious. His work is a vast storehouse of facts; and if he sometimes wandered from his precise subject, and overlays it with extraneous details, it should be remembered as his latest edition." Mr. Price remarks, "that new matter was constantly arising, and that Warton was the first adventurer in the

extensive region through which he journeyed, and into which the usual pioneers of literature had scarcely entered." In 1785 Warton was appointed Camden Professor of History, in which capacity he delivered only the inaugural dissertation. In the same year he succeeded Whitehead as laureate. After deeming himself recovered from a severe attack of gout, he died of a paralytic stroke in 1790. "Some amusing eccentricities of his character," writes Mr. Campbell, "are mentioned by Dr. Mant, which Mr. Alexander Chalmers blames that biographer for introducing. I am far from joining in this censure. It is a miserable system of biography that would never allow us to smile at the foibles and peculiarities of its subject. The historian of English poetry would sometimes forget his own dignity so far as to drink ale and smoke tobacco with men of vulgar condition; either wishing, as some have gravely alleged, to study undisguised and unlettered human nature, or which is more probable, to enjoy a heartier laugh and broader humour than could be found in polite society. He was also passionately fond (not of critical but) of military reviews, and delighted in martial music. The same strength of association which made him enjoy the sound of the 'spirit-stirring drum,' led him to be a constant and curious explorer of the architectural monuments of chivalrous times; and during his summer excursions into the country, he always committed to paper the remarks he had made on ancient buildings. During his visits to his brother, Dr. J. Warton, at Winchester, the reverend professor became an associate and confidant in all the sports of the schoolboys. When engaged with them in some culinary operation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen, and has been dragged from thence by his brother, who has taken him for some great boy. He also used to help the boys in their exercises, generally putting in as many faults as would disguise the assistance."* Some of Warton's sonnets are considered by Hazlitt among the finest in the language.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

(1730-1769.)

William Falconer, the son of a barber at Edinburgh, was born in that city in 1730. He was apprenticed to a merchant vessel belonging to Leith, and at an early age commenced those voyages which qualified him for the composition of the poem which will immortalise his name. The shipwreck which constituted the immediate subject of that poem took place in the Levant; and Falconer, mate of the vessel, with two of the crew, were all who saved themselves from going down into the deep. He was afterwards assistant to Campbell, the satirist of Dr. Johnson, who was purser of a ship; and who, when Falconer became famous, was very willing to take the credit of his mental development to himself, though what he learned from the

* Campbell's *Lives of the Poets*. 3d edition, p. 371.

author of *Lexiphanes* does not appear: he might have lent him books, and assisted him in geometrical figures; but reading, writing, and arithmetic, Falconer had been taught when a boy, in the usual way; and his knowledge, such as it was, of French, Spanish, and Italian, he had picked up in the ports of the Mediterranean. *The Shipwreck*, the poem by which Falconer entitled himself to an honourable place among our poets, was published in 1762, and obtained for the author, by favour of the Duke of York, to whom it was dedicated, first the appointment of midshipman in the Royal George, and afterwards the berth, more appropriate to his years, of purser to the *Glory* frigate, an appointment which enabled him, or at all events induced him, to marry. The peace of 1763 taught him, by a severe lesson, that there had been in his marriage more valour than discretion; for the *Glory* ship, in common with the national glory, was laid up in ordinary, and the unlucky purser was on the point of being turned adrift, when Commissioner Hanway provided him with free lodging at least, by fitting up the cabin of the *Glory* for his residence. In this appropriate study he compiled the *Marine Dictionary*, which has ever since, with such emendations as were from time to time required, maintained its position as a standard work. Before the publication of the dictionary, Falconer had left his cabin at Chatham, and taken less comfortable lodgings in London, where he embarked in the politics of the day as a poetical antagonist of Churchill, a contest in which he got no present advantage, and which materially damaged his memory. One chance of profitable and permanent occupation was presented to him by Mr. Murray, grandfather of the present representative of the name, who offered him a partnership in the bookseller's business which he had then just started, and which has since assumed so eminent a position. The appointment, however, to the pursership of the *Aurora* East Indiaman, which occurred just at this juncture, fatally prevented Falconer from accepting this most advantageous offer: fatally indeed, for the *Aurora*, on her first voyage out with poor Falconer, was totally lost in the channel of Mozambique.

The fate of the author thus concurred to communicate enduring interest to *The Shipwreck;* a poem that added a congenial and peculiarly British subject to the language, and intrinsically possessing that sensible charm of appearing a transcript of reality, which leaves a deep impression of truth and nature on the mind.

JOHN SCOTT.

(1730-1783.)

John, the youngest son of Samuel Scott, was born 9th January, 1730, in the George Walk, Bermondsey, the son of a highly respectable quaker draper, who, when he was ten years old, retired with his family to Amwell in Hertfordshire, where for some time he carried on the malting trade.

About the age of seventeen the young Friend discovered an inclination to the study of poetry and literature, in which he was encou-



p. 120.

WILLIAM FALCONER SHIPWRECKED.

raged by the conversation and opinions of Charles Frogley, an intelligent and well-read bricklayer of the place; and by John Turner, afterwards a dissenting preacher.

John Scott's first poetical essays were published in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* but he had few opportunities of studying the taste of the town by personal observation, his parents having a morbid horror of his catching the small-pox, which prevailed to such a degree, that although at the distance of only twenty miles, their son had been permitted to visit London but once in twenty years. His chief occupation, when not in a humour to study, was in cultivating a garden, for which he had a particular fondness, and at length rendered one of the most attractive objects to the visitors of Amwell.

In 1760 he published his four *Elegies descriptive and moral*, epithets which may be applied to almost all his poetry.

In 1761, Scott, sensible of the many disadvantages he laboured under by living in continual dread of the small-pox, submitted to the operation of inoculation, and now visited London more frequently, where he was introduced, among others, to Dr. Johnson, as a benevolent country gentleman. His attention had often been called to the state of the poor; and having revolved it in his mind, with the assistance of many personal inquiries, he published in 1773, *Observations on the Present State of the Parochial and Vagrant Poor*, some of the views of which were incorporated in Gilbert's Bill of 1782.

In 1776 he published *Amwell*, a descriptive poem, which he had long been preparing, and in which he fondly hoped to immortalise his favourite village.

At intervals Scott wrote various anonymous pamphlets and essays on miscellaneous subjects; but his time was chiefly devoted to the public business of his district.

In 1778 he published a work of great labour and utility, entitled *A Digest of the Highway and General Turnpike Laws;* and in the spring of 1782, a volume of poetry including his *Elegies*, *Amwell*, and a great variety of hitherto unpublished pieces. He had sent to the press *Critical Essays on the English Poets;* but he did not live to publish them, dying of a putrid fever, 25th October, 1783, at Ratcliffe. His garden at Amwell, which he created with much care, and his grotto, are still shown. His wife, whom he had married only the year before, dying in 1768, he celebrated her memory by an elegy, in which tenderness and love are expressed in the genuine language of nature.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

(1731-1764.)

Charles, son of the Rev. Charles Churchill, curate and lecturer of St. John's, Westminster, and vicar of Rainham, in Essex, was born at Westminster in 1731; and having been educated at Westminster School with credit to himself, proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge; but not being disposed

> "O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
> Or cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,"

he almost immediately quitted the University and returned to London, where he made a commencement of difficulties by a Fleet marriage at the age of seventeen. After a residence at Sunderland, where he studied theology, he was ordained, and obtained a curacy at Cadbury, in Somersetshire, the wretched stipend of which he is described as having sought to eke out by the incongruous occupation of making and selling cyder. He then officiated at Rainham, till, in 1758, he succeeded his father as curate and lecturer of St. John's. The income was barely 100*l.* a year; and Churchill, who otherwise conducted himself for a while with great propriety, added to his means by private tuition. Both resources were inadequate to keep him out of debt; and he was on the point of being imprisoned, when



CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Dr. Lloyd, the father of his friend the poet, interposed, and induced the creditors to accept a composition; Churchill, however, when he attained the means, honourably liquidated the entire amount of his obligations. At this point of time, the success of Lloyd's poetical epistle, *The Actor*, aroused Churchill's emulation, and he composed the *Rosciad*, which, appearing anonymously in 1761, was attributed to the leading wits about town. The second edition, which was speedily produced, announced the author's name; and, with his *Apology to the Critical Reviews*, a supplementary satire, rendered Churchill so formidable a person, that even Garrick, the Roscius of the day, found it expedient to conciliate him with mean adulation; while poor Tom Davies was, although a tolerable performer, absolutely driven from the stage. Churchill, inflated with his triumph,



p. 122.

A FLEET MARRIAGE: CHURCHILL MARRIED AT SEVENTEEN.

threw aside the restraint which one must assume him to have hitherto placed on his conduct, and became a profligate man about town; abandoned his wife, and casting off all religion and morality with his clerical gown, arrayed his awkward proportions in all the splendour of fashion. As a sort of explanation of his misconduct, he published a poetical epistle to Lloyd, entitled *Night;* the proposition maintained in which was, that whatever our faults are, we should never commit the hypocrisy of endeavouring to conceal them. An acquaintance which he formed with Wilkes added, however, political to personal causes of animosity towards him; so that the defects of his private character were not likely to have been viewed in any quarter with indulgent consideration. In his next poem, *The Ghost* (founded on the well-known story of the Cock-lane ghost), he assailed Dr. Johnson under the character of Pomposo; but the Doctor poohpoohed him as a silly fellow, which Churchill certainly was not, intellectually at least. *Night* and *The Ghost* had not the rapid sale the author expected; but his *Prophecy of Famine* soon made ample amends for the disappointment, having all those circumstances of time, place, and party to recommend it that the author could desire; as Wilkes said before its publication, it must take, as it was at once personal, poetical, and political. It had accordingly a rapid and extensive sale. The *Poetical Epistle to Hogarth* (who had incurred his displeasure by representing him as a bear in clerical bands, torn, and with ruffled paws) is remarkable, as Campbell points out, amidst its savage ferocity, for one of the best panegyrics ever penned on that painter's works. The *Conference* is interesting, from its manifestation of the bitter remorse of the writer for his personal misconduct, and from its touching description of a man of independent spirit reduced by despair and poverty to accept of the means of sustaining life on humiliating terms. The *Duellist* is a dull affair: *Gotham*, however, is characterised by Cowper as a masterly performance. Churchill, who had been included in the general warrant for apprehending Wilkes, avoided imprisonment by concealing himself; but, in the autumn of 1764, while paying a visit to his exiled friend at Boulogne, he caught a miliary fever, and died, 1764, in his thirty-third year.

Churchill draws himself in a burlesque point of view in his poem of *Independence:*

> "O'er a brown cassock which had once been black,
> Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
> A sight most strange, and awkward to behold,
> He threw a covering of blue and gold."

But though all the features in this caricature are touched with that light good-natured pencil which we commonly employ in painting our own foibles, they sufficiently indicate the sources of those defects which are observable in his compositions. A slovenly haste and indolence, joined to a coarse but biting violence, characterise his satires. He has none of the courtly and gentlemanlike fineness of Horace; and is seldom so finished and flowing in his declamation as Juvenal. Many nervous lines occur, interrupted by frequent colloquialisms of expression, and sometimes by a prosaic flatness, which again he en-

deavours to make up for by the exaggeration and often grossness of his thoughts. Thus in the *Times* he is disgustingly full, minute, and extravagant upon the most odious of all subjects,—a fault which no man of common delicacy could commit; but, on the other hand, his warmth, natural or affected, on this occasion, gives greater vigour to the style of this poem than of any distich-writers (especially since the time of Pope), viz. the regular closing of the sense with the rhyme; but in the *Times* he frequently deviates from this custom with success.



WILLIAM COWPER.

(1731-1800.)

William Cowper, a descendant of Lord Chancellor Cowper, and son of the rector of Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, was born in that place, November 26, 1731. A child of very delicate habit both of body and mind, it was his irreparable misfortune to lose his admirable mother when he was but six years old; a calamity to which has been ascribed much of the dark colouring of his subsequent life. When this occurred, the child was sent to a school in Hertfordshire, which he was obliged to leave in consequence of the commencement of that inflammation of his eyes which, more or less, afflicted him through life, and which now necessitated his being placed for two

years in the house of an eminent oculist, whose wife, herself also of much celebrity in the profession, took little Cowper under her especial charge. He was thence removed to Westminster School, where he remained eight years, and where, as well as at his earlier school, his delicacy of frame appears to have exposed him to the cowardly tyranny of his school-fellows, who, with the usual unthinking cruelty of youth, triumphed over the gentleness and timidity of his spirit. As he informs us, however, that he "excelled at cricket and football," he could not have been wholly averse from joining in youthful sports; yet a preponderance of uneasiness from the behaviour of his companions was such, that in his advanced years he retained none but painful recollections of what men in general remember with more pleasure than any other period of their lives. These recollections, no doubt, animated his pen with more than his usual severity in exposing the abuses of public schools, to which he uniformly prefers a domestic education.

He left Westminster School in 1749, at the age of eighteen, and was articled to Mr. Chapman, an attorney, for the space of three years. This period he professed to employ in acquiring a species of knowledge which he was never to bring into use, and to which his peculiarity of disposition must have been averse. We are not told whether he had been consulted in this arrangement; but it was probably suggested as that in which his family interest might avail him. His own account may be relied on: "I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days, in Southampton-row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor (Thurlow) constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law." Yet, with this apparent *gaieté de cœur*, and with every advantage, natural and acquired, that bad fair for his own advancement in public life, he was kept back, by an extreme degree of modesty and shyness, from all intercourse with the world, except the society of a few friends, who knew how to appreciate his character, and among whom he found himself without restraint. The loss of a friend and of a mistress appear, among other adversities, to have aggravated his sufferings at this time, and to have strengthened that constitutional melancholy which he delighted to paint, and which, it is to be feared, he loved to indulge.

When he had fulfilled the terms of his engagement in Mr. Chapman's office, he entered the Temple, where he made no better application to law than before; "rambling," as Hayley expresses it, "from the thorny road of jurisprudence to the primrose paths of literature." He made some translations from Horace for the Duncombes, and aided Lloyd and Coleman with some prose contributions to the *Connoisseur* and the *St. James's Chronicle*. It was only at this time that Cowper could ever be said to have lived as a man of the world. Among his acquaintance at this epoch was Churchill; and it is of him and of Lloyd that he writes (September 4, 1765) to Lady Hesketh: "Two of my friends have been cut off during my illness, in the midst of such a life as it is frightful to reflect upon; and here am I, in better health and spirits than I can almost remember to have enjoyed

before, after having spent months in the apprehension of instant death. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Why did I receive grace and mercy? Why was I preserved, afflicted for my good, received, as I trust, into favour, and blessed with the greatest happiness I can ever know or hope for in this life, while these were overtaken by the great arrest, unawakened, unrepenting, and every way unprepared for it?"

His small patrimony being well nigh consumed, his relative, Major Cowper, gave him, first, the office of clerk to the Committees of the House of Lords; which, on account of the nervous poet's dislike to the publicity of that position, he exchanged for that of clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords. Both appointments were in the patronage of the Major, as patentee; but, unluckily for Cowper, an opposition was started in the House, just at this juncture, to the right of Major Cowper to exercise the patronage; in consequence of which the Major's nominee was called upon to appear at the bar, to be examined touching his sufficiency for the post, and he was warned to expect a most rigorous scrutiny. "They," he himself wrote afterwards, "whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation, others can have none."

His terrors on this occasion arose to such an astonishing height, that they utterly overwhelmed his reason; for although he had endeavoured to prepare himself for his public duty, by attending closely at the office for several months to examine the parliamentary journals, his application was rendered useless by that excess of diffidence which made him conceive that whatever knowledge he might previously acquire, it would all forsake him at the bar of the House. This distressing apprehension increased to such a degree as the time for his appearance approached, that when the day so anxiously dreaded arrived, he was unable to make the experiment. The very friends who called on him for the purpose of attending him to the House of Lords acquiesced in the cruel necessity of his relinquishing the prospect of a station so severely formidable to a frame of such singular sensibility. These agonies unsettled his brain; he had, in fact, that morning attempted to strangle himself; from his state of mind, it became necessary to remove him to the Lunatic Asylum of Dr. Cotton, at St. Alban's.

After his recovery from this awful visitation, he determined to retire from the busy world altogether, finding his mind alienated from the conversation and company, however select, in which he had hitherto delighted, and looking back with particular horror on some of his former associations; and by the advice of his brother, the Rev. John Cowper, of Benet College, Cambridge, he removed to a private lodging in Huntingdon. He had not, however, resided long in this place, before he was introduced into a family that had the honour for many years of administering to his happiness, and of evincing a warmth of friendship of which there are few examples.

This intercourse was begun by Mr. Cawthorn Unwin, a young man then a student at Cambridge, and son of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, rector of Grimston, but now a resident at Huntingdon. Mr. Unwin the younger was one day so attracted by Cowper's uncommon and in-

teresting appearance, that he solicited his acquaintance, and achieved this purpose with such success, that Cowper was finally induced to take up his abode with his new friend's amiable family, which then consisted of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, Mrs. Unwin, the son just mentioned, and a daughter. It appears to have been about the month of September 1765 that he formed this acquaintance; and about February 1766 he became an inmate in the family. In July 1767 Mr. Unwin senior was killed by a fall from his horse.

Upon this event, Cowper accompanied Mrs. Unwin and her daughter to a new residence which they selected at Olney, in Buckinghamshire. Here he formed a close friendship with Mr. John Newton, then curate of Olney; and in this congenial society continued for



OLNEY CHURCH.

some years to enjoy those blessings of a retired and devotional life which had constituted his only happiness since his recovery. His correspondence at this era evinces a placid train of sentiment, mixed with an air of innocent gaiety, that must have afforded the highest satisfaction to his friends. Among other pleasures of the purest kind, he had the felicity of being employed as an almoner in the secret charities of the benevolent John Thornton, of London, whose name he has immortalised in his poems.

Mr. Thornton allowed Mr. Newton 200*l.* per annum for the use of the poor of Olney; and it was the joint concern of Mr. Newton and Mr. Cowper to distribute this sum in the most judicious and useful manner. Such a bond of union could not fail to increase their intimacy.

"Cowper," says Mr. Newton, "loved the poor: he often visited them in their cottages, conversed with them in the most condescending manner, sympathised with them, counselled and comforted them in their distresses, and those who were seriously disposed were often blessed and animated by his prayers." Of their intimacy, the same writer speaks in these emphatic terms: "For nearly twelve years we were seldom separated for seven hours at a time, when we were awake and at home. The first six I passed in daily admiring and striving to imitate him; during the second six, I walked pensively with him in the valley of death!" Among other friendly services about this time, he wrote for Mr. Newton some beautiful hymns, which the latter introduced into public worship, and published in a collection long before Cowper was known as a poet.

In 1773, Cowper's dreadful malady assumed the form of severe paroxysms of religious despondency, during which Mrs. Unwin tended him with a patience and a tenderness thoroughly maternal. Pending his convalescence, which was not perfected until 1778, he amused himself with light reading, such as magazines or reviews afforded, with taming hares, making bird-cages, drawing landscapes, and gardening. After his recovery, at fifty years of age, he commenced author; "a whim," he wrote, "that has served me the longest, the best, and will probably be my last." His poetical talents had hitherto lain, if not dormant, so slightly employed, as to make his progress in that respect, in the former part of his life, scarcely capable of being traced. In 1782, however, appeared his first volume of poems, comprising *Table-Talk*, *Hope*, *The Progress of Error*, &c. The reception of the volume was not equal to its merits on the part of the general public; but it procured for the author the warm admiration of Johnson, Franklin, and other critics of sound appreciation.

Soon after the publication of this volume, the widow of Sir Robert Austen came to reside at Olney; and being a woman of superior intellect, rendered attractive by good temper and gaiety of disposition, soon recommended herself to the esteem, and, ere long, to the warm friendship of Cowper, a friendship, there is every reason to believe, not less platonic than that possessed by Mrs. Unwin; for the remembrance of the deep and devoted attachment of his youth, to which reference has already been made, was never effaced in Cowper's heart by any succeeding impression of the same nature. Unluckily, the older friend conceived, after a while, jealousy of the influence which she saw gradually acquired by the more intellectual, more brilliant, and more agreeable new comer; and, at length, appealing to Cowper's gratitude for her past services, plainly gave him the choice of either renouncing Lady Austen's acquaintance or her own. Cowper decided upon adhering to the friend who had watched over him in his deepest afflictions, and sent Lady Austen a valedictory letter, couched in terms of regret and regard, but which necessarily put an end to their intercourse. The course he adopted was, no doubt, morally right; but one regrets it, nevertheless, not only for the pain it inflicted on an amiable and talented woman, but for the possible detriment that Cowper intellectually may have sustained from being deprived of such an inspirer as Lady Austen. It was she who suggested to the



p. 128.

COWPER AND MR. NEWTON VISITING THE POOR.

"Cowper," says Mr. Newton, "loved the poor: he often visited them in their cottages, conversed with them in the most condescending manner, sympathised with them, counselled and comforted them in their distresses, and those who were seriously disposed were often cheered and animated by his prayers." Of their intimacy, the same writer speaks in these emphatic terms: "For nearly twelve years we were seldom separated for seven hours at a time, when we were awake and at home. The first six I passed in daily admiring and aiming to imitate him; during the second six, I walked pensively with him in the valley of death!" Among other friendly services about this time, he wrote for Mr. Newton some beautiful hymns, which the latter introduced into public worship, and published in a collection long before Cowper was known as a poet.

In 1773, Cowper's dreadful malady assumed the form of severe paroxysms of religious despondency, during which Mrs. Unwin tended him with a patience and a tenderness thoroughly maternal. Pending his convalescence, which was not perfected until 1778, he amused himself with light reading, such as magazines or reviews afforded, with taming hares, making bird-cages, drawing landscapes, and gardening. After his recovery, at fifty years of age, he commenced author; "a whim," he wrote, "that has served me the longest, the best, and will probably be my last." His poetical talents had hitherto lain, if not dormant, so slightly employed, as to make his progress in that respect, in the former part of his life, scarcely capable of being traced. In 1782, however, appeared his first volume of poems, comprising *Table-Talk*, *Hope*, *The Progress of Error*, &c. The reception of the volume was not equal to its merits on the part of the general public; but it procured for the author the warm admiration of Johnson, Franklin, and other critics of sound appreciation.

Soon after the publication of this volume, the widow of Sir Robert Austen came to reside at Olney; and being a woman of superior intellect, rendered attractive by good temper and gaiety of disposition, soon recommended herself to the esteem, and, ere long, to the warm friendship of Cowper,—a friendship, there is every reason to believe, not less platonic than that possessed by Mrs. Unwin; for the remembrance of the deep and devoted attachment of his youth, to which reference has already been made, was never effaced in Cowper's heart by any succeeding impression of the same nature. Unluckily, the older friend conceived, after a while, jealousy of the influence which she saw gradually acquired by the more intellectual, more brilliant, and more agreeable new-comer; and, at length, appealing to Cowper's gratitude for her past services, plainly gave him the choice of either renouncing Lady Austen's acquaintance or her own. Cowper decided upon adhering to the friend who had watched over him in his deepest afflictions, and sent Lady Austen a valedictory letter, couched in terms of regret and regard, but which necessarily put an end to their intercourse. The course he adopted was, no doubt, morally right; but one regrets it, nevertheless, not only for the pain it inflicted on an amiable and talented woman, but for the possible detriment that Cowper intellectually may have sustained from being deprived of such an inspirer as Lady Austen. It was she who suggested to the



p. 128.

COWPER AND MR. NEWTON VISITING THE POOR.

poet *John Gilpin* on the one hand, the translation of Homer on the other; and it was to her suggestion also that we owe, in large measure, Cowper's great original poem, *The Task*.

Fortunately for Cowper, Mrs. Unwin's jealousy had been satiated with the victory over Lady Austen; so that Lady Hesketh was permitted, without let or hindrance, to minister to her unhappy relative from the time of the renewal of their intercourse in 1784, after a separation of nearly thirty years, till his death. His letters to this lady, as Campbell justly observes, give the most pleasing view of Cowper's mind, exhibiting all the warmth of his heart as a kinsman, and his simple and unstudied elegance as a correspondent. To Lady Hesketh's kindness Cowper was indebted for a more commodious house at Weston, near Olney, which Mrs. Unwin shared with him, and for the use of her carriage and horses. In 1784 appeared *Tirocinium*, a poem designed "to censure the want of discipline and



SUMMER-HOUSE AT OLNEY.

the inattention to morals which prevail in public schools, and to recommend private education as preferable on all accounts." The first edition of his translation of Homer was published in 1791; the second, so corrected as to amount to a new work, appeared in 1799. In the interval he had lost Mrs. Unwin, and himself had fallen into a state of melancholy torpor, which extinguished even his social feelings, and rendered him indifferent to all that was passing; he received, for example, with total indifference, and almost unconsciousness, the information that the king had granted him a pension of 300*l.* a year.

In 1799, after completing his revision of Homer, he translated some of Gay's fables into Latin, and wrote an original poem, founded upon

an incident related in Anson's *Voyages;* this poem, the *Castaway*, was the last flicker of the lamp. On the 5th of April, 1800, William Cowper died, and was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, Dereham Church.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

(1731-1802.)

Erasmus Darwin was born at Elston, near Newark, in 1731, the son of a private gentleman. Having passed with credit through St. John's College, Cambridge, he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he applied himself to the study of medicine; and having obtained a doctor's degree there, settled at Lichfield, where, by the display of great skill and presence of mind in a difficult case, he established a good practice, which he confirmed and enlarged by his marriage with Miss Howard, a girl of extensive connections in the city. This lady died in 1770; and in 1781 the doctor married the widow of Colonel Pole, of Radbourne Hall, near Derby, who possessed a jointure of 600*l.*, and at whose request he removed from Lichfield to Derby, where he continued in practice until his death in 1802. Doctor Darwin had written in earlier life some poetical effusions, which the fear lest they might affect his medical reputation had induced him to keep in his desk. When, however, his established practice, and, above all, his possession of his second wife's 600*l.* a year, rendered him more independent, he published (1781) the first part of his singular poem *The Botanic Garden;* followed in 1789 and in 1792 by the second and third parts, under the title of *The Loves of the Plants.* "Linnæus," writes the doctor, "has demonstrated that all flowers contain families of males or females, or both, and on their marriage has constructed his invaluable system of botany." Upon this system the doctor, in turn, constructed his poems, wherein the Rosicrucian doctrine of gnomes, nymphs, sylphs, and salamanders is adopted as the machinery. The novelty, and not improbably a certain grossness of detail, thereby veiled in scientific forms, gave, for a time, greater popularity to these poems than their intrinsic merits would have commanded; though these found favour with Cowper, who extolled the doctor's song as,

> "though various, yet complete;
> Rich in embellishments, as strong
> And learned as 'tis sweet."

Poetical praise, however, has frequently quite as much to do with a happy phrase or turn occurring to the writer, as with any actual merit in the subject of his verse. Doctor Darwin's other productions are, *Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life* (1793 and 1796); *Phytologra, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening* (1801); *A Treatise on Female Education;* and *The Temple of Nature*, a reconstruction of *The Botanic Garden.* That immense twaddler, Mrs. Anna Seward, in her Life of Darwin, claims to have written the opening lines of

The Botanic Garden; but her veracity on the point is extremely dubious.



JAMES BEATTIE.

(1735-1802.)

James Beattie was born at Lawrence Kirk, in Kincardineshire, Scotland, 25th October, 1735. His father, a small farmer, died when the future minstrel was only seven years old; but an elder brother sent the boy to a school in the village, where he applied his utmost diligence to the slender means provided by the humble establishment; for the expenses of the superior studies which, in 1749, he proceeded to prosecute at Marischal College, Aberdeen, were partly defrayed by an exhibition which he competed for and obtained shortly after his admission. His progress through the university was marked by the most intense and most intelligent application. In 1753, having taken the degree of M.A., he accepted the only occupation which then presented itself, the schoolmastership and parish clerkship of Fordoun, a village near Lawrence Kirk. The salary was very small; but the young man's talents and excellent conduct recommended him to the notice of Mr. Garden, afterwards Lord Gardenstone, and of Lord Monbodde, under whose auspices he realised the promise of poetical abilities which he had given as a youth, and composed several pieces of verse, which were published in the *Scots Magazine.* In 1758 he was presented to an under-mastership in the High School

of Aberdeen; a place of no great emolument, but which gave him access to literary society and to books. In 1761 he published a volume of poems, original and translated, which were favourably received by the reviewers, but which the poet himself was afterwards so little pleased with, that he retained only four of the number in his subsequent publications, and destroyed every copy of the volume that he could procure.

In September 1760 he was appointed to the chair of Moral Professor in Marischal College, Aberdeen; an office which he held, with credit to himself and benefit to his pupils, for forty years. Though by no means a first-class metaphysician naturally, such were his diligence, his love of knowledge, and his attainments in general literature, that within a few years he had prepared a course of lectures on moral philosophy and logic, which in many respects the English, at all events, prefer to those of Blair. His mode of illustrating abstract questions is fanciful and attractive, and his style easy and graceful.

In 1765 appeared the *Judgment of Paris*, a twaddling poem, to prove the undoubted proposition that "virtue alone is happiness below." In the following year Dr. Beattie published some verses on the proposal for erecting a monument to Churchill in Westminster Abbey, the uncharitable asperity of which induced Sir William Forbes to omit them from the author's collective works. There were particular subjects, as Campbell says, on which Beattie's virtuous indignation was apt to be hysterical. David Hume he would fain have excluded from civil society.

In 1770 appeared Beattie's great work, the *Essay on Truth*, the professed intention of which is to trace the several kinds of evidence and reasoning up to their first principles, with a view to ascertain the standard of truth, and explain its immutability. The work was received with the highest favour, abroad as well as at home; it passed through five large English editions in four years; and it procured for the author the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Oxford, and from the king a pension of 200*l.* a year.

Shortly afterwards, Dr. Beattie published anonymously the first book of *The Minstrel*, a poem designed to trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude and illiterate age, from the first dawnings of fancy and reason, till he is capable of supporting the character of a minstrel. The author had at one time an idea of developing his hero, Edwin, in the character of a warlike bard inspiring the valour of his countrymen against invaders; but this conception was not realised, happily for the homogeneity of the poem, which, as it stands, especially this first part, is one of the most agreeable descriptive pieces in the language. The second part appeared in 1774.

On Beattie's return from London (1771), where he had been received with the greatest distinction, there was a proposition to transfer him from the University of Aberdeen to that of Edinburgh; but he declined, from a morbid apprehension of the hostilities which he conceived he had aroused, in the minds of Hume and others, by his *Essay on Truth*. At about the same time he declined the offers of several dignitaries of the English Church to give him preferment in the Establishment, lest the enemies in question should say he had written the essay with an eye to promotion.

Dr. Beattie published in 1776 a volume of essays, another in 1783, and the outline of his academical lectures in 1790. The latter portion of his life was embittered by domestic misfortunes. His wife became insane; his two sons, promising young men, died; and he himself, his health affected and his spirits crushed by these calamities, seceded almost from society. In this melancholy condition death, which came to him on 18th August, 1803, was a relief.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

(*Died* 1806.)

Charlotte Smith was the daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq. of Stoke, near Guildford, and Bignor Park, in Sussex; at which latter seat, if not born there, she passed many of her earliest years, amid scenery which later inspired her Muse, as it had nursed the fancies of Otway and of Collins. Having married, before she was seventeen, Mr. Smith, a partner with her father in a mercantile establishment in London, the young wife was for a time torn from the fields and woods and river-banks she so loved, and lived in the narrow streets of the great city; but after a time, her husband took a small house in the suburbs of London, whence again he removed, quitting commerce, to a farm in Hampshire. In this situation, Mrs. Smith, who had now eight children, passed several anxious years; her husband, an extravagant, reckless, adventurous man, living altogether beyond his means, and involving himself in inextricable difficulties by wild speculations in agriculture. She foresaw the storm that was gathering over her, but had no power to prevent it; and she endeavoured to console her uneasiness by recurring to the Muse, whose first visitings had added force to the pleasures of her childhood. At length the storm broke; and about the year 1781 Mr. Smith became an inmate of the King's Bench. His exemplary wife accompanied him there, and now applied the talents which had raised the enjoyments of her childhood, and soothed the sorrows of her later years, to the relief of her family's distress. She collected together what she deemed the best of her poems, and printed them (*Elegiac Sonnets and other Essays*); and recommended to Dodsley and other publishers by the benevolent Hayley, they reached a second edition in the same year. Apparently by the proceeds of this publication, Mr. Smith was released from prison; but new demands by the creditors soon drove him abroad, where, with his family, he remained for some months. Returning thence, the unhappy family took up their abode at Wolbeding in Sussex, where Mrs. Smith supported them by her literary exertions, translating a novel of Prevost, and a selection from the *Causes Célèbres*, which she entitled *The Romance of Real Life*. Soon after this she was left to herself by a second flight of her husband abroad; and she removed with her children to a small cottage in another part of Sussex, whese she published a new edition of her sonnets, with many additions, which afforded her a temporary relief. Here, too, stimu-

lated by necessity, she ventured to try her powers of original composition in another line of literature; and in 1788 produced *Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle*, a novel, whose simple energy of language, purity of sentiment, and exquisite delineation of scenery, created such wide popularity, that the publishers eagerly sought from its author that continuation of works in this class, which, despite a mind oppressed with sorrow and injuries, and hourly anxieties, she sent forth, year after year, to the extent of no fewer than thirty-eight volumes. Besides these productions, Mrs. Smith wrote several beautiful little volumes for young persons: *Rural Walks*, *Rambles Farther*, *Minor Morals*, &c.; and a poem in blank verse, called *The Emigrant*, in addition to a second volume of sonnets. Family afflictions, besides those of a pecuniary nature, contributed to aggravate the tear and wear, bodily and mental, of this incessant labour; and after a long and painful illness, this unhappy but most excellent lady died at Telford, in Surrey, on 28th October, 1806.

JAMES WOODHOUSE.

(*Circa* 1737-1805.)

James Woodhouse, a village shoemaker at Rowley, near Hales Owen, two miles from the Leasowes, became known to Shenstone as a humble votary of the Muses in 1761. Shenstone having found it necessary to prohibit that general access to his grounds, which had been abused, by the great vulgar and the small, into aggression, received from Woodhouse a poetical appeal for exemption from the prohibition, that so he might still refresh both body and mind amid the sweet scenery of the Leasowes. Shenstone, with characteristic good-nature, having ascertained the personal worth and the talent, so far as it went, of the applicant, not only admitted him to his grounds and to the use of his library, but encouraged his poetical aspirations; and when these had assumed the form of a sufficient body of verse to form a volume, procured their publication. The volume was reprinted in 1803, at which time the author was living near Norbury Park, where he had found a kind friend in Mr. Locke. He died somewhere about 1805. His verses, which are of a domestic and pastoral kind, are recommended for their feeling and truth by Wordsworth and by Southey, who has given him a place in his volume on uneducated poets.

JOHN WOLCOT.

(1738-1819.)

John Wolcot—better known as Peter Pindar—was born at Dodbrooke, in Devonshire, in 1738, the son of a small yeoman. After an education commenced at Kingsbridge, continued at Liskeard, and

then at Bodmin, and completed, as to French, in Normandy, young Wolcot was articled to his uncle, a respectable surgeon and apothecary at Fowey in Cornwall, and acquired a very competent knowledge of the profession, in the usual course of dispensing and practice at home, and walking the hospitals in London. In 1767, Sir William Trelawney having been appointed Governor of Jamaica, he accompanied his excellency, with whom his family was in some way or other connected, to that island, in the capacity of physician to the household, having previously qualified himself for that especial dignity by obtaining the degree of M.D. at one of the Scotch universities. Soon after the arrival of the party in Jamaica, it was ascertained that the appointment for which Wolcot had left such comfort and such excellent prospects in England was likely to prove but an unprofitable affair; whereupon, by a singularly snug arrangement, the medical Doctor got himself ordained by the Bishop of London, and received the colonial rectory, the vacancy of which had suggested the happy idea to the governor and his protégé, over their sangaree. The Reverend Dr. Wolcot actually performed divine service several times; but having a decided preference for shooting ring-tailed pigeons, and his clerk being an excellent shot, he, after a while, made an arrangement with the only negro who attended his church, which enabled him, at the small cost of an hebdomadal tenpenny-bit, to pretermit his spiritual function altogether, with the one exception of duly receiving the fees and other emoluments.

Sir William Trelawney, however, died in 1768; and the Rev Dr. Wolcot, heartily sick of Jamaica, was but too happy to return to England with the widow. Immediately upon landing, he repaired to his uncle, who received him with open arms, and dying shortly after, left him 2000*l*. In the following year Dr. Wolcot removed to Truro, where he practised as a physician for four years, and then, in consequence of a quarrel with the authorities, transferred his somewhat restless talents to Helston. Thence he went to Exeter, now accompanied by Opie the painter, whose talents he had discovered and developed, and whom, after a short stay at the Devonian capital, he took up to London, for the double purpose of introducing the artist to the London connoisseurs, and of pushing his own fortune in a sphere more congenial to his tastes than the Land's End. The talents and energy of Opie soon placed him in the position they merited; and Wolcot, discerning in London men and manners ample food for the pungent humour that he had long been conscious of within, bade adieu to both physic and divinity, and turned professional satirist.

Having himself a taste for art, which he had fostered with some study and practice, his attention was naturally first directed to the painters of the day; and he conceived the novel design of writing practical criticisms, or rather strictures, on the annual exhibition, then in its youth. He commenced, accordingly, with "*Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians, for* 1782, by Peter Pindar, Esq., a distant relative of the poet of Thebes, and laureate to the Academy." These were continued with great success commercially, and, let it be added, with no small discouragement to demeritous pretension, till 1785. They were then followed by the *Lousiad*, a mock-heroic poem of infinite humour, the subject of which was the appearance on a royal

side-dish—just before noticed in the scandalous chronicle of the day—of an unwelcome intruder from the head of some royal cook. The great popularity of these and similar productions soon placed Peter on the road to fame and fortune. In 1792, if not earlier, the produce of his pen enabled him to effect a considerable purchase in the funds; and next year he secured an annuity for life of 250*l.*, in a mode which presents itself as a delightfully effective moral retribution upon the grantors. The undue enjoyment of the good things of this life, among which, in the Doctor's estimation, old pine-apple rum occupied a prominent position, had brought on an asthmatic complaint, which threatened to carry the patient off forthwith. Messrs. Robinson, Golding, and Walker thereupon, with an eye to a good thing, repaired to the supposed moribund, and got him to transfer the copyright of his past works to them for an annuity of 250*l.*, which included the refusal of his future compositions of the same class; a stipulation rather matter of form, as these sly dogs fancied, than any thing else, for it was quite clear that the poor Doctor could not last another month. He did, however, last for twenty-six years after that; and though his Muse served him till within two years of his death, it was, after this arrangement, with intervals, which became longer and longer. The booksellers, perfectly disgusted, tried to set aside the bargain into which their innocence had been entrapped; but law and equity sided with poetry, and Messrs. Walker and Co. had dolorously to dole out payment, quarter after quarter, year after year, till the deceiver died. Nay, more, each trimestrial affliction was exacerbated to them by the bitter jocosities of Peter, who was wont, on such occasions, liberally to give them in a gratuitous sneer for themselves. These sarcasms at length became so intolerable to Walker and Co., being of a nature not saleable, that a friend had to receive the money.

In 1795, Wolcot, who had from early youth practised drawing, and even essayed oils, had a series of his landscapes engraved in aqua-tinta by Alkin, and published them, with poetical allusions, under the title of *Picturesque Views*. They are full of spirit.

Towards the close of his life, Wolcot, in addition to his other physical infirmities, was afflicted with blindness; under the pressure of which he withdrew almost entirely from society, passing, indeed, most of his time in bed, where, as he said, "he had only a few ounces of blanket to support, instead of having, as when up and in motion, to carry a load of eleven or twelve stone." He died, January 14, 1819, at Montgomery's Cottage, Somers Town, in which he had resided for many years; and was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, close, at his own request, to the remains of Butler, whose genius he greatly admired. The bulk of his property went to an only sister, for he had never been married. His poems fill five octavo volumes. Though almost entirely on topics of the day, there are many of them that even now afford entertainment, from their keen observation and humorous exposition of those incidents to human nature which are of all time.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

(1738-1786.)

Edward Thompson was son of a merchant at Hull, in Yorkshire, where he was born about 1738. He was educated at Beverley, under the Rev. Mr. Clarke; and thence removed to Hampstead, under the care of Dr. Cox. He early embraced a maritime life, and in 1750 sailed on a voyage to Greenland. In 1754 he was engaged on board an Indiaman, and became what is called "a guinea-pig;" though other accounts say that he went to the East Indies with Sir Peter Dennis, on board the Dorsetshire, and was in the memorable action off Quiberon Bay. By his *Sailors' Letters* it appears he was at Madras, Ceylon, and Bengal, of which he has given descriptions, that show the accuracy of his observation and the cultivation of his talents. In 1755 he returned to England; where, in November, we find him on board the Stirling Castle in the Downs. In 1756 he sailed from Portsmouth to New York, and thence to Antigua; and arriving the following year in England, he was promoted to be a lieutenant, and appointed to the Jason, which was sent over to Embden with Brudenell's regiment to reinforce the garrison. In 1758 he sailed in the Dorsetshire to Lisbon; and in 1759, cruising between the Bay of Biscay and the chops of the Channel, was engaged in Hawke's celebrated battle with Conflans. In 1761 he sailed in the Bellona.

The peace that ensued left his active mind at leisure to cultivate literature. A poem of a temporary nature procured him the acquaintance of Churchill, whose Whig principles he strenuously cherished. At this time he lived in a small house in Kew Lane. In 1764 he produced a poem called *The Soldier*, which was well received. He then retired for some time to Scotland, where he meditated a professional work, which he never executed.

In 1765 he published *The Courtezan*, a poem, 4to, and *The Demirep*, a poem, 4to. In 1767 he produced his *Sailors' Letters*, written during his voyages in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from 1754 to 1769. In 1769 he commanded the Tartuffe cutter, off the coast of Scotland. He had during this period written many political and dramatic pieces, which recommended him to the notice of Garrick; and Garrick, through his intimacy with Sir Edward Hawke, procured him a master and commander's warrant in 1771; and in the following year, Sir Peter Dennis, commanding in the Mediterranean, made him post in the Niger. But before this he had edited the works of Oldham, 3 vols. 1771; a collection of fugitive pieces called *The Court of Cupid;* and a collection of *bon mots*, under the title of *Aristophanes*. In 1773 he brought forth *The Fair Quaker, or the Humours of the Navy*, a comedy, 8vo; and in 1776 and in 1777 fitted for the stage two other pieces, not published.

In 1773 he began, in concert with Mr. John M'Millan, the *Westminster Magazine*. In 1777 he edited the works of Paul Whitehead, and in the same year the works of Andrew Marvel. In 1788 he edited a collection of fugitive pieces called *The Muse's Mirror*.

But as soon as the war broke out with France, he was called away

from these peaceful occupations, being appointed in 1778 to the command of the *Hyœna*. He was in Rodney's famous action off Cape St. Vincent, of which he brought home the intelligence; and was soon afterwards appointed commander of an expedition against Demerara, which, with Berbice and Essequibo, surrendered without opposition. He afterwards convoyed home a fleet of merchantmen from St. Eustacius. At the end of the war he was stationed on the coast of Africa.

In 1785 he was appointed commander of the *Grampus*, and sent again to the coast of Africa, where he caught a fever, and died aboard that ship, Jan. 17, 1786; an event which filled his crew with universal lamentation, as they considered him a brave and skilful commander, a friend and a father.

But the merits by which Captain Thompson will be best known to posterity are his sea-songs, which are still on every sailor's lips; more especially those three beautiful and affecting compositions, beginning "Loose every sail to the breeze," "The topsail shivers in the wind," and "Behold upon the gallant wave."

JAMES MACPHERSON.

(1738-1796.)

James Macpherson was born at Kingushe, Invernesshire, in 1738. Being intended for the Church, he went through the requisite course of education at Aberdeen. At the age of 20 he produced an heroic poem, called *The Highlander*,—a most abortive attempt. After leaving the University, he was for a time usher in the school of Ruthven, whence he removed to the family of Mr. Graham, of Balgowan, in the capacity of tutor. It was while attending his pupil (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) at the baths of Moffat that he showed to Mr. John Home, the author of *Douglas*, with whom he became acquainted there, the manuscript of what purported to be translations of *Fragments of Ancient Gaelic Poetry*, still handed down, from father to son in the Highlands, by oral descent, and which he characterised as at once replete with energy and with pathos. Mr. Home took the matter up zealously; and by his influence Macpherson was enabled to publish a small volume of sixty pages, entitled *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, translated from the Gaelic or Erse language*. The publication excited such attention in Scotland, that a subscription was actually effected to enable the translator of these interesting national monuments to make a tour in the Highlands, and collect further materials. The result, in 1762, was *Fingal*, an ancient epic poem in six books; in 1763, *Temaa*, another epic poem in eight books; and in both instances a sale which brought infinite joy to the soul of Ossian's representative, who is said to have netted 1200*l*. from these productions. Indeed it is not surprising that the works should sell well. As Mr. Chambers observes, the possibility that, in the third or fourth century, among the wild remote mountains of Scotland, there existed a people exhibiting all the high and chivalrous feelings of refined valour, gene-



p. 139.

MACPHERSON IN SEARCH OF OSSIAN.

rosity, magnanimity, and virtue, was eminently calculated to excite astonishment; while the idea of the poems being handed down by tradition through so many centuries, among rude, savage, and barbarous tribes, was no less astounding. Many doubted, indeed others disbelieved; but a still greater number "indulged the pleasing supposition that Fingal fought and Ossian sung." In 1764 Macpherson accompanied General Johnston to Pensacola as his secretary; but quarrelling with his patron, returned home, settled in London, and became an active and successful politician: his pamphlets in defence of the administration—one of these in vindication of the taxation of America, and another on the opposition in Parliament,—being especially well received by the authorities, procuring for him directly a seat in Parliament (for Camelford), and indirectly the appointment of agent for the Nabob of Arcot. His political services were indeed those of the pen, for he did not speak in the House.

Having, in various ways, realised a good fortune, Macpherson returned to his native place, where he purchased an estate called Raitts, which he new-named Belleville, and where he died Feb. 17, 1796. His body was buried, by his own particular desire, in Westminster Abbey; and 300*l.* were laid out, under his will, in the erection of a monument to his memory on his grounds of Belleville. "The fierce controversy," writes Mr. Chambers, "as to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, Dr. Johnson's dogged incredulity, and Macpherson's equally pertinacious silence, are circumstances well known." There seems to be no doubt that a great body of traditional poetry was floating over the Highlands, which Macpherson collected and wrought up into regular poems. It would seem also that Gaelic manuscripts were in existence, which he received from different families to aid in his translation How much of the published work is ancient and how much fabricated, cannot now be ascertained. The Highland Society instituted a regular inquiry into the subject; and in their report the committee state that "they have not been able to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenour with the poems published." Detached passages, the names of characters and places, with some of the wild imagery characteristic of the country, and of the attributes of Celtic imagination, undoubtedly existed. The ancient tribes of the Celts had their regular bards even down to a comparatively late period. A people like the natives of the Highlands, leading an idle, inactive life, and doomed, from their climate, to a severe protracted winter, were also well adapted to transmit from one generation to another the fragments of ancient song which had beguiled their infancy and youth, and which flattered their love of their ancestors. No person, however, now believes that Macpherson found entire epic poems in the Highlands.

WILLIAM COMBE.

(*Circa* 1743-1823.)

The parents of the author of *The Tour of Doctor Syntax* were persons in good circumstances, as appears by their sending their son William to Eton, and in due time to Oxford. Young Combe was,

however, materially assisted in his progress by the receipt of 16,000*l.* from a certain useful relation, Mr. Alexander by name, and by position an alderman of the city of London. Hereupon the future poet resolved to study for the law; but he does not seem to have effected much in that profession. His handsome person and mental accomplishments led him into a circle of acquaintance which obliged him to keep up an appearance far beyond his means. Our hero was popularly known among his gay associates as Duke Combe. Driven, at length, to extremities for want of money, Combe thought fit to adopt a red coat and a knapsack, and enlist in H.M. service. But at the first public-house he astonished his friends and the people by calling into play his literary accomplishments, much to the amazement of the bystanders, who stared when they heard a common soldier talk Greek. It so chanced that Roger Kemble was at the same town, with a band of strolling players; and the soldier and the actor soon shook hands, each finding in the other a pleasant companion and a congenial spirit. Soon afterwards the soldier disappeared, and William Combe was next seen officiating as underwaiter in a Welsh tavern. But soon again the fame of French exploits seems to have fired the martial spirit in the breast of Combe, for he now entered the French army. But as continuity was not one of the leading characteristics of our poet, we next hear of him in a French monastery. Here the monks did all in their power to convert him to the true creed; and good living was one of the chief, nay the chief ingredient in the charm which these pious brethren used to seduce the mind of the future poet. But he soon left French souls and French monks, and came to London. He had resolved to devote the rest of his life to literary pursuits; the buoyancy of his humour had sobered down into an earnest application.

Combe married twice. Of his first wife little is known; his second was the sister of Cosway the painter. In 1806, and for some time after, he was employed on the *Times* newspaper.

In 1808 his pecuniary difficulties brought him to the King's Bench, where he spent the last fifteen years of his life, and where he died in 1823.

He wrote a good many pieces, chiefly satirical, and which, with the exception of the *Tour*, were published anonymously. These were:

1. Clifton, a poem.
2. A Satire on Sir James Wright.
3. The Diaboliad.
4. Lord Lyttelton's Letters.
5. The Devil upon Two Sticks in London.
6. History of the Thames.
7. A Letter to the Duchess of Devonshire on Female Education.
8. Letters from an Italian Nun to an English Nobleman, which purported to be a translation from Rousseau.
9. The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque; to which, owing to its extraordinary success, he afterwards added Parts II. and III.
10. Westminster Abbey.
11. History of Oxford.
12. Dance of Death.
13. History of the Public Schools of England.
14. Dance of Life.
15. *Johnny Quæ Genus.*
16. *Amelia's Letters, &c.*

Of all his works, however, the *Tour of Doctor Syntax* is the only one which has always met with the applause of the lovers of the humorous. But without knowing the contents of his other works, the titles alone seem to evince a mind overflowing with humour, and ready to enjoy the good things of this life till the last.

> "'Tis classical to be a scold;
> For, as the ancient times record,
> Xantippe's tongue was like a sword:
> She was about my Dolly's age,
> And the known helpmate of a sage."

Here is consolation for scratches and hard words!

THOMAS LORD LYTTELTON.

(1744-1779.)

Thomas, only son of the first and celebrated Lord Lyttelton, was born in 1744, succeeded his father in 1773, and followed him to the grave in 1779; but without leaving any kindred memorial of virtues or accomplishments, his life being marked by incongruity, and his writings by indecorum. He was a meteor, says Lord Orford, whose rapid extinction could not be regretted; and as remarkable, adds Dr. Anderson, for an early display as for a flagitious prostitution of great abilities. He attained no small consequence as a parliamentary speaker, and was appointed Chief Justice in Eyre, a place which his father, with better pretensions, could never procure. One of his speeches in the House of Lords has been printed. *Poems by a young Nobleman of distinguished abilities, lately deceased*, 1780, are admitted to be Lord Lyttelton's. Two volumes of *Letters*, published in 1780 and 1782, though attributed to him, are now considered spurious.

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

(1745-1820.)

William Hayley was born at Chichester in 1745; and after receiving a part of his education at Kingston-upon-Thames and Eton, proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. After completing his studies there, he withdrew to the retirement of Eartham, in Sussex, where he enjoyed an estate, and where he applied all his leisure hours to the cultivation of literature. His first production was *A Poetical Epistle to an Eminent Painter* (Romney), 1788. In 1780 appeared his *Essay on History, in three* (poetical) *Epistles to Edward Gibbon*. He next published his *Triumphs of Temper*, succeeded by an *Essay on Epic Poetry, Triumphs of Music*, and other poetical lucubrations. Mr. Hayley also wrote plays, of which, as of his poems, Lord Byron says:

" In many marble-cover'd volumes view
Hayley, in vain attempting something new;
Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
Or scrawl, as Wood and Barclay walk, 'gainst time,
His style in youth or age is still the same,
For ever feeble and for ever tame.
Triumphant first, see *Temper's Triumphs* shine,—
At least, I'm sure they triumph'd over mine;
Of *Music's Triumphs* all who read may swear,
That luckless music never triumph'd there."

The most popular work that Hayley produced,—for his works, singularly enough, were popular,—next to the *Triumphs of Temper*, was a prose *Essay on Old Maids*, illustrated by a series of fictitious narratives, chiefly satirical. He also wrote a novel entitled *Cornelia Sedley, or the Young Widow;* and in 1803 he published the *Life and Correspondence of Cowper*, in two volumes 4to. The death of a natural son, Thomas Alphonso Hayley, to whom he was warmly attached, induced him to remove from Eartham to Felpham, in the same county, where he died Nov. 12, 1820.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

(1746-1767.)

Michael Bruce was born at Kinneswood, in Kinrosshire, on the 27th of March, 1746. His father was a poor weaver, with eight children; and little Michael was consequently necessitated to do his best, so soon as he could, to increase the family means, by tending cattle during the summer months. In the intervals of this occupation, however,—an occupation itself, as Mr. Chambers observes, benefiting the lad's learning as a poet, pursued as it was amidst scenery that overlooked Lochleven and its fine old ruined castle,—the elder Bruce, appreciating his son's taste for study, managed to send him to the school of Kinross; and afterwards, when Michael had attained his fifteenth year, applied the entire amount of a small legacy he had received (11*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.*) to the placing him at the University of Edinburgh, where the lad justified his father's pious confidence by the progress he made in classical knowledge. He attended the University during three sessions; and then, to lighten for a while the charge upon his father and the other friends who contributed towards his maintenance at college, accepted the teachership of the school of Gairney Bridge, near Kinneswood, at a stipend of 11*l.* He afterwards removed to that of Forest Hill, but with no higher remuneration; and here, the schoolroom being low-roofed and damp, the poor young man, close cabined in, delicate from his birth, depressed by disappointment and anxiety, fell into a consumption, and was fain to seek once more his father's cottage, where he died, cheerfully resigned, on the 5th July, 1767, aged 21 years and 3 months. While at Forest Hill, he composed his poem of *Lochleven*, in which he thus adverts to his melancholy position:

"Amid unfertile fields, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot."

The *Ode to Spring*, the finest of his productions, was written beneath his father's roof, on the very threshold of death. On his pillow, after he had sunk to rest, was found his Bible, marked down at Jeremiah xxii. 10: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him." A monument was raised to his memory in Portmoak churchyard: very properly, no doubt; but as to which, as to many other such memorials, it may be observed, that the cost, given to its object in life, would probably have saved him from his premature grave, and have enabled him richly to augment his country's literature. An edition of Michael Bruce's poems was published by his fellow-collegian, Logan, in 1770; another, for the benefit of his widowed mother, by Principal Baird, in 1807; and a third, with a very satisfactory biography, by the Rev. W. Mackelvie, in 1837.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

(1746-1818.)

Hector Macneill, by occupation connected with a mercantile life, published in 1789 a legendary poem, *The Harp;* in 1795 a metrical morality, *Scotland's Skaith, or the History o' Will and Jean,*—the object of which is to depict the calamitous effects of intemperance; a descriptive poem, *The Links of Forth, or a Parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling;* and some prose tales. He died at Edinburgh in 1818.

ANNA SEWARD.

(1747-1809.)

Anna Seward, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Seward, canon-residentiary of Lichfield, was born in that city 1747, and was initiated in the affectation which characterised her entire career by being trained to "repeat the three first books of Paradise Lost before she was nine years old;" and doubtless, also, to tell the unhappy auditors, as she afterwards told the readers of her own productions, that "she was at that age charmed with the numbers of Milton." The "Swan of Lichfield," as she was designated,—it is to be hoped, for the credit of the designation, as humorously as ludicrously,—not content with publishing in her lifetime a number of namby-pamby poems, inveigled poor Sir Walter Scott into a literary correspondence; and having worked him up into an adequate condition of endurance of the infliction, bequeathed to him for publication three more volumes of her

execrable poetry. Some of her Letters, of which seven mortal volumes were published under similar circumstances by Mr. Constable, are not, however, without spirit.

JOHN LOGAN.

(1748-1788.)

John Logan was born, in 1748, at Soutra, Mid-Lothian, where his father rented a small farm. He was taught the first rudiments of learning at the school at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh. In 1762 he proceeded to the University of Edinburgh, where he made great proficiency in the learned languages. His turn being to works of imagination, he found much that was congenial in a course of lectures read by Professor Stevenson, on Aristotle's Art of Poetry, and on Longinus; and while these directed his taste, he applied his leisure hours to Homer, Milton, and other works of that high character.

He produced several of his own minor pieces at the University, under the encouragement of Dr. Main, of Lord Elibank, and of Dr. Blair. On the recommendation of the latter, he became, in 1768, private tutor to young Sinclair, afterwards the eminent statist. Here, however, he did not remain long, but returned to Edinburgh to attend the divinity lectures, with a view to entering the Church.

In 1770 he edited the poems of Michael Bruce, a youth who died at the age of twenty-one, after exhibiting considerable talents for poetry. In the volume, however, Logan inserted several pieces of his own, without specifying them; a circumstance which gave rise to some controversy.

In 1770 Logan was admitted a preacher; and in 1773 accepted a pastoral charge at South Leith. Two years afterwards he took an active share, under the direction of the General Assembly, in that revision of the psalmody of the Scottish Church which was published in 1781.

In 1779 he delivered, successfully, a course of lectures on the Philosophy of History, of which he published, in 1781, an analysis, entitled *Elements of the Philosophy of History*, and soon after an entire lecture, in the form of an *Essay on the Manners of Asia*.

In the same year appeared his *Poems*, which reached a second edition in a few months. This success induced him to complete a tragedy he had been for some time preparing, entitled *Runnimede*, interdicted by the licenser for its politics, printed in 1783, and afterwards acted on the Edinburgh theatre, but which met with no extraordinary applause, either in the closet or on the stage.

Logan's parishioners began now to complain that his literary, and especially his dramatic studies, diverted him from his spiritual duties; and that he indulged in potations, still more calculated to the same dereliction. The controversy assumed, at length, such a position, that Logan was induced to retire upon a small annuity. Coming to London in 1786, he for some time subsisted by furnishing articles to the *English Review* and other periodicals. He wrote also *A Review*

of the principal charges against Mr. Hastings, so able a vindication of that gentleman, that the publisher was proceeded against by the friends of the impeachment, but acquitted by the jury. Logan's health had been now for some time broken, and he died in Marlborough-street, Dec. 28, 1788.

Dr. Robertson edited a volume of his sermons (1790), and a second in the following year. Both were very successful publications. Several other manuscripts were once intended for publication. Among these are his Lectures on History, and three or four tragedies.

Logan's position among our minor poets is prominent; his pathetic pieces are scarcely excelled by those of any other writer.

AMHURST SELDEN.

(*Circa* 1749.)

Amhurst Selden is known as the author of a poem called *Love and Folly*, published in April 1749, and which Mr. Campbell considers better than much that is generally condemned to oblivion.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

(1750-1774.)

Robert Fergusson was born at Edinburgh 1750, the son of the accountant to the British Linen-Hall. Having been educated first at the high school at Edinburgh, and then at a grammar-school at Dundee, he obtained an exhibition at the University of St. Andrew's, where he distinguished himself as a youth of much promise. He was wilful, however, and insubordinate, and was at one time expelled as leader of an outbreak among the students; but he was received back on the promise of future good behaviour. His father dying, and leaving no means behind him, Fergusson quitted college in a state of utter destitution; he made his way on foot to Edinburgh, where he arrived so exhausted with the fatigue of a journey for which his delicate frame was by no means calculated, that he underwent an illness which had nearly proved fatal. Shortly after his recovery he obtained a clerkship in the Commissary clerk's office, which he afterwards exchanged for a clerkship in the Sheriff clerk's office. Here, instead of engrossing, he penned stanzas, the ability of which attracted attention, and procured for him invitations into society, the dissipations of which he was not of a temperament to resist. He became by degrees prostrated in body and mind from the effect of his debaucheries; and finally, after long fits of penitence and religious despondency, went mad. It is related, that when committed to the receptacle of the insane, a consciousness of his dreadful fate seemed to come over him. At the moment of his entrance, writes Campbell, he uttered a wild cry of despair, which was re-echoed by a shout

from all the inmates of the dismal mansion, and left an impression of inexpressible horror on the friends who had the task of attending him. His mother being in extreme poverty, had no other mode of disposing of him. A remittance which she received a few days after, from a more fortunate son who was abroad, would have enabled her to support the expense of affording him attendance in her own house; but the aid did not arrive till the poor maniac had expired (1774). Fergusson's works consist of several poems of considerable humour, in the Scottish dialect, the chief of which, *The Farmer's Ingle*, supplied the hint of the *Cotter's Saturday Night* to Burns, who esteemed the author with excessive partiality, and placed over his grave a head-stone inscribed with verses of appropriate feeling.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

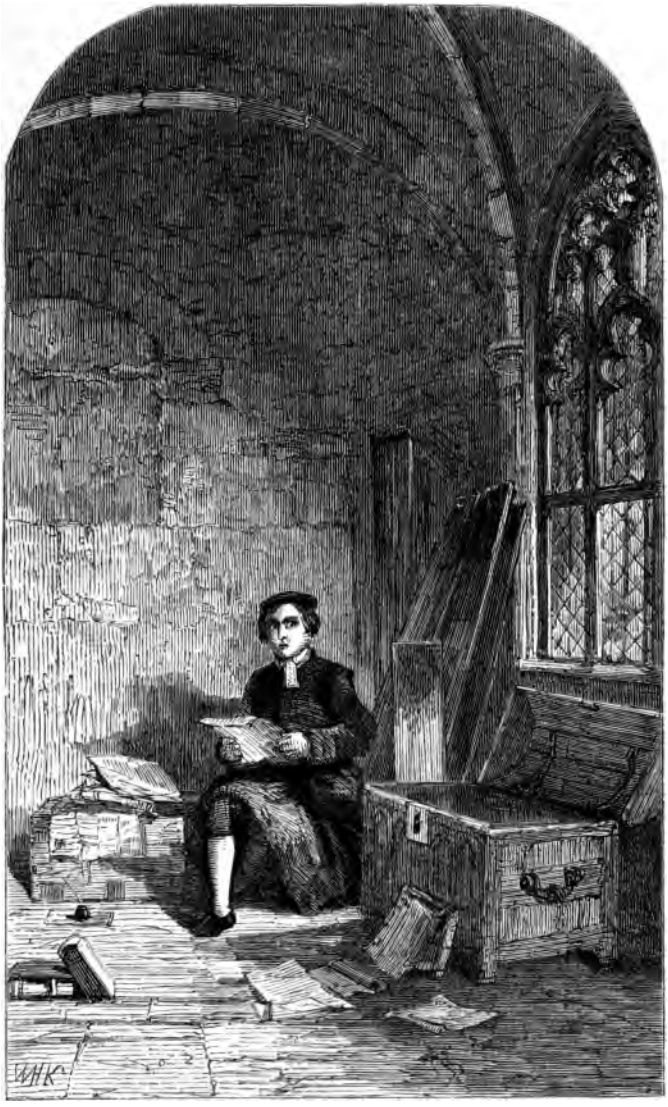
(1752-1770.)

Thomas Chatterton was born the 20th of November, 1752, the posthumous son of the master of the free school in Pyle-street, Bristol. At five years of age he attended the same school; but improved so little, that his mother took him back. While under her care, his childish attention was, according to her account afterwards, engaged by the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, which circumstance encouraged her to initiate him in the alphabet, and she afterwards taught him to read from an old black-letter Testament, or Bible.

His next remove, at the age of eight, was to Colston's charity school. One of the masters, Philips, whom he has celebrated in an elegy, was himself a frequent writer of verses in the magazines, and habitually endeavoured to excite a degree of poetical emulation among his scholars; but to this Chatterton appeared for some time indifferent. About his tenth year he began to read from inclination, sometimes hiring his books from a circulating library, and sometimes borrowing them from his friends; and before he was twelve, had gone through about seventy volumes, principally history and divinity. Before this time he had composed some verses, particularly those entitled *Apostate Will*, which disclose, at that early age, a disposition to personal satire, and a consciousness of superior sense.

In July 1767 he was bound apprentice to Mr. John Lambert, an attorney at Bristol, for seven years, in the capacity rather of servant than of pupil. His chief employment was to copy precedents, which frequently did not require more than two hours in a day; and the rest of his time was filled up by the desultory course of reading which he had begun at school, and which embraced old English phraseology, heraldry, and miscellaneous antiquities. Of the two last he acquired enough knowledge to enable him to create fictions capable of deceiving those who had none. His general conduct during his apprenticeship was decent and regular.

In the beginning of October 1768, the completion of the new bridge at Bristol suggested to him a fit opportunity for playing off



p. 147.

CHATTERTON IN THE MUNIMENT-ROOM AT BRISTOL.

the first of his public deceptions. This was an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, said to be taken from an ancient manuscript, a copy of which he sent to Farley's *Bristol Journal*, in a short letter signed Dunhelmus Bristoliensis. Such a memoir, at so critical a time, naturally excited attention; and Farley, who was called upon to give up the author, after much inquiry, discovered that Chatterton had sent it. Chatterton was consequently interrogated, probably without much ceremony, where he had obtained it. And here his unhappy disposition showed itself in a manner highly affecting in one so young, for he had not yet reached his sixteenth year, and according to all that can be gathered, had not been corrupted either by precept or example. "To the threats," we are told, "of those who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account." By milder usage he was somewhat softened, and appeared inclined to give all the information in his power.

The effect, however, of the mild usage was, that instead of all or any part of the information in his power, he tried two different falsehoods: the first, "that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who had also engaged him to furnish complimentary verses inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love." But as this story was to rest on proofs which he could not produce, he next asserted, "that he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, from his father, who had found them in a large chest in the upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe church, founded in the fifteenth century by William Cannynge."

Chatterton's father, having a brother sexton of the church, had had free access to the coffer, and carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments which it contained, and had used to cover copybooks, &c. with them. When he died, his widow carried what remained of them to her lodgings. Here the son, on his visits home, of course saw them; and "one day," according to the statement in support of the Rowley papers, "his eye was caught by one of these parchments, which had been converted into a thread-paper. He found not only the writing to be very old, the character very different from common characters, but that the subject therein treated was different from common subjects. Being naturally of an inquisitive turn, he was very much struck with their appearance; and, as might be expected, began to question his mother what those thread-papers were, how she got them, and whence they came. Upon further inquiry, he was led to a full discovery of all the parchments which remained. The bulk of them consisted of poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Cannynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley, whom Chatterton at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century." Such was the account which Chatterton gave of the matter. The imposture having been long since exposed, though not without infinite controversy, in which the learned made themselves, as usual in such cases, eminently ridiculous, the matter has lost well nigh all its interest.

Those who desire to trace the wearisome maze, may be amply gratified in Dr. Gregory's Life of Chatterton.

Our unfortunate modern antique had an opportunity of acquiring the profession of medicine from Mr. Barret, a Bristol surgeon, whose local enthusiasm had rendered his wish a father to the thought that the Rowley poems were genuine; but Chatterton was not a youth whom it was easy to benefit. He chose rather to employ his pen in essays, in prose and verse, chiefly of the satirical kind. He appears to have read the party pamphlets of the day, and imbibed much of their abusive spirit. In 1769 he was a very considerable contributor to the *Town and Country Magazine*. His ambition seems to have been to rise to eminence entirely by efforts of his genius, either in his own character or in that of some of the heroes of the Redcliffe chest, in which he was perpetually discovering a most convenient variety of treasure, with which to reward his admirers and secure their patronage. Mr. Burgum, a pewterer of Bristol, maintains the authenticity of Rowley's poems, whereupon Chatterton rewards him with a pedigree from the time of William the Conqueror, allying him to some of the most ancient families in the kingdom; and presents him with the *Romaunt of the Cnyghte*, a poem written by John de Bergham, one of his own ancestors, about four hundred and fifty years before. In order to obtain the good opinion of his relation, Mr. Stephens of Salisbury, he informs him that he is descended from Fitzstephen, grandson of the venerable Od, Earl of Blois, and Lord of Holderness, who flourished about the year 1095.

The most remarkable of these pretended discoveries, however, issued in an application to one who was, for several reasons, not so easily to be deceived. This was Horace Walpole, who had not long before completed his *Anecdotes of Painters*. In March 1769, Chatterton, with his usual attention to the wants or prejudices of the persons on whom he wished to impose, sent to Walpole a letter, offering to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had flourished at Bristol, and remitted also a small specimen of poems of the same remote era. Walpole, although he could not very readily swallow "a series of great painters at Bristol," appears to have been in some measure pleased with the offer, and discovered beauties in the verses sent. He therefore returned a polite letter, desiring further information. Fancying from this letter that he had made a conquest, Chatterton forthwith transmitted to Walpole a rigmarole account of great treasures of ancient poetry that he knew of at Bristol,—whereof the verses already sent, and a further pastoral (*Elinoure and Juga*), accompanied this second letter, were specimens; and expressed a desire that Walpole would procure him an appointment where his aspiring genius might have elbow-room.

Walpole thereupon consulted Gray and Mason; and they at once pronouncing the specimens forgeries, he returned Chatterton an answer, in which he very handsomely advised him to stay where he was.

Chatterton, in a peevish letter, desired the manuscripts to be returned, as they were the property of another. There was some delay, owing to Walpole's absence at Paris; but the poems were then transmitted, in a blank cover. This proceeding may well seem, to us, not very courteous or very kind towards poor Chatterton, on the part of Walpole; but, on the other hand, Chatterton had exposed himself to contumely by his detected imposture; and certainly, as the

affair happened two years before the young man died, which two years he had resided with much encouragement in London, and according to his own account was within the prospect of ease and independence, it was altogether unfair to hold Walpole up, as was done, to public indignation as the cause of Chatterton's death. About this time (1769) Chatterton is said to have become an Atheist; but the charge is not clearly made out, any more than another charge advanced against him with "the malice of a fiend," that "his profligacy was at least as conspicuous as his abilities." It is certain that while at Bristol his moral conduct incurred no reproach, and there is no proof that in London he practised any gross debaucheries. He is known, on the other hand, to have practised at least one rule of temperance, that of diet.

One effect of his infidelity is said to have been to render the idea of suicide familiar to his mind; but this idea he had frequently propounded, before he left Bristol, with the view, in several instances, at all events, of exacting money, or other immediate object he had in view, from the aroused feelings of those to whom he announced the threat. For example, he got Mr. Lambert, his master, to cancel his apprenticeship by a menace of this kind; and it was after effecting this object that he repaired to London, in the full confidence of a man who has laid his plans in such deep wisdom that he thinks it impossible they should fail. His programme was, to try his fortune with his pen; if that failed, to turn methodist preacher; and if that did not succeed, to shoot himself.

His first attempts in the metropolis, under the first class of experiments, were verses of the political kind, satires against the administration. In March 1770 he wrote a poem called *Kew Gardens*, part of which only has been published; but enough to show that he had been supplied by some patriotic preceptor with the floating scandal of the day against the Princess Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute, and against other statesmen. He contributed to various magazines and newspapers, wrote songs for the public gardens, and was for some time comparatively affluent, and able to send money to his mother and sister. He became acquainted with Wilkes and Beckford, then lord mayor; but as these patriots were readier with their promises than their purse, Chatterton, it is said, had some thoughts of writing for the ministerial party. About July, however, something or other occurred, in his mind or his affairs, that cast him once more into gloomy despondency. Removing from Shoreditch to the house of a Mrs. Angel, a sackmaker in Brook-street, Holborn, he laid aside his literary occupations, and conceived the plan of going out to Africa as a navy surgeon's assistant. He had picked up some smattering of surgery from Mr. Barret, and now requested that gentleman's recommendation; upon Mr. Barret's very naturally declining this responsibility, Chatterton was extremely indignant. He would not, however, return to literature, and in his morbid pride became desperate. The short remainder of his days was spent in dire destitution. On the day preceding his death he refused with angry impatience the offer of his kind-hearted landlady to share her dinner with him, telling her abruptly that he was not hungry, although at the time he had not eaten any thing for several days. On the 25th of August,

1770, he was found dead, in consequence of having swallowed arsenic in water, or some preparation of opium. He was buried in a shell, in the cemetery of Shoe-lane workhouse. Previous to this rash act he appears to have destroyed all his manuscripts, as the room when broken open was strewed with scraps of paper.

"I cannot find in Chatterton's works," writes Hazlitt, no grudging critic, "any thing so extraordinary as the age at which they were written. They have a facility, vigour, and knowledge, which were prodigious in a boy of sixteen, but which would not have been so in a man of twenty. He did not show extraordinary powers of genius, but extraordinary precocity. Nor do I believe he would have done better had he lived. He knew this himself, or he would have lived."

JOHN FREDERICK BRYANT.

(1753-1791.)

John Frederick Bryant, the son of a journeyman house-painter in Market-street, Westminster, was born there in 1753. He passed much of his early childhood at Sunbury, with his mother's parents, labouring-people there; but in 1760 went to Bristol, his father returning to this his native city for the purpose of resuming his former trade of tobacco-pipe maker. After a year's dame-schooling, he was kept at home to pack pipes, an occupation allowing him much leisure, which he employed in reading, first abridgments of the Bible, then the Bible itself, and then some old story-books, "of giants, fairies, magicians, and heroes performing impossibilities, which were part of the lumber of a set of dusty shelves in his father's house, and which he then preferred by far to any history or narrative that wore the face of truth." At ten years old, when he was learning to write, he tried to make verses, his earliest inspiration being the turnspit dog of the establishment. His father, for a time, encouraged his efforts in poetry, and promoted, having himself some skill therein, his studies in music; but the American war reducing the elder Bryant to poverty, and rendering the family more dependent than it had been upon the personal labour of its members, the poor lad became censured for attending too much to his books and too little to his work; and at last was forbidden to read at all, except on Sundays. His mother dying, his father's temper growing more and more soured by sorrow and poverty, and his own disinclination to his father's occupation becoming confirmed, he ran away to London, intending to go to sea; but he could get no employment in that career, and was fain, for a time, to pick up a precarious livelihood in the occasional service of a pipe-maker at Woolwich. He then, for two years, worked as a hodman, the hard labour of which occupation, instead of prostrating his previously weak health, as he had apprehended, gave him physical strength, and cheered his spirits; so that he applied some of his leisure hours to stringing together rhymes, mostly of a jocose or satirical kind. One of the satires served him an

ill-turn; an opportunity presented itself of entering upon business as a pipe-maker, and the few pounds necessary for the purpose were forthcoming, when, unluckily, the owner of the shop contemplated, calling to mind some severe strictures that Bryant had composed and uttered against him, refused to let him have the premises.

He then got engaged in a privateer; but after a fortnight's service, the captain found out that he was shortsighted, and discharged him accordingly. After some adventures with a press-gang, he made his way to Bristol, where, his father being dead, he set up a small pipe-making business of his own, increasing his circle of customers by the aid of the Muses; that is to say, by composing and singing songs at several convivial meetings which he frequented, and the members of which naturally bought all their tobacco-pipes of so agreeable a companion. He now married an industrious young woman, who took her full share in the rising business, wholly attending to it on the two days in each week when it was his custom to hawk his pipes about the country. All this time he continued to compose verses; and his verses, after a while, turned to very good account. An accidental circumstance brought him, at Cardiff, under the notice of a traveller, who hearing him sing some of his songs to the company in the tap-room, offered to carry him over the Channel in a boat he had specially engaged, on condition that he enlivened the passage with a continuation of his melodies. On their way, Bryant happening to mention that the verses he sang were his own, the traveller, whose name is not recorded, upon further ascertaining that our bard's present occupation was dangerous to his eyes, conceived an interest in him, and on his arrival in London enabled Bryant to remove thither, and to set up in business as a stationer, bookbinder, and printseller. In this capacity he published, in 1787, a collection of his verses, a volume thin in bulk, but which Mr. Southey has not thought unworthy of his favourable notice.

GEORGE CRABBE.

(1754-1832.)

George Crabbe was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on Christmas Eve, 1754. His father, the local collector of salt-duties, managed, out of his limited means, to give his son a fair education, and, when he had reached his fourteenth year, to article him to a surgeon. The poet's own first outset in life was as a medical man, at Aldborough; but making no progress towards success, he soon abandoned the pursuit, and proceeded to London "to better himself," by taking service with the publishers. He had already composed some poetical pieces, which he considered would, of course, produce a large sum before his money-capital, 3*l.*, should be exhausted. He proffered these essays to several publishers, who, of course, rejected them. In the same year, however, he wrote a poetical epistle to the authors of the *London Review*, and this a publisher *in extremis* consented to print.

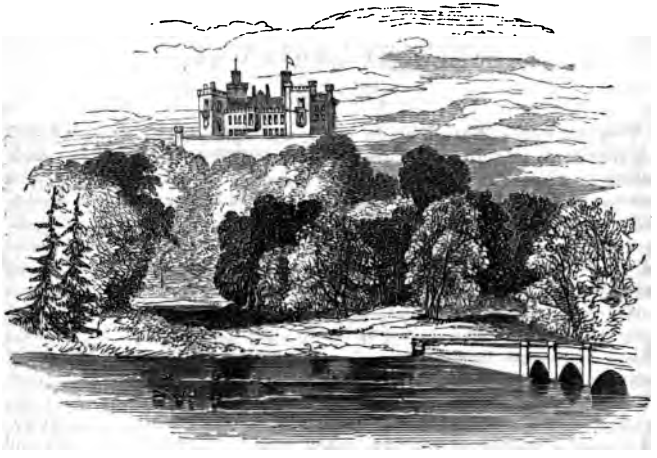
The epistle was not taken in by the public, and its cost probably turned the weight of the scale against the unlucky bibliopole, who failed immediately afterwards. The case of the young poet seemed desperate: he tried the effect of epistles, in prose, upon the premier, Lord North, upon the chancellor, Lord Thurlow, upon half a dozen noblemen; but to no purpose: he did not even realise answers to his letters. In a condition of mind closely bordering upon the frantic, he wrote to Edmund Burke, laid his desperate case before him, and modestly explained the grounds upon which he had ventured to raise the project of making his way as an author. The appeal to the man of genius was successful. Burke at once received the young man into his own house, introduced him to his friends, and, under their auspices, Crabbe wrote *The Library* (1781). There was no difficulty in finding a publisher for a poem by the friend of Mr. Burke, and as little in getting it favourably noticed by the critics.



CRABBE'S BIRTHPLACE.

Lord Thurlow, too, now discovered that Mr. Crabbe had merit, and, inviting him to breakfast, he presented him with 100*l*. What was still more to the purpose, he encouraged him to enter the church, which Crabbe forthwith proceeded to do. On attaining orders, he became for a while curate of his native place, which, however, he soon quitted for Belvoir Castle, the steady friendship of Burke having procured for him the appointment of chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. *The Village*, which appeared in 1783, having undergone the previous revision of critics no less important than Burke and Dr. Johnson themselves, established the poetical position of its author. Many of its telling pictures, that, specially among others, of the *Parish Workhouse*, reproduced in the various periodicals, extended *the poet's name* and fame; Lord Thurlow gave him two small livings,

the smaller, perhaps, in order to give pungency to the chancellor's accompanying jocosity, stamped, of course, with a round oath, that our poet was "as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen." Having now two livings, Crabbe inferred that he should have living for two, and he thereupon married a girl to whom he had been for some time engaged, a neighbour in Suffolk. With a view to contingencies, he further obtained from the Duke of Rutland, in substitution of his chaplaincy, the curacy of Stathern, near Rutland, where he lived for four years, removing then to another living, one of two with larger revenues which were bestowed upon him, in the Vale of Belvoir. He produced no further poetry for several years, but was doubtless collecting materials. His life, meanwhile, was tranquil and happy. His son, in the excellent biography prefixed to Crabbe's collected



BELVOIR CASTLE.

works, thus describes his father at this period: "Out of doors he had always some object in view—a flower, or a pebble, or his note-book in his hand; and in the house, if he was not writing, he was reading. He read aloud very often, even when walking, or seated by the side of his wife in the huge, old-fashioned one-horse chaise, heavier than a modern chariot, in which they were usually conveyed on their little excursions, and the conduct of which he, from awkwardness and absence of mind, prudently relinquished to my mother on all occasions." In 1807 one result of this long meditation appeared in the form of the *Parish Register*, a social poem, which had previously undergone the critical supervision of Mr. Fox, and which was received with extensive popularity. In three years afterwards he published *The Borough*, a poem of the same class; and in 1812, his Tales

in Verse. In 1814, his former patron, the Duke of Rutland, recognised the merit and utility of these productions, by presenting their author with the living of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, the value of which approached 800*l.* per annum. In 1819, his *Tales of the Hall* were published by Mr. Murray, who gave Crabbe no less a sum than 3000*l.* for the copyright of this and the poet's previous works. Mr. Crabbe died at Trowbridge, February 3, 1832; and a monument was erected to his memory by the parishioners, to whom his unaffected virtues and his unostentatious talents had endeared him. That these talents were considerable, and that the end proposed by the poet was the public good is certain; there was, however, some twist in Crabbe's imagination, which rendered the form of his works any thing but attractive.

GREGORY LEWIS WAY.

(1756-1799.)

Gregory Lewis Way, born in 1756, was educated at Eton, whence he removed to Oxford, and then entered himself of the Temple. Succeeding to a small paternal fortune, he sought no accession to it by a profession, or otherwise; but marrying, retired to his seat in Essex, where he spent the remainder of his brief life in tranquil enjoyment. He conceived that happiness is the only rational object of pursuit; and he believed that the means of happiness are to be found in the practice of religion. The history of that religion, therefore, the means by which it was established, the evidence on which it rests, the hopes it holds out, the duties it inculcates, and the opinions of its different sectaries, became the objects of his constant studies and daily meditation. His principal amusement was literature, and particularly poetry; and from this choice of occupations and amusements he acquired such a constant flow of cheerfulness, as a life of more activity, and a greater variety of resource, often fails to produce. He was not only a reader of poetry, but applied himself with considerable effect to its composition; producing, in conjunction with his friend Mr. George Ellis, a metrical translation of a number of the *Fabliaux*, or tales collected in French, by M. Legrand, enriching the translation with many very valuable notes and illustrations. Mr. Way died, after a short illness, on 26th of April, 1799.

ANN YEARSLEY.

(1756-1806.)

In 1784, some verses were commended to the notice of Miss *Hannah More*, as the production of a poor woman, who sold milk

from door to door. The verses struck this benevolent lady as breathing, in however incorrect a form, the genuine spirit of poetry, and were rendered still more interesting to her "by a certain natural and strong expression of misery, which seemed to fill the head and mind of the author." Upon inquiry, she found that the humble poetess —an entirely illiterate woman, except that her brother had taught her to read—had, not long before, been, with her own family, a husband and six children, and an aged brother, on the brink of starvation, when they were rescued by a kind-hearted gentleman of the neighbourhood, Mr. Vaughan. The relief, however, had come too late to serve the mother, and her death had "left a settled impression of sorrow on her daughter's mind." Hannah More, finding the young woman worthy of her support, procured the publication, by subscription, of a small volume of her poems, having previously corrected their lesser inaccuracies of expression. A sum of 350*l.* was realised by this means; but a difference between the authoress and her benefactor as to the disposition of this little fortune arose, and Hannah More, naturally enough, withdrew from all connection with Mrs. Yearsley and her affairs. To the fourth edition of her poems, in 1786, the authoress prefixed a vindication of herself from the charge of ingratitude; but she certainly appears to have acted towards Hannah More with at least great petulance. A second collection of poems was published, by subscription, in 1787; and the authoress made an unsuccessful attempt to establish a circulating library at Bristol Hot Wells. In 1791, a tragedy from her pen, called *Earl Goodwin*, was acted at the Bath and Bristol Theatres, with no great effect. Her last production was a novel, not completed, called *The Royal Captives*, founded on the story of the Man of the Iron Mask. Her reason for publishing the work incomplete was, she says, "a desire that the world may speak of me as I am, while I have power to hear. The clouds that hang over my fortunes intervene between me and the public; I incessantly struggle to dissipate them, and feel these struggles vain, and shall drop in the effort." The tone of this preface, and, indeed, that of her unhappy and most unjustifiable quarrel with Hannah More, may be considered as foreshadowing the insanity that afflicted her for some time before her death, which occurred at Melksham in 1806. Undue disappointment, the reaction of undue expectations, doubtless contributed much to the calamity. Mr. Southey writes of her—"with extraordinary talents, strong feelings, and an ardent mind, she never produced a poem which found its way into any popular collection; and very few passages can be extracted from her writings which would have any other value than as indicating powers which the possessor knew not how to employ."

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

(1756-1826.)

William Gifford, descended from a respectable Devonshire family, which in his father's time had fallen into decay, was born at Ashbur-

ton, April 1756. His parents dying while he was yet a child, his godfather bound him apprentice to a shoemaker; but his intellectual aspirations induced him to seize a few opportunities that presented themselves for improving the trivial education that had been previously provided for him; and a few crude verses of his composition attracting the attention of Mr. Cookesley, a benevolent surgeon of the place, that gentleman, by means of a subscription among his friends, raised a sum of six pounds, which was employed to free the unwilling shoemaker's apprentice from his bondage, and to maintain him for a few months, while the education he needed progressed. That progress was so satisfactory, that his patrons renewed their contributions, and thus enabled the young aspirant to remain at school for another year. In another year, the kindness of Mr. Taylor, of Denbury, procured for Gifford the place of Biblical Reader at Exeter College, the remuneration for which, with some aid from his friends at Ashburton, sufficed for a time to maintain him; and his means were, later, increased by his receiving pupils, which the liberality of the college authorities enabled him to do. One of those casual circumstances, which, occurring to men of tact, lead on to fortune, introduced young Gifford to Earl Grosvenor, who, upon hearing his story, undertook his present support and future establishment, and meantime received him as a friend and companion into his house. He afterwards accompanied Earl Grosvenor's eldest son two successive tours on the continent. During his residence with Earl Grosvenor, Mr. Gifford seems to have been principally occupied in his translation of *Juvenal*, which was, however, preceded in publication by his well-known *Baviad*, a paraphrase on the first satire of *Persius*, which appeared in 1794. This poem, the first which called him into general notice, was directed against the Della Crusca school of poetasters. In 1794 appeared the *Mœviad*, a satire of the same class, in imitation of the tenth satire of the first book of *Horace;* in which, although equally personal, he is certainly less unnecessarily virulent. Following up a line of composition so congenial with his temper and talents, he published in 1800 his *Epistle to Peter Pindar*, an attack which brought him little beyond disquiet; the laughter of the one satirist being quite as formidable as the gall of the other. Wolcot was also an unscrupulous man, and could advert to the personal character of patrons as well as clients, and suggest motives and employments, in a species of banter between jest and earnest, of a more annoying nature than even direct accusation. In 1802 Mr. Gifford sent out his principal work, his English version of *Juvenal*, which production engrossed the greater part of his life, received the correction of his friends, and was sent into the world with every possible advantage, headed by a dedication to the late Earl Grosvenor, "with admiration of his talents and virtues." Contemporaneously with his publication of the *Baviad* and *Mœviad*, Mr. Gifford became editor of the *Anti-Jacobin;* a periodical now chiefly remembered as the periodical vehicle of the polished, keen, and playful wit of Messrs. Canning, Ellis, and Frere. The most remarkable circumstance attendant upon this part of the political partisanship of Mr. Gifford consists in the fact, that much of the satire which he thus conducted was levelled at men *who* afterwards became his coadjutors, and whom he was subse-

quently called upon to support against the ridicule so justly due to writers who embrace the two extremes of opinion, and are equally intolerant in both of them. In 1805 he published his edition of *Massinger*, an able performance, but exhibiting his usual acerbity in respect to the failures of former commentators. In 1816 he gave to the world his edition of *Ben Jonson*, in his annotations on whom he exhibits the same acuteness and industry as in *Massinger*. His version of *Perseus* did not make its appearance until 1821; subsequently to which, in addition to his labours as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, he completed an edition of the plays of Ford, and commenced the dramas of Shirley, which were nearly finished at the time of his decease.

When the success of the *Edinburgh Review*, on a new and searching plan of political and critical severity, suggested the notion of a counterpoise in a journal of similar pretensions, but of opposing party opinions, under the title of the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Gifford, who is said to have proposed the undertaking, was intrusted with its management. The experiment was tried; and being countenanced by the side in power, by a considerable portion of clerical influence, by liberal conduct in a pecuniary sense, and by an able list of contributors, it fully succeeded. From this time, the influence and celebrity of Mr. Gifford may be deemed established; nor were his services as a party man forgotten by those who could reward them, as he possessed what may be deemed two sinecures, being comptroller of the lottery at a salary of 600*l.* per annum, and paymaster of the band of Gentleman Pensioners at 300*l.* per annum. What is chiefly to be regretted in his conduct as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was the inexcusable fault of judging every species of composition by the known or presumed politics of the author. However that might be supported by precedent, in regard to works more or less connected with political opinions, it had seldom before been extended to productions of every class, on the principle of a literary proscription. No man had a finer tact in the discovery of the bad or weak points of a writer whom it was an object to run down, or could expose them to ridicule and reprobation with more acrimonious felicity. Whatever the merit, design, or subject of a work, if its author were known to be of opposing principles or opinions to those supported in the review, it had to encounter the ordeal of this perverse and dishonest ingenuity. On such occasions, every little error, slip, or inaccuracy, was selected for display; every beauty concealed; the general design and scope of the writer either disguised or omitted; and the whole of a really promising or meritorious performance treated as if it were one chaos of error or defect. Some striking examples of this injustice did not serve to heighten either the critical or moral character of Mr. Gifford, while living; and connected with more than one piquant anecdote and stinging exposure, one of the most crushing of which was Hazlitt's masterly *Letter to Gifford*, they will be long remembered to his disadvantage.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mr. Gifford was the author of a few pleasing poems, one of which, commencing, "I wish I was where Anna lies," although a loan both in thought and expression, has been generally and deservedly admired. He was not, however, a poet

in the more lofty and imaginative sense of the term. Looking at his origin, and primitive disadvantages, William Gifford must, nevertheless, be always regarded as a highly-gifted and extraordinary man; and the history of his life affords another memorable example of the occasional mastery with which strong natural powers can free themselves from the trammels of untoward circumstances, and acquire the pre-eminence which is justly due to them.

The death of this literary veteran took place on Sunday, the 31st December, 1826, at his house in James Street, Buckingham Gate. His salary of 1500*l.* per annum as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, his sinecures, the remuneration received for his various literary labours, and a pension, it is said, of 400*l.* per annum from his former pupil, Earl Grosvenor, enabled him to die rich.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

(1757-1833.)

William Sotheby, eldest son of Colonel Sotheby of the Guards, was born in London, 9th November, 1757; and after receiving his education at Harrow, obtained a commission in the 10th Dragoons. He did not, however, remain long in the army; for in 1780 he purchased Bevis Mount, near Southampton, where he resided in intellectual retirement until 1791, when he removed to London, in order to enjoy the literary and scientific society of which that capital is the focus. He had already made himself known by several translations from the minor Greek and Roman poets, and by a metrical description of a pedestrian tour he had made through Wales. His translation of Wieland's *Oberon*, by its fidelity and elegance, procured for him the grateful encomiums of the amiable author.

The glorious victory of Nelson, in which Mr. Sotheby felt more than common interest, his son Charles having been on board the *Alexander* during the action, as a midshipman, gave rise to the short but spirited poem, *The Battle of the Nile* (1799). In 1800 appeared Mr. Sotheby's well-known translation of the *Georgics*. In 1801 his love of the fine arts prompted him to address to his friend Sir George Beaumont "a Poetical Epistle on the Encouragement of the British School of Painting." In 1802 was published the tragedy of *Orestes*, on the model of the ancient Greek drama, accompanied by a mask entitled *Huon de Bourdeaux*, founded on the poem of Oberon, and interspersed with many elegant songs, adapted to the music of Viotti.

The formation of a volunteer corps in his district, in which he took an active part, diverted him from literature for some time; but in 1807 he published a sacred poem, in blank verse, entitled *Saul*. In 1810 appeared *Constance de Castille*, a metrical poem in ten cantos, on the model of Marmion; *Julian, or the Confession*, a tragedy, which had been represented at Drury Lane, was published, with three other poems, in 1814.

A journey through France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, in 1816-17, afforded to Mr. Sotheby's highly-refined mind the materials for a series of graceful poems, which were, in 1828, collected and published under the title of *Italy*. One of the poems in this volume, *Retrospect*, narrates, in touching strains, the successive afflictions which, in the successive deaths of the author's eldest and third sons, had darkened the otherwise happy course of his tranquil existence.

On the 4th September, 1830, Mr. Sotheby, then past seventy years of age, completed his masterly translation of the *Iliad;* and in July 1832 he finished that not less vigorous one of the *Odyssey*.

This excellent man and most agreeable poet died in London on the 30th December, 1833, in the 77th year of his age.

ROBERT BURNS.*

(1759-1796.)

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759. His father, William Burness (so he spelt his name), was scarcely a flourishing man. Circumstances had compelled him to enter the service as gardener, &c., of Crawford of Doonside, Fergusson of Dunholm, and another gentleman; but previous to the period of Robert's birth, he had been enabled to commence as nurseryman on his own account.



ROOM IN WHICH BURNS WAS BORN.

* Abridged from a memoir by Edmund Forster Blanchard.

His seven acres were situated near the bridge of Doon, and his residence was a clay cottage, built with his own hands. Here Robert was born. A few days after his birth, a part of the dwelling was blown down during a storm; and Burns always said, that this unpropitious commencement had influenced his passions, and that he was irresponsible for the result. The father had seen "better days," and came of a good stock. He was an honest, God-fearing man, of some education too. His constant object was to bring up his family in the same spirit,—he succeeded: and though in extreme poverty, they always bore a higher reputation than their neighbours. Thus Burns had many advantages. At the age of six, his father sent him to school; and he was soon noticed for his proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic. With his younger brother Gilbert he also studied under Mr. John Murdock, a young man who was engaged by six families for the education of their children. But when Burns was growing up, his labour was so necessary to his father, that he could find but little time for study. As usual amongst the peasantry, the father established a sort of class in the evening after work, imparting the knowledge he possessed in a familiar and practical manner, which impressed it on the memory. Some years afterwards, Burns had "a fortnight's French"—a rather melancholy affair the readers of his letters will find. He also attempted Latin; but little came of it.

In addition to these decidedly educational steps, he had picked up a considerable amount of "legendary lore," and read a few books. In 1767 the family removed to a small farm (Mount Oliphant), near to his former nursery, and here it was that Robert's practical ability displayed itself. Though so young, he could do the work of a regular labourer—and did it. The great exertion, and *insufficiency of food*, weakened his constitution very much. Mr. Chambers says, "Externally, the consequences appeared in a stoop in the shoulders, which never left him; but internally, in the more serious form of mental depression, attended by a nervous disorder which affected the movements of the heart."

About this time he met a "handsome Nell," and the consequence some time after was a copy of verses, beginning "Ah, once I loved a pretty lass." Another passion or habit was soon acquired: Burns tells us that he spent his nineteenth summer in a smuggling boat, "and learnt to fill his glass, and mix without fear in a drunken squabble." This was while at a school, to which he had gone for the purpose of learning mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c. But while taking the sun's altitude one morning, he was startled by what appears to have been a remarkably charming girl, and his trigonometry was abolished for love-making. We must not forget that, about this period, he rather offended his father by learning to dance. Another favourite amusement was a debating-club. The club was founded by Burns, and he became the leading orator. In addition to the delights of oratory and song-writing, which he had now commenced, Burns amused himself by extensive correspondence.

Robert and his brother, in 1764, took the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline, consisting of 118 acres, at an annual rent of ninety pounds. Their mother superintended the dairy and the household, while the

poet and Gilbert undertook for the rest. Whilst labouring in the fields, Robert was always working away at a song—the same one, perhaps, for three or four days, or possibly three or four in the same day—and they were written down, from memory, in leisure moments.

A disagreement in the church about this time occasioned some of Burns' best-known performances, the clergy separating into two factions, calling themselves the "old" and "new" lights; the "old lights" being for the utmost rigidity of conduct, the "new lights" admitting a little amusement. Burns of course joined this latter party, and aided them with vigour, if not with discretion, in *The Holy Fair*, *The Holy Tuilzie*, *The Kirk's Alarm*, *The Ordination*, and *Holy Willie's Prayer*, &c.

It was perhaps scarcely Burns' fault that the Mossgiel farm did not prosper; for though his farming memorandum-book was inscribed "Robert Burns, Poet," and contained very little but scraps of verse, it is a well-known fact that corn will grow if the seed be sown; and this was occasionally done. But, unfortunately, a succession of bad seasons marred the effects of agricultural ability. Under these circumstances, Burns revived an old notion of obtaining a stewardship to a West Indian plantation,—a plan rendered the more desirable by the unhappy circumstances of his connection with Jean Armour, whom he afterwards married.

To raise the necessary money for his schemes, he collected his songs, and published a volume by subscription. This was in July 1786. The volume succeeded well, and the author, after paying all expenses, found himself the possessor of twenty pounds. The songs went over the land,—rich and poor were struck with them; they were in a dialect which all could appreciate, and the peasants were soon heard singing them in the fields.

Burns was on the brink of departure, when a criticism from Dr. Blacklock was shown to him; with the utmost impetuosity he resolved on a second edition and a visit to Edinburgh.

He reached Edinburgh in November 1786. He was then in his twenty-eighth year. His little capital was nearly expended; but he was fortunate in meeting with an offer to share the humble lodging of a friend, one Richmond, a writer's apprentice. He however met other friends who could do more for him, and an introduction to the Earl of Glencairn and other noblemen soon followed. Nearly three thousand copies of the book were subscribed for; and Burns' earliest use of the consequent wealth was to relieve his mother's imminent distress.

Soon the post of gauger was procured for him,—"a situation (says Mr. Cunningham) neither so humble, nor the emoluments so trifling, as some of the poet's southern admirers have supposed. A gauger's income in those days, on the banks of the Frith, was equal to three hundred a year at present in London; an excise officer is the companion of gentlemen; he is usually a well-informed person, and altogether fifty per cent above the ordinary excise officers on the banks of the Thames."

It was while in Edinburgh that occurred one of the most remarkable phases of the poet's life: his attachment to Mrs. M'Lehose, the

"Clarinda" of numberless songs and letters. But the attachment perhaps contributed the more to render him the unhappy person he calls himself at this time: "The sport, the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imagination, agonising sensibility, and bedlam passions."

He now married his mistress, Jean Armour, a second time become the mother of twins, and took a farm of upwards of a hundred acres on the south side of the Nith, six miles above Dumfries. But the land was bad; and Burns, as exciseman, could not give it the necessary attention. Amongst his occupations, poetry, however, was not neglected. The *Scots Musical Museum*, in those days, contains a hundred and eighty-four songs written or collected by Burns. The farm having failed, Burns sold off household and farming-stock, abandoned agriculture for ever, and settled finally in Dumfries as an officer of the crown.



BRIDGE OF AYR.

It was at the beginning of 1792 that Burns commenced this new plan of life. He indulged in hopes of advancement which he never met with. His duties, indeed, were performed with the utmost regularity and efficiency; but such songs as *A Man's a Man for a' that* were not exactly calculated to please the courtiers of those days, and he was suspected of being disaffected to the government. Mr. Corbet, one of the supervisors-general of excise, was instructed to inform him that his business *was to act, not to think;* and that, whatever might be men or measures, he was to be *silent and obedient.* After this indignity Burns felt that he had no prospect of rising, and the bitterness of his position came full upon him. He could not but see that the great people would have nothing more to say to him. A crowd of gentlemen and ladies thronged one side of the principal street of *Dumfries* one evening, waiting the commencement of some county

ball, and Burns was seen alone on the other side. A friend rode up to him, and wished him to join the throng. But Burns replied, "Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now."

Sorrow and sickness soon did their work on poor Burns. Rheumatism and fever prevented him from attending to his excise duties, and his pay would have been stopped had he not found a friend to perform his work. Poverty also afflicted him, and his last days were embittered by a "haberdasher," who threatened him for the cost of his volunteer's regimentals. He knew that he was dying, and bore the sensation with firmness. He died on the 21st of July, 1796. As usual, the deficiency of blanket of the present day was followed by the luxuriance of the pall of the morrow. The principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, with the Gentlemen Volunteers, the Fencible Infantry of Angus-shire, and a cavalry regiment quartered at Dumfries, did all honour in their several ways at the poet's funeral on the 25th.



ALLOWAY KIRK.

The large family which Burns left received an addition on the day of his funeral, whilst the procession was moving down the street. A large subscription was easily raised for their benefit; and we believe that, as soldiers, the sons have risen to high rank, and raised, if possible, their father's name.

JOHN MAYNE.

(1761-1836.)

John Mayne was born of humble parents in Dumfries, in the year 1761. His taste and capacity for poetical composition were displayed so early as his sixteenth year, when, whilst an apprentice-typographer in the *Dumfries Journal* office, he published the germ of his since celebrated poem the *Siller Gun*, which he continued to reproduce, from time to time, enlarged, altered, and improved, until the very year of his death (1836), when it was reprinted with the addition of a fifth canto. This poem—the theme of which is a silver gun, a tube, presented by James VI. to the incorporated trades of Dumfries, as a prize for the best marksman—was declared by Walter Scott to "surpass the efforts of Fergusson, and to come near those of Burns." Mr. Mayne was also the author of several beautiful ballads, *Logan Braes*, *Helen of Kirkconnel*, &c. "Though long resident in London," writes Mr. Chambers, "as proprietor of the *Star* newspaper, Mr. Mayne retained his Scottish enthusiasm to the last; and to those who, like ourselves, recollect him in advanced life, stopping in the midst of his duties as a public journalist to trace some remembrance of his native Dumfries and the banks of the Nith, or to hum over some rural or pastoral song which he had heard forty or fifty years before, his name, as well as his poetry, recals the strength and permanency of early feelings and associations."

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

(1762-1850.)

William Lisle Bowles, of an ancient family in the county of Wilts, was born in the village of King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire—a parish of which his father was vicar—on the 24th Sept. 1762. He was educated at Winchester School, under Dr. Joseph Warton, and rose to be senior boy. Warton took much notice of him; and on his removal to Oxford, in 1782, was the means of inducing him to enter at Trinity College, of which Thomas Warton was then the senior fellow. Mr. Bowles became a poet in print in his twenty-seventh year, publishing in 1789 a very small volume in quarto, with the very modest title of *Fourteen Sonnets*. His excellencies were not lost on the public; and in the same year appeared a second edition, with seven additional sonnets. "I had just entered on my seventeenth year," writes Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, "when the sonnets of Mr. Bowles, twenty-one in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me by a schoolfellow at Christ's Hospital, who had quitted us for the University. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and a half, more than forty *transcriptions*, as the best presents I could offer to those who had in

any way won my regard; and with almost equal delight did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author."

Coleridge was always consistent in his admiration of Mr. Bowles. "Charlotte Smith and Bowles," he says, writing in 1797, "are they who first made the sonnet popular among the present generation of English readers:" and in the same year in which this encomium was printed, his own volume of poetry contains sonnets attempted in the manner of Mr. Bowles. "My obligations to Mr. Bowles," he adds, in another place, "were indeed important, and for radical good." And that his approbation might not be confined to prose, he has said in verse:

> "My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles, for those soft strains
> Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
> Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring."

Mr. Bowles' sonnets were descriptive of his personal feelings; and the manly tenderness which pervades them was occasioned, he tells us, by the sudden death of a deserving young woman, with whom,

> "Sperabat longos, heu! et ducere soles,
> Et fido acclinis consenuisse sinu."

An eighth edition appeared in 1802; and a ninth and tenth have since been demanded.

While at Trinity, where he took his degree in 1792, Mr. Bowles obtained the chancellor's prize for a Latin poem. On leaving the University, he entered into holy orders, and was appointed to a curacy in Wiltshire, from which he was preferred to a living in Gloucester-



BREMHILL RECTORY.

shire; and, in 1803, to a canonry in Salisbury Cathedral. His next step was to the rectory of Bremhill, Wiltshire, to which he was

presented by Archbishop Moore. Here he remained till his death (7th April, 1850), beloved by his parishioners and by all who knew him. A volume of his sermons (*Paulus Parochialis*), designed for country congregations, was published in 1826.

The sonnets were followed, at an Horatian interval, by other poems, hardly of an inferior quality: *Hope, an allegorical Sketch; St. Michael's Mount, Cruel Ellen,* and *Grave of Howard.* His *Spirit of Discovery by Sea,* the longest of his productions, was published in 1804, and is now chiefly remembered for the unhappy notoriety which Lord Byron obtained for it, by asserting, in his *English Bards,* that the poet had made the *woods of Madeira* tremble to a kiss. Lord Byron subsequently acknowledged that he had mistaken Mr. Bowles' meaning; too late, however, to remove the injurious impression which his hasty reading had occasioned.

Mr. Bowles published an edition of Pope—it is a very poor performance; and a *Life of Bishop Ken*—a work of little merit.

JOHANNA BAILLIE.

(1762-1851.)

Johanna Baillie was the daughter of a Scottish clergyman; her mother being the sister of the celebrated Dr. W. Hunter. She was born, in 1762, at Bothwell, near Glasgow; but early in life removed with her sister Agnes to London, where their brother, the late Sir Matthew Baillie, was settled as a physician; and there her earliest poetical works appeared, anonymously. Her first dramatic efforts were published in 1798, under the title, *A Series of Plays, in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger passions of the mind; each passion being the subject of a Tragedy and Comedy.* A long preface, occupied by a dissertation on the acted drama in general, betrayed sufficient technical ignorance of the stage to render it obvious that these plays could never live in representation. A second volume was published in 1802, and a third in 1812. During the interval, she gave the world a volume of miscellaneous dramas, including the *Family Legend;* a tragedy, founded upon a story of one of the Macleans of Appin, and which, principally through Sir Walter Scott's endeavours, was brought out at the Edinburgh Theatre. She visited Scott in Edinburgh in 1808. In the following year, the drama in question was played with temporary success, Sir Walter's enthusiasm in its favour communicating itself to Edinburgh society in general. The prologue was written by Scott, and the epilogue by Mackenzie. The drama ran fourteen nights, and was published by the Ballantynes. In 1814 it was played in London.

The only play of the passions ever represented on a stage was *De Montfort,* brought out by John Kemble, and played for eleven nights. In 1821 it was revived for Edmund Kean, but fruitlessly. Miss O'Neil played the heroine. In fact, like all Johanna's efforts, it was a poem—a poem full of genius and the truest spirit of poetry; but not a play. Scott was greatly taken by it. In 1836 the au-

thoress published three more volumes of plays; but it was only a few months before her death that she produced a complete edition of her dramatic works. In their general character they are marked by great originality and invention; for the foundations of her dramas are for the most not historical, nor stories from real life, but combinations wrought out from her own conceptions. Her knowledge of the human heart, of its wide range of good and evil, of its multifarious, changeful, and wayward nature, was great; and her power of portraying character has rarely been exceeded. Her language is simple and forcible, while the illustrations and imagery, often suggested, probably, by the picturesque localities where her youth was passed, are copious and effective. Her female portraits are especially beautiful, and possess an unusual degree of elevation and purity. Though her plots are constructed with neatness, the catastrophe is too apparent from the first—a fatal stage fault; while the dramatic situations are few and ineffective, which was the cause of the limited success of her plays in the theatre. Johanna Baillie retained her faculties till the last. She always lived in retirement, and latterly in strict seclusion in her retreat at Hampstead.

The literary fame she acquired by her dramatic works, aided in no small degree by the long and loudly-expressed admiration of Walter Scott, never succeeded in drawing her generally into society. Gentle and unassuming to all, with an unchangeable simplicity of manner and character, she counted many of the persons most celebrated for talent and genius among her friends. Nor were those who resorted to her modest home confined to the natives of this country; but many from various parts of Europe, and especially from America, sought introductions to one whose fame is commensurate with a knowledge of English literature. By the poor in her neighbourhood she will long be remembered for her benevolence and prompt humanity, whenever she was called to evince those qualities.

REV. JAMES HURDIS.

(1763-1801.)

James Hurdis was born about 1763; he was a native of Sussex, and educated at Magdalen College, Oxford; where he took the degree of A.M. 1787, and obtained a fellowship. In 1788 he published a poem in blank verse, entitled *The Village Curate*, and in 1790 *Adriano, or the First of June.* These poems immediately brought him into notice, and were spoken of in terms of the warmest praise by an eminent Oxford scholar, at the time of their first appearance; while others equally condemned them. They are too much an echo of Cowper; but still they possess considerable merit, and by no means deserve the contemptuous terms in which Miss Seward has spoken of them in her memoirs of Darwin. In 1790 he published *A Short Critical Disquisition on the true meaning of a passage in Genesis* i. 21. In 1793, when he was curate of Burwash in Sussex, he addressed to the inhabitants of that parish, *Reflections on the commence-*

ment of the New Year. In that year he had the honour of being elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, against the competition of Mr. Kett; but his scholarship is said not to have been equal to his situation. In point of natural endowments, he was far superior to some who have filled that office. He published also *A Volume of Poems*, 1791, including the *Play of Sir Thomas More; Cursory Remarks upon the arrangement of Shakspeare's Plays, occasioned by reading Mr. Malone's Essay on the Chronological order of those celebrated pieces*, 1792; and *Select Critical Remarks upon the English Version of the Ten First Chapters of Genesis*, 1794. He likewise gave a new edition of *Drayton's Heroical Epistles*, several of whose letters to him are in Hayley's Life of that poet. He did at Blackburn, Lancashire, December 22, 1801, aged thirty-eight, leaving a character of uncommon gentleness and purity of mind and conduct.

JAMES GRAHAME.

(1765-1811.)

James Grahame was born in Glasgow, 1765. He practised as an advocate at the Scottish bar for several years, and then taking orders in the Church of England, became curate, first of Shipton in Gloucestershire, and then of Sedgefield in Durham; in both of which he secured the esteem and admiration of his parishioners by his virtues and his talents as a preacher. He died, during a visit to his native country, 14 September, 1811. Mr. Grahame's works are, *Mary Queen of Scots*, a dramatic poem; *The Sabbath; Sabbath Walks; Biblical Pictures; The Bards of Scotland;* and *British Georgics*, poems in blank verse. His descriptions of scenery are highly graphic, and his sketches of rural life characterised by close and kindly observation and a spirit of genuine piety.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

(1766-1823.)

Robert, the third son of George Bloomfield, a tailor at Honington, near Bury St. Edmunds, was born December 3, 1766. The father dying when the child was only six months old, the mother married again. When Robert was eleven years old, his mother's sister's husband, William Austin, a farmer at Sapiston, near Honington, took him into his house for a while; but the lad's physical strength not being adequate to agricultural work, his eldest brother, George, a journeyman shoemaker in London, had him up to town, and undertook to maintain him and teach him his own business; another brother, Nathaniel, also a journeyman shoemaker, promising to clothe him. The lodging into which the kind-hearted brother received the future poet, was in No. 7 Pitcher's Court, Bell Alley, Coleman Street.

The room, a single one, was used in the day as a workshop by George Bloomfield and five other journeyman shoemakers. They were all politicians; and young Robert, in the intervals of learning the "gentle craft," was employed in reading the newspaper to them; a task which, though irksome, greatly advanced his previously very limited information. By and by George Bloomfield took in the *London Magazine*, the review department of which much interested young Robert, who thence derived a certain knowledge of what was going on in the literary world. The poetry still more commanded his attention, and he, after a while, put together some verses, which he sent to the Magazine; they were printed, and constitute *The Milkmaid, or the First of May*, the first forerunner of *The Farmer's Boy*. *The Sailor's Return*, a second lucubration, was also printed in the Magazine; and soon afterwards an accidental acquisition of *Thomson's Seasons* enabled young Bloomfield to attain a higher appreciation of the art of which he had become, almost unconsciously, a votary.

In consequence of some dispute between the master-shoemakers and the journeymen as to apprentices, Robert left his brother, and



AUSTIN'S FARM.

lived two months in the country. He then returned to London, became apprentice—as a matter of form—to a ladies' shoemaker, Mr. Dunbridge, and by twenty-four years of age had acquired an expert knowledge of the business. Thereupon he married Mary Anne Church, the daughter of a shipwright in the government yard at Woolwich, and began shoemaking on his own account. He lived on for several years in furnished lodgings; and then, achieving a bed and some other articles of his own, took a room up one pair of stairs, at 14 Bell Alley, Coleman Street, the landlord good-naturedly giving him leave to work in the garret. There, amidst six or seven other

workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing *The Farmer's Boy*, the greater portion of which was composed, revised, and corrected, in his head, before a line was committed to paper, in order that no paper might be wasted by experimental transcriptions.

The poem written, the next question was how to get it printed; this question was solved by the kind heart and refined taste of Mr. Capel Lofft, to whom, as a Suffolk gentleman, known to possess these qualities, the manuscript was submitted by George Bloomfield; and who, finding in the poem, as he himself writes, "simplicity, sweetness, a natural tenderness, that *molle atque facetum* which Horace celebrates in the Eclogues of Virgil," procured its publication by Messrs. Verner and Hood; excellent Tom Hill, the mediator on the occasion, arranging that the poet should receive 50*l.* down, and a share of the profits, free of any risk from loss. Four editions of the work were published concurrently in four different shapes, and at four different prices, with a notice of the author, and a preface by Capel Lofft. The success of the publication was instant and complete; and the conscientious publishers,—to whom be all honour for their rare liberality,—thereupon presented the poet not merely with the 50*l.* of the bond, but with 200*l.* in addition, and a clear moiety of the copyright; a valuable concession, seeing that in a comparatively short period, forty thousand copies of the work were sold. Besides the warm commendations of some of the leading literary persons of the day, this English *Georgic* procured for its author the substantial rewards, besides the publishing profits, of a handsome donation from the Duke of York, and from the Duke of Grafton of an allowance for life of a shilling a day, and the under-sealership of the Seal Office, an office which ill-health in after years compelled him to relinquish.

Bloomfield, though his finances were thus materially improved, did not abandon his trade, but worked at it for several years in a cottage near the Shepherd and Shepherdess in the City Road, where he also made admirable Æolian harps, which had a ready and profitable sale. He added further to his means by contributions to the *Monthly Mirror*, whence, in 1802, he reprinted, with additions, *Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs*. In 1804 appeared a poem called, *Good Tidings, or News from the Farm*, to celebrate the then newly-introduced practice of vaccination. Next, in 1806, came *Wild Flowers, or Pastoral and Local Poetry*, a series of rustic stories, in which the humorous and the pathetic are very successfully mingled. In 1807, a party of Bloomfield's friends took him on an excursion up the Wye, the result of which was the descriptive poem *The Banks of Wye*, which, however, was not published until 1811.

His health failing him at about the latter period, he withdrew for some years to Shefford, in Bedfordshire, near the seat of his kind patron Mr. Whitbread, who, until his own death, afforded him a hospitality which reduced means rendered of great utility. In his latter years, Bloomfield was incapacitated from work by severe headaches, causing almost entire blindness, and by the progress of dropsy. To his bodily sufferings were added pecuniary embarrassments; for while he had money, it had been at the command of his indigent relations, of his beloved mother, for whom he bought and fitted up the

cottage of his birth; of his brothers, all three married, all three with large families, all three ever in difficulties. The last productions of our poet were, *May Day with the Muses* (1822), written, as he pathetically says, "in anxiety and a wretched state of health," and *Hazlewood Hall*, a village drama, in 3 acts (1823).

After repeated accesses of his disorder, the last attack being such that his friends feared, if he survived it, it would reduce him to a state of mental aberration, Robert Bloomfield expired at Shefford, on Tuesday, August 19, 1823.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(1770.)

William Wordsworth was a native of Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, and born April 7th, 1770. His father (the law-agent to Lord Londsdale) was both able and willing to bestow upon his two sons, William and Christopher, afterwards Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, master of Trinity College, the benefit of a first-rate education. After being some time at Hawkesworth school in Lancashire, they were sent to the University of Cambridge, where the subject of this memoir was entered at St. John's, 1787. Even thus early poetry became the business and pleasure of his life.

Having taken his degree and finished his academical course of studies, he travelled on the Continent for a time, and, on his return to England, married his cousin. Wordsworth was a poet from boyhood; but his first public appearance was in 1793, when, in his twenty-third year, he published *The Evening Walk* and *Descriptive*

Sketches, the subjects of which were suggested by the romantic lakes and mountains of Westmorland, and by a tour made in Switzerland, in company with his friend the Rev. R. Jones, Fellow of St. John's



RYDAL WATER.

College. During his stay in Westmorland, where he had settled soon after his marriage, a gentleman dying in the neighbourhood, and entertaining a great liking for him, left Wordsworth a handsome legacy, which seems to have led the way to other and numerous bequests left him by those who valued and admired him; added to which, the post of distributer of stamps was obtained for him by the influence of the noble family of Lowther, which, being of easy though profitable employment, left the greater portion of his time unoccupied, a leisure he did not fail to make use of. This post he resigned in favour of his son, in 1842.

Wordsworth was perhaps the greatest of our metaphysical poets, and the variety and beauty of his works procured for him, from a liberal government, a pension of 300*l.* per annum. He was also appointed poet-laureate in 1843, in consequence of the death of his illustrious friend, Southey.

His early poetry is in the style of Goldsmith; but reflection is less the subject of these works than description. Enthusiastic dreams of liberty seem to have engrossed his thoughts, and given a bias to his actions.

In 1798, he and his friend Coleridge gave to the world a collection of *Lyrical Ballads;* those by Wordsworth were designed as an experiment, as to whether a simpler style of poetry than that in vogue would meet with the same attention from the public. They were, however, unsuccessful, and in many instances condemned; and his style of composition overpowered, at least for a time, the impression

otherwise created by the spirit of exquisite beauty by which they were accompanied. Two more volumes were published in 1807; and it became apparent that the poet possessed a fund of description and meditation that could not fail to be admired; and he has triumphed as a poet in spite of his own theory. In 1814 appeared *The Excursion*, a philosophical poem in blank verse, which is perhaps the noblest production of our author. *The Excursion*, however, was an unfinished poem, and formed part of a larger one, *The Recluse*.

The after works of the poet were, *The White Doe of Rylstone, Sonnets on the River Dudden, the Waggoner, Peter Bell, Ecclesiastical Sketches, Yarrow Revisited*, &c.

Wordsworth diversified his poems with descriptions of the different scenes through which he travelled; and having made repeated visits to the Continent and Scotland, imparted to his works the result of his journeys, giving a description of local manners, legends, &c. His works, classified into *Poems of the Affections*, of *the Imagination*, &c. were published in 7 volumes, the 7th volume containing a tragedy and poems, written very early and very late in life. Of the tragedy much cannot be said in commendation; of all poets perhaps Wordsworth has the least dramatic power. Many of his odes and sonnets have, however, a noble and chaste simplicity; and his power is more remarkably displayed in these than any other of his productions.

Wordsworth had little strong passion in his writings, which were rather marked by an imaginative style, blending metaphysical truth with metaphor and glowing description. He has, however, given to the world a specimen of how much he could excel in imparting to the description of love in *Vaudracour and Julia*, a warmth and passion foreign to his general idealism.

It is to be regretted that Wordsworth fell into those errors which want of discrimination and taste too frequently led him into, and he seems to have attached as much value to his most indifferent ballads and attempts at humour, as to the most enthusiastic and beautiful of his descriptive pieces. His peculiar habits of retirement, and the strangeness of his disposition, may doubtless have been the cause of this weakness.

Coleridge, his most ardent admirer, friend, and companion, has drawn his poetical character at length in his *Biographia Literaria*.

"First. An austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning.

Secondly. A correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments, won not from books, but from the poet's own meditations. They are fresh, and have the dew upon them; even throughout his smaller poems, there is not one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection.

Thirdly. The sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs; the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction.

Fourthly. The perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature.

Fifthly. A meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility; a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy, indeed of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer and co-mate (*spectator haud particeps*); but of a contemplation from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather or toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine.

Lastly and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *Fancy*, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is always grateful, and sometimes erudite. The *likeness* is occasionally too strange, or demands too peculiar a point of view, or is such as appears the creature of predetermined research, rather than spontaneous presentation; indeed, his fancy seldom displays itself as a mere and unmodified fancy: but in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton. And yet, in a mind perfectly unborrowed and his own, to employ his own words, which are at once an instance and illustration, he does indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects,

> 'Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or lands,
> The consecration and the poet's dream.'"

Mr. Wordsworth died April 23d, 1850.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(1771-1832.)

Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh on the 15th August, 1771. He was descended from a family which, in the old time, bore a conspicuous part in the warlike exploits of the day. He was related to the Scotts of Buccleuch. Mr. Scott, his father, was a writer to the signet, who married Miss Rutherford, the daughter of the eminent medical professor of that name. They had six children, of whom Walter was the third. He was a sickly and delicate child; and a fever which he caught when quite young resulted in a shortening of the right limb, and the consequent necessity in after-life of using a walking-stick. At seven years of age he was committed to the care of his paternal grandfather, who resided in a fortalice called Smailholm Tower, which was five or six miles from Kelso, overlooking a beautiful tract of country; and here was spent the early youth of Walter Scott; here he fed his youthful imagination with the wondrous tales of border chivalry. His ill-health, however, induced his relative to send him for awhile to Kelso, where his aunt lived. Here he attended occasionally at a school in the neighbourhood, where he first made the acquaintance of James Ballantyne. He was afterwards sent to the Edinburgh University, where he lost what Latin he had acquired (which, from all accounts, was not much), and was so stubborn against Greek, that the professor voted him a dunce. In his *fifteenth* year he was articled to his father's business, to which it

was the parental wish that young Scott should look as his future means of livelihood.

But the future novelist was fonder of Spenser and his fanciful images than of the professor's Greek or the desk in his father's office; although he always in after years spoke with pleasure of the few years that he spent under his father's immediate eye, as having taught him habits of business and application which he afterwards found useful. Hitherto Scott had displayed, either at college or at school, or in the eyes of his friends, no intellectual superiority, which might seem to presage the brilliant literary career which was in store for him. When his time of apprenticeship expired, as young Walter showed no disposition to take up his father's business, he was, after the usual studies, admitted of the faculty of advocates in July 1792.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The few years which he spent in this way were chiefly devoted to certain routine duties, which he went through out of deference to his father and friends, and the old antiquarian studies which had always been his favourite pursuit. His leisure hours were spent in excursions into the pastoral district of Liddlesdale, where border legends were still rife. This tended to form his character more than all the Latin and Greek of the worthy professor. He gathered together in these excursions the old ballads of the country, and thus laid the foundation of what afterwards appeared as the *Minstrelsy of the Scot-*

tish Border. These grew so rapidly under Scott's hands, that they speedily filled three octavo volumes, two of which appeared in 1802, and met with a favourable reception. At the same time, he was asked by the Countess of Dalkeith to write a ballad on a sprite which tradition connected with the annals of the Buccleuch family. This ballad soon became a long narrative, divided into cantos; and purported to be written by the last member of the minstrel fraternity. It was styled the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and was published in January 1805. It dissipated all doubts as to Scott's original genius; and was chiefly instrumental in making him persevere in his literary career. About this time he became a partner with James Ballantyne, who had set up a printing-office in Edinburgh. But the Duke of Buccleuch soon obtained for Scott a more solid advantage, in the shape of the reversion of the clerkship of session, which realised 300*l*. a year. He did not, however, touch a farthing of it till 1812. This was a comfortable income, and relieved his anxiety for the welfare of his wife and children; for he had now been married some seven or eight years to a French *emigrée* of English extraction, named Charlotte Carpenter, whom he had accidentally met while on a visit to Gilsland Wells in Cumberland, and to whom, after an acquaintance of two months, he was united at Carlisle. During the winter he lived at Edinburgh, where he mixed in the best society, and where his agreeable manners, his aversion to disputation, and extensive fund of information, failed not to conciliate the friendship of the Buccleuchs, Melvilles, and others. The summer was spent on the banks of the Tweed, in the delightful retreat of Ashestiel, to which neighbourhood his duties as sheriff of Selkirkshire called him.

In 1808 appeared the romantic tale of *Marmion*, which was published by Mr. Constable. His zeal for the honour of his country induced him soon afterwards to quarrel with that publisher, and to take an interest in the establishment of the *Quarterly*, in opposition to the *Edinburgh Review*. Actuated by the same feelings, he soon afterwards set up a publishing house at Edinburgh, under the firm of John Ballantyne and Co., a step which afterwards proved fatal to his fortunes.

In May 1810 this firm published the *Lady of the Lake*, a poem which merited and obtained great popularity, from the vivid pictures of the past which it presents to the reader. Meanwhile, Scott was engaged in publishing editions of various works, which, before the end of this year, encumbered the concern to the extent of 9000*l*.

In 1811, when on the eve of realising his salary, he was so confident in his means and prospects, that he determined to buy 100 acres of land in Tweeddale, although the needful 4000*l*. had to be borrowed. Such was the nucleus of his estate of Abbotsford, on which he afterwards built a castle. He removed hither in May 1812. Towards the close of the year he published another romance in verse, under the title of *Rokeby*, which proved a comparative failure. By this time the firm of J. Ballantyne and Co. had become considerably involved, as the annual loss on the *Edinburgh Register* alone is stated to have been 1000*l*. In this plight Scott was glad to humble himself before the man with whom he had quarrelled, and Constable lent his *friendly* aid to the sinking firm.

In July 1814 appeared *Waverley, or It is Sixty Years since*, anonymously; and in February 1815, *Guy Mannering*. Only a month before this Scott had brought out his last great poem, *The Lord of the Isles*, which met with a cool reception; and Scott was obliged to resign the poetical supremacy to his young rival, Lord Byron. In July he visited the field of Waterloo, which had been so nearly won by the French in the preceding month. On this subject he wrote *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, and a poem, which failed to excite popular approbation.

In the same year the novelist was introduced to the Prince Regent, who received him in the most flattering manner at Carlton House, and afterwards sent him a present of a gold snuff-box, set in brilliants.

Scott's income was now adequate to any reasonable expenditure he might choose to incur; and who can wonder that, with the facility he had of adding a few thousands to his means by the labour of a few months, he involved himself in expenses which subsequent events seemed to condemn?

In 1816 appeared *The Antiquary*, which of all his novels perhaps bears most the impress of his own mind.

In 1817 appeared *Harold the Dauntless*, the failure of which confirmed Scott in his resolution never to write any more poetical fictions.

In the spring of the year 1818 he produced *Rob Roy;* and from this time till the close of 1825, the novels of *Heart of Mid Lothian, Bride of Lammermoor, Legend of Montrose, Ivanhoe, The Monastery, The Abbot, The Pirate, Kenilworth, The Fortunes of Nigel, Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward, St. Ronan's Well, Red Gauntlet*, and the *Tales of the Crusaders*, threw a halo of glory over the already great reputation of the author.

In 1820 Scott was made a baronet; an honour which was unsolicited on his part. At this time he was no whit different from what he had been in his humble cottage on the Esk: the same charitable feeling towards the indigent, the same sympathy with the tastes and sentiments of persons of humbler station, towards whom he never exhibited an air of condescension.

In 1822 he was invited to assist in the arrangements for the royal visit to Scotland. Here every thing reminded one of a simpler and more romantic period, and seemed little suited to the habits or feelings of a man who had passed most of his time in the fashionable circles of London. Plaided clansmen, with their stout claymores at their sides, recalled the old time when Scotland was free. The romantic tone which prevailed in the Waverley Novels seemed to breathe throughout the arrangements on that occasion. Scott's personal appearance at this time was rather prepossessing—tall, robust, and handsome: his limping gait, owing to the misfortune before mentioned, was modified by the support of a stout walking-cane. In town he usually wore a black suit; in the country a grey pair of trousers, a short green jacket, and a white hat. His face was ruddy with the glow of health, and it was only the thin grey hair which betokened advanced years. At this time he settled his

estate of Abbotsford on his son Walter, who had married a young heiress, only reserving to himself the life-rent.

At this time Scott was writing (1825) his *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, which appeared in alternate order with the Waverley Novels; a cheaper edition of which Constable, with Scott's approval, was bringing out, in order to place them within the reach of the people. Scott, before setting seriously to his task, had paid a visit to his son in Ireland, where, to his surprise, he was received by all classes with the greatest enthusiasm. The Life of Buonaparte, which was originally to have been in four volumes, increased in bulk, in the end, to more than twice that size.

His eldest daughter, Sophia, had been married, in 1820, to Mr. J. G. Lockhart, a young barrister, who for the first five years of their union had resided in the immediate neighbourhood of Abbotsford,



ABBOTSFORD.

where Mrs. Lockhart delighted the social circle with the ballads she sang in accompaniment to her harp; and in Mr. Lockhart the baronet found a useful adviser in literary matters, and an agreeable friend. Their removal to London, in consequence of Mr. Lockhart's acceptance of the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, was a serious loss to the family circle at Abbotsford; but yet trifling if set against the overwhelming misfortune which lay in store for him, who might hitherto have been called, justly, "the favourite of fortune."

The years 1824-5 were remarkable by a mania for speculation, which worked a ruinous effect on all men who had been maintaining

their commercial reputation on the strength of fictitious credit. Of this class, it soon appeared, was the firm of A. Constable and Co. Mr. Constable, in his mercantile speculations, introduced an aspiring and grandiose temper, contumelious of all common commercial calculations. He had been fortunate in the proprietorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, and in the publication of some of the works of Scott. Scott—that is to say, James Ballantyne and Co.—was imprudent enough to take bill payments from Constable for works yet unwritten, that he might make new purchases of land. The natural result of this was, that Constable made the printing firm of J. Ballantyne and Co.—that is, Scott—the means of raising large sums among the banks. Scott respected the supposed sagacity of Constable; Constable relied on his amount of stock and literary property; and James Ballantyne relying in the sagacity of both, troubled himself very little about the matter. Thus it was that, each relying on the other, all fell together.

Sir Walter Scott seems to have had some presentiment of the coming catastrophe as far back as the middle of 1825; and, indeed, on the 18th December of that year he writes in his Diary: "Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride, in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or make them seem so. I have the satisfaction to recollect, that my prosperity has been of advantage to many; and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again," &c.

In 1826 Mr. Constable came to London to raise money on his copyrights, but failed to realise any adequate sum. He fell back, in this emergency, on Sir Walter, and obtained from him 10,000*l.*, which the latter raised by mortgage upon the Abbotsford estate,—a right he had reserved to himself for the purpose of providing for his younger children. He afterwards, when he heard of his ruin, regretted this last sacrifice more than all the rest. The news was received on the 17th January, and he bore the first shock with great fortitude. It appeared that his obligations, as the leading man of the firm of James Ballantyne and Co., amounted to 117,000*l.*

About this time the ministry essayed to allay the ruinous effect of the speculative mania, and for that purpose introduced a bill for the limitation of bank-note circulation, and the suppression of all notes under 5*l.* This measure was finally defeated; and the Laird of Abbotsford was mainly instrumental in inciting the Scotch to resist a bill which he regarded as injurious to his country. He thus created some coolness among his titled friends; and Lord Melville went so far as to show his displeasure. The three letters which he wrote on this occasion, under the fictitious name of *Malachi Malagrowther*, were afterwards made into a pamphlet, which seems to have had a large sale.

The new novel of *Woodstock* was now advancing rapidly to completion; the first edition of it was sold in the printed sheets for 8228*l.* Soon after, as a sort of relief to his *Napoleon*, Scott commenced the *Chronicles of the Canongate;* and towards the close of the

winter season he removed to Abbotsford, where he set more diligently to work than ever. In the May of this year he lost his wife, who died of water in the chest, superinduced, no doubt, by the late disasters. It is somewhat remarkable, that the Waverley secret was not divulged till February 1827, when Scott, at a dinner for the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, revealed himself as the mighty magician who had conjured up those visions of the past.

In June 1827, Scott's great task was completed; and the first and second editions of the *Napoleon*, in nine volumes, brought the creditors 18,000*l.* This work was done in great haste, and therefore presented numerous errors both in facts and style; and the price which it realised must be solely attributed to the great reputation of the author of *Waverley*. Immediately on its completion he commenced the *Tales of a Grandfather*. Scott was at this time relieved from great embarrassment by the kindness of Sir William Forbes, who paid for him a bill of Constable's for 2000*l.* on a Jewish house, which had proceeded to a threat of arrest. This generous man paid the money out of his own pocket, although Sir Walter believed it to be the result of an arrangement of the body of creditors. Before the end of 1827 appeared the first series of the *Tales of a Grandfather*, which were received with great favour. About this time, too, a sale of the copyrights of the *Waverley Novels* was effected for 8500*l.*

Scott, in his adversity, seems always to have preserved a kindly tone towards his old friends; even towards Mr. Constable, who had been to a great extent the cause of all the mischief.

In the spring of 1828 appeared *The Fair Maid of Perth*, his last popular novel; and after its completion he went to visit the Lockharts in London, and other attached friends. But he soon returned to his task; and in February 1829 a new edition of the *Waverley Novels* was issued, and sold 35,000 copies. In February 1830 he experienced the first symptoms of that malady which was destined to prove fatal. It seems to have been an hereditary affection in the family, and therefore gave him the greater apprehension. But the hand of the writer proceeded uninterruptedly on, a volume on Demonology, for *Murray's Family Library*, being now in hand. In order to accelerate, if possible, the even now magic rapidity of his pen, he resigned his clerkship for a retiring allowance of 800*l.* a-year, and fixed himself at Abbotsford. He also commenced a new novel, called *Count Robert of Paris*, which showed by its cool reception how much he had lost in popular estimation.

At this time, too, he took part in the political struggle of the day, and published a pamphlet against the reform then in progress. In December 1830, his creditors, to show their sense of his exertions in their behalf, returned him his household furniture, plate, and library, valued at 10,000*l.* His debts were now reduced to 54,000*l.*; and as Scott had insured his life for 22,000*l.*, thus leaving a difference of only 32,000*l.*, he had no doubt of being able in time to clear off the whole incumbrance.

At this time he was offered a seat in the Privy Council, which he peremptorily refused, as inconsistent with his position. Time, however, which was all he asked, was not vouchsafed to him; for as early

as April 1831 he underwent a distinct paralytic affection; yet, in the midst of this dark crisis, he began a new tale called *Castle Dangerous.*

At length, in October 1831, he yielded to the solicitations of his friends; and agreeing to spend the ensuing winter in Italy, sailed, in a vessel placed at his disposal by the government, for Naples, where he arrived on the 17th December, and was received by the king and the best society, who did all in their power to alleviate his sufferings. Here he seems to have written two novels, neither of which was deemed by his friends fit to see the light. He visited Rome, and proceeded by Venice through the Tyrol to Frankfort, with a rapidity which all lamented, but none could control. On the 13th June he reached London, totally exhausted. Here he was kept three weeks; and then, to gratify him, he was taken by sea to Edinburgh, and thence to Abbotsford. When he arrived at his home, his dogs came about his knees, and he sobbed over them till he was reduced to a state of stupefaction. Thus he lingered out two months. When his mind became at times more clear, he would ask to be placed at his desk and write; but the fingers refused to grasp the pen, and he sank back weeping. He was more generally in a state of slumber. At length, on the 21st September, he gently expired, in the sixty-second year of his age.

JAMES HOGG.

(1772-1835.)

James Hogg, later known as the Ettrick Shepherd, from being a native of that district, was born of very humble parents, 25th January, 1772. He was a bare half-year at a village school, where he acquired a commencement of reading and writing; and then, in order that he might no longer waste his time on such vanities, he was put out to work as a cowherd. When he was fourteen, he had managed to save five shillings, which he invested in the purchase of a fiddle; whereon it was his wont, from dewy eve till the small hours of night, to saw away, much to his own satisfaction, and equally to the annoyance of his unwilling auditors.

At the age of eighteen he made his first attempts in verse: "bitterly bad" he admits them, but voluminous and varied; eclogues, epistles, comedies, pastorals, &c. &c. Later, Sir Walter Scott, having heard of his talents, procured the publication of a volume of ballads, the *Mountain Bard*, the success of which and of his *Essay on Sheep*, which gained the Highland Society premium, enabled him to embark in some wild agricultural scheme, which of course failed; and he then determined on settling in Edinburgh as a literary man.

His next volume, the *Forest Minstrel*, was a failure, as was a periodical he started called *The Spy*. The production of the *Queen's Wake*, however, by its marked and merited success, extricated him from his difficulties, and brought him into the full sunshine of popularity and fame.

About this period the *Scottish Review*, a quarterly periodical, was in its glory, and to its pages our Ettrick Shepherd was an occasional contributor: a criticism of his upon the *Isle of Palms* brought him to the personal knowledge of Professor Wilson.

In 1815 he appeared before the public in the *Pilgrims of the Sun*, a work of unequal merit. Its success at home was comparatively trifling; but in America two successive reprints were made of it, and ten thousand copies circulated throughout that country. Soon after appeared *Mador of the Moor;* the success of which not being very satisfactory, Hogg set himself down to collect pieces from the great living bards of Britain. But the refusal of Scott to have his verses so printed, coupled with other circumstances, determined him to change his plan, and to venture on the bold step of writing imitations of the whole himself. Thus originated *The Poetic Mirror*, a singular work, comprising many pieces of merit, which passed into a second edition, and altogether was highly successful.

Dramatic Tales, in two volumes, succeeded *The Mirror;* and next came, in prose, *The Brownie of Bodsheck*, and other tales. Next were published *The Jacobite Relics*, among the imitations in which of Jacobite ballads are some of Mr. Hogg's best lyrics. Shortly afterwards *Winter Evening Tales* made their appearance, comprising all his earlier efforts in prose. The Ettrick Shepherd died on 21st of November, 1835.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

(1772-1834.)

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, youngest son of the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of St. Mary Ottery, Devonshire, was born in that town, 21st October, 1772. From October 1775 to October 1778, he tells us in the *Biographia Literaria*, he continued at the reading school, because he was too little to be trusted among his father's schoolboys. He relates, further, how by certain jealousies on his brother Frank's part, he was in earliest childhood huffed away from the enjoyments of muscular activity by play, to take refuge at his mother's side on his little stool, to read his little book, and to listen to the talk of his elders; and thus driven from life in motion, to that life in thought and sensation which he afterwards passed through. His excellent father died on the 10th October, 1781; and in the spring of 1782 the bereaved child became an inmate of the Blue-Coat School, an advantage secured for him by the mediation of Sir Francis Buller. After passing six weeks in the branch establishment at Hertford, young Coleridge, already regarded by his relations as a talking prodigy, came up to the great school in London, September 1782, where he continued for eight years, with Bowyer for his teacher, and Charles Lamb for his friend; Coleridge being the "poor friendless boy" so exquisitely described in Elia's *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years ago*. His great delight all this time was reading; his talents and superiority, as he tells us, placed him ever at the head of his class in his mere school-studies, without

any desire or ambition on his part, emulation having no meaning for him. "Thank Heaven," he exclaims, "it was not the age for getting up prodigies; but at twelve or fourteen I should have made as pretty a juvenile prodigy as was ever emasculated by fond and idle wonderment."

On 5th February, 1791, Coleridge entered Jesus College, Cambridge. He gained Sir William Brown's gold medal for the Greek Ode in the summer of that year. It was on the slave-trade. The poetic force and originality of this ode were, as he said himself, much beyond the language in which they were conveyed. In the winter of 1793, he stood for the University (Craven) Scholarship with Dr. Keate, the late head-master of Eton, Mr. Bethel (of Yorkshire), and Bishop Butler, who was the successful candidate. In 1793 he wrote without success for the Greek Ode on Astronomy, the prize for which was gained by Dr. Keate. The original is not known to exist; but the reader may see what is probably a very free version of it by Mr. Southey in his minor poems. "Coleridge," says a schoolfellow of his who followed him to Cambridge in 1792, "was very studious; but his reading was desultory and capricious. He took little exercise merely for the sake of exercise; but he was ready at any time to unbend his mind in conversation; and for the sake of this his room (the ground-floor room on the right hand of the staircase facing the great gate) was a constant rendezvous of conversation-loving friends. I will not call them loungers; for they did not call to kill time, but to enjoy it. What evenings have I spent in those rooms! What suppers, or *sizings*, as they were called, have I enjoyed, when Æschylus and Plato and Thucydides were pushed aside, with a pile of lexicons and the like, to discuss the pamphlets of the day! Ever and anon a pamphlet issued from the pen of Burke. There was no need of having the book before us;—Coleridge had read it in the morning, and in the evening he would repeat whole pages *verbatim*."

In May and June 1793, Frend's trial took place in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, and in the Court of Delegates, at Cambridge. Frend was a fellow of Jesus, and a slight acquaintance had existed between him and Coleridge, who, however, soon became his partisan. The trial was observed by Coleridge to be going against Frend, when some observation or speech was made in his favour; a dying hope thrown out (as it appeared) to Coleridge, who, in the midst of the Senate House, extended his hands and clapped them. The Proctor, in a loud voice, demanded who had committed this indecorum. Silence ensued. The Proctor, in an elevated tone, said to a young man sitting near Coleridge, "'Twas you, sir!" The reply was as prompt as the accusation; for, immediately holding out the stump of his right arm, it appeared that he had lost his hand: "I would, sir," said he, "that I had the power." That no innocent person should incur blame, Coleridge went directly afterwards to the Proctor, who told him that he saw him clap his hands, but fixed on this person, who he knew had not the power. "You have had," said he, "a narrow escape." Coleridge passed the summer of 1793 at Ottery, and whilst there wrote his *Songs of the Pixies*, and some other little pieces. He returned to Cambridge in October; but in the following month, in a moment of despondency and vexation of spirit, occasioned principally

by some debts, not amounting to 100*l.*, he suddenly left his college and went to London. In a few days he was reduced to want; and observing a recruiting advertisement, he resolved to get bread, and overcome a prejudice at the same time, by becoming a soldier. He accordingly applied to the sergeant, and after some delay was marched down to Reading, where he regularly enlisted as a private in the 15th Light Dragoons, on the 3d December, 1793. He kept his initials under the names of Silas Titus Comberbacke. He continued during four months a dragoon, during which time he saw and suffered much. He rode his horse ill, and groomed him worse; but he made amends by nursing the sick, and writing letters for the sound. His education was detected by one of the officers, who observed the words, *Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem!* freshly written in pencil on the stable-door, and ascertained that Comberbacke was the writer. But the termination of his military career was brought about by a chance recognition in the street; his family was apprised of his situation, and after some difficulty he was duly discharged on 10th April, 1794, at Hounslow. Coleridge now returned to Cambridge, and remained there till the commencement of the summer vacation. But the adventures of the preceding six months had broken the continuity of his academic life, and given birth to new views of future exertion; besides that, his adoption about this time of Unitarianism—which, however, he afterwards renounced—precluded his entering the Church.

In June 1794, Coleridge went on a visit to an old schoolfellow at Oxford, where an introduction to Southey, then an undergraduate of Balliol College, became the hinge on which a large part of his after-life was destined to turn. After an excursion in Wales, of which he gives a very characteristic and amusing account in the *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge went to Bristol to see Southey, who introduced him to Robert Lovell, then recently married to Mary Fricker; and in whose house he became acquainted with her sister Sarah, whom he afterwards married. Then accompanying Southey to Bath, he remained in that city several weeks, principally engaged in making love, and in maturing with his friends the plan which he had for some time cherished, of a social community to be established in America upon what he termed a pantisocratical basis. The original members of this society—which, it is almost needless to add, never came to any result — were Coleridge, Southey, Lovell, and George Burnet. Towards the beginning of September, Coleridge returned to Cambridge, apparently with the view of taking his degree of B.A. But he took no degree; and all he did was to publish the *Fall of Robespierre*, a joint composition by himself and Southey. The winter of 1794 he passed with Lamb in London. In the beginning of 1795 he returned with Southey to Bristol.

The whole spring and summer of this year he devoted to public lectures at Bristol, with intervals of excursions in Somersetshire, in one of which he became acquainted with Wordsworth. The first six of his lectures presented a comparative view of the civil war under Charles I. and the French Revolution; the other six were on revealed religion, its corruptions and political views, intended for Christians and for infidels: for the former, that they may be able to

give a reason for the hope that is in them; for the latter, that they might not determine against Christianity from arguments applicable to its corruptions only.

On 4th October, 1795, Coleridge was married at St. Mary Redcliff Church to Sarah Fricker, and went to reside in a cottage at Clevedon, on the Bristol Channel, with the immediate view of proceeding thence to Cambridge, there to finish his great work of *Imitations*, in two volumes, and to publish *Proposals for a School*. Meantime, in December he issued a prospectus of *The Watchman*, a miscellany, to be continued every eighth day; and in January departed on a commercial travel through the provinces, to collect subscribers, and incidentally to practise as a Unitarian preacher. His first sermons on this occasion—he had preached twice previously—were at Birmingham; and, as he tells us, "were preciously peppered with politics." Coleridge—"his idea-pot bubbling up so vehemently with fears, doubts, and difficulties," that he feared lest it should "boil over and put out the fire"—returned to Bristol (where his wife was on a visit to her mother), having procured a thousand subscribers for the *Watchman*, the first number of which made its appearance on the 1st of March, 1796; the last on the 13th of May following. In the interval, Coleridge's first volume of poems was published by Mr. Cottle, whose enduring kindness to the poet is nobly recognised by the latter in various letters, printed in the second edition of the *Biographia Literaria*. In the same year, negotiations were set on foot for an engagement on the *Morning Chronicle;* but ere they were completed, Coleridge received an invitation from Mrs. Evans, then of Darley, near Derby, to visit her, with the view to his undertaking the education of her sons. But this project ended in nothing, as did so many others; and among them, much about the same time, an endeavour on the part of the benevolent Mr. Poole to raise a small annuity for the struggling poet and philosopher, and an effort by Roscoe to procure for him some position at Liverpool. Whilst at Birmingham, on the *Watchman* tour, Coleridge had been introduced to Charles Lloyd, the eldest son of Mr. Lloyd, an eminent banker of that place. At Moseley they met again, and the result of an intercourse for a few days together was an ardent desire on the part of Lloyd to domesticate himself permanently with a man whose conversation seemed to him a revelation from heaven. Just before the birth of Coleridge's eldest son, Hartley (Sept. 1796), Southey, who had returned to Bristol from Portugal, and was in lodgings nearly opposite Coleridge's house in Oxford Street, renewed with him the friendship which had been interrupted by a quarrel, arising out of the abandonment of the American scheme. Circumstances separated the two friends in after-life; but their mutual regard remained unaltered.

In 1797 the poems were reprinted, with some additions and alterations. In the same year he wrote his *Osorio*, a tragedy. A third edition of the poems was produced in 1798, the exclusion from which of the contributions of Lamb and Lloyd occasioned a temporary coolness between the excluded and the excluder.

Up to this point of time, Coleridge had held, though laxly, the doctrines of Socinus. In Jan. 1798, on the Rev. Mr. Rowe, the

Unitarian minister of Shrewsbury, removing to Bristol, Coleridge was strongly recommended by his friends of that persuasion to offer himself as Mr. Rowe's successor, and he accordingly went on probation to Shrewsbury. The description of this probation-sermon forms the subject of one of Hazlitt's most brilliant writings, *My first Acquaintance with Poets.* Coleridge was at this time living in a cottage at Nether-Stowey, which he had selected on account of the residence —next door to him—of William Wordsworth, and where he provided for his scanty maintenance by writing verses in the *Morning Post.*

The Messrs. Wedgewood, who had conceived a great interest in Coleridge, were decidedly averse to his devoting himself to a pastoral charge, which they conceived might operate unfavourably on his literary pursuits; and accordingly made him an offer of an allowance during his life of 150*l.* per annum. The offer was accepted, and the Shrewsbury ministry declined; and Coleridge, on the strength of this new resource, proceeded with Wordsworth on a visit to Germany, where he spent fourteen months, during which period the sketches called *Satyrane's Letters* were written. On his return, in Nov. 1799, he formed an engagement with Mr. Stuart, who was then conducting the *Morning Post,* to contribute literary and political articles to that journal. For this purpose, Mr. Stuart took lodgings for him in King Street, Covent Garden; but he "totally failed," says Mr. Stuart, "in the plan he proposed of writing daily on the daily occurrences." At the end of the first half-year's engagement, Coleridge, who had during that time been frequently incapacitated by illness from writing, quitted London for the north. Mr. Stuart gives us a long letter from him, dated Greta Hall, Keswick, 19th July, 1800, in which he promises a second part of Pitt and Buonaparte; but speaks of it as uncertain whether or no he should be able to continue any regular species of employment for Mr. Stuart's paper. In another letter, May 1801, Coleridge, still writing from Keswick, speaks of ill-health, and "the habits of irresolution which are its worst consequences," forbidding him to rely upon himself for any systematic labour. There is a long controversy in the *Biographia Literaria,* as to the amount of benefit which Coleridge's writings conferred commercially on the *Morning Post.* Whatever may have been their value in this respect, they were continued, at intervals, later than 1816, and their aggregate bulk represents several octavo volumes.

In 1804, Coleridge, to recruit his health, made his way out to Malta, where Dr. Stoddart, with whom he had been previously acquainted, and who was then king's advocate there, and afterwards became Chief Justice and Judge of the Admiralty Court, received him with characteristic kindness, and obtained for him the appointment of secretary to the governor, Sir Alexander Ball. Coleridge returned to England in the summer of 1806, still ill, and very poor; the money he had received from Sir Alexander Ball having been all expended on the homeward journey through Italy. From his pecuniary distress he was relieved by the noble conduct of Mr. De Quincey, who anonymously forwarded to him through Mr. Cottle 300*l.*; a gift doubly acceptable at the moment, the annuity from the Messrs. Wedgewood having just been reduced from 150*l.* to 75*l.* per annum.

In 1808, at the instance of Sir Humphrey Davy, he delivered at the Royal Institution a course of lectures on Shakespeare, eighteen in number, but of course given at intervals. "Coleridge," writes Sir Humphrey, "after disappointing his audience once from illness, is announced to lecture again this week. He has suffered greatly from excessive sensibility, the disease of genius. His mind is a wilderness, in which the cedar and the oak, which might aspire to the skies, are stunted in their growth by underwood, thorns, briers, and parasitical plants. With the most exalted genius, enlarged views, sensitive heart, and enlightened mind, he will be the victim of want of order, precision, and regularity. I cannot think of him without experiencing the mingled feelings of admiration, regard, and pity." It is probable that, even at this period, the parasitical plant most effectually stunting the growth of the noble tree was the plant whence laudanum is distilled; "certain it is," writes Cottle in 1814, "that Coleridge has been long, very long, in the habit of taking from two quarts of laudanum a week to a pint a day; and on one occasion he has been known to take, in the twenty-four hours, a whole quart of laudanum!" No one was more acutely sensible of the manifold evils of this dreadful practice than its victim, whose letters to Cottle on the subject at this period are of the most harrowing character. Power, however, was happily granted him to subdue the vice; and he lived on twenty years afterwards, his body strengthened and his mental vigour sustained.

In 1809-10, Coleridge issued from Grasmere a weekly essay, stamped to be sent by the general post, called *The Friend*. The paper lasted for twenty-seven numbers, after vexing the subscribers with all sorts of irregularities and shortcomings. The work, however, has since been collected and enlarged in three small volumes.

In 1812, Coleridge, who was then in London, edited and contributed several interesting articles to Southey's *Omniana*. In 1813 *Remorse* was acted.

In 1816, Coleridge became an inmate of the family of Mr. Gillman, the surgeon of Highgate Grove, a connection (as the writer of an able article on Coleridge in the *British and Foreign Review* observes) equally honourable and fortunate to all parties; for as, wherever the name of Cowper is known, Mrs. Unwin is venerated, so is Mr. Gillman's name perpetually associated with that of his illustrious friend and patient, wheresoever the influence of his philosophy, in awakening, fructifying, and disciplining the moral being of others, is acknowledged. For to the medical skill and daily watchfulness of this excellent man was Coleridge indebted, as he gratefully records in the dedication of the *Friend*, for the comparative ease of his latter years. This ease was, for a few years, augmented by a pension from the king of 100*l.* as to an academician of the Royal Society of Literature; but this source was cut off by the parsimony of the ministry. In the summer of 1828, Coleridge made the tour of Holland, Flanders, and up the Rhine. For some years before his death he was afflicted with such great bodily pain, that, on one occasion, he was heard to say he had from this cause walked up and down his chamber seventeen hours each day. He died on the 25th July, 1834.

The poetical works of Coleridge include the *Juvenile Poems*, Si-

bylline Leaves, *Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, *Remorse*, *Zapolya*, and *Wallenstein*.

The first volume of *Juvenile Poems* was published in the spring of 1796, and reprinted, with some variations and additions, in 1797. *The Ancient Mariner*, *Love*, *The Nightingale*, *The Foster-Mother's Tale*, first appeared with the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth in 1798. *Wallenstein*, a translation from Schiller, was published in 1800.



MR. GILLMAN'S HOUSE, HIGHGATE.

Christabel, written in 1797 and 1800, was produced in 1816, and with it *Kubla Khan*, written in 1797, and *The Pains of Sleep*. The tragedy of *Remorse*, written in 1797, was produced at Drury Lane in 1813, when it was acted with unbounded applause for thirty successive nights.—"the theatre," Coleridge tells us, "making 800*l*. or 10,000*l*. of it," and he himself "getting more by it than by all my literary labours put together; nay, thrice as much; counteracting my heavy losses in the *Watchman* and the *Friend*." This is the play already mentioned under the title of *Osorio*. *Zapolya*, another tragedy, appeared in 1817: it had been rejected as unadapted for stage representation; but as a dramatic poem it was at length successful, 2000 copies of it being sold in six weeks. The collection of poems entitled *Sibylline Leaves*, "in allusion to the fragmentary and

widely-scattered state in which they had been long suffered to remain," were published in 1817. The *Miscellaneous Poems* were composed at different periods of the author's life, many of them in his later years.

Coleridge's prose works comprehend *Aids to Reflection; Biographia Literaria; The Friend*, a series of essays; *On the Constitution of Church and State; Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare and other Dramatists; Essays on his own Times* (the leaders in the *Courier*, &c.); *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit; Treatise on Method; Hints towards the Formation of a more comprehensive Theory of Life; Statesman's Manual; Lay Sermons; Literary Remains.* Most of these works have been published in recent years, under the editorship—a labour of love, and hence occasionally somewhat too elaborate—of the writer's daughter and son; and are now the property of Mr. Moxon, a publisher thoroughly competent to appreciate their value, and to render them to the utmost possible extent available for the daily enlarging circle of Coleridge's admirers.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

(1774-1810.)

Robert Tannahill was born at Paisley, of humble parents, 3d June, 1774. After receiving a plain education, he applied himself to weaving as an occupation, his lyrical effusions being the product of his leisure hours. He had commenced writing at a very early age; but it was not until 1802, after he had returned from Lancashire to Paisley for the pious purpose of supporting his widowed mother, that he applied himself systematically to lyrical composition. A volume of his poems and songs, most of which latter had been, when first written, set to music by Mr. R. A. Smith, was published in 1807, and were at once and largely successful, as they well merited. He afterwards contributed several songs to Mr. S. Thompson's *Select Melodies;* but a disappointment as to a second edition of his poems, which he had prepared for the press, preyed upon his spirits, rendered morbidly sensitive by incipient consumption which had assailed his frame; he became deranged, and in that condition drowned himself in the night of 17th May, 1810. "He was," writes Mr. Chambers, "a modest and temperate man, devoted to his kindred and friends, and of unblemished purity and correctness of conduct. His lyrics are rich and original, both in description and in sentiment; his diction is copious and luxuriant, particularly in describing natural objects and the peculiar features of Scottish landscape." They are, *The Braes o' Balquither, The Flower o' Dumblane, The Braes o' Gleniffer, Gloomy Winter's now awa';* all of them well known, and deservedly popular songs.

JOHN LEYDEN.

(1775-1811.)

Dr. John Leyden was born the 8th of September, 1775, at Denholm, on the Teviot, in the parish of Cavers, Roxburghshire. About a year after his birth, his parents removed to Henlawshiel, a lonely cottage about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Nether Tofts, then held by Mr. Andrew Blythe, his mother's uncle. Here they lived for sixteen years, during which his father was employed, first as shepherd, and afterwards in managing the whole business of the farm. His relation having had the misfortune to lose his sight, Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge, which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to show itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testaments. One or two popular works on Scottish history fell into his hands; and he read with enthusiasm the history of the heroic deeds of Wallace and Bruce, and of the brave resistance of his countrymen to the ecclesiastical tyranny of the last kings of the house of Stuart. After he had read all the books in his father's possession, the shelves of the neighbouring peasants were laid under contribution; and, amongst other works they furnished him with, he was greatly delighted to find the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, Sir David Lindsay's poetical works, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Chapman's translation of Homer.

At nine years of age he was sent to the parish school of Kirktown, where he continued nearly three years, learning writing and arithmetic, and the rudiments of the Latin language, the latter chiefly through his own exertions; to which early dependence upon himself he probably owed his subsequently rapid acquisition of languages. Young Leyden's aptitude for learning induced his parents to bring up their son to the church of Scotland; and he was accordingly placed with Mr. Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, in order to acquire Latin. He does not appear to have had any Greek tutor; although he had probably learnt some rudiments of that language before he went to the Edinburgh University in 1790. Leyden's uncouth appearance excited the mirth of his fellow-students; who were not, however, slow to discover that this unpromising exterior concealed qualities which commanded respect and admiration. Although Leyden was not ignorant of any branch of knowledge then generally learnt by young men at the university, he chiefly distinguished himself by his rapid acquisition of languages. He made himself master of French, Italian, Spanish, and German, the ancient Icelandish, and the Arabic, Persian, and Hebrew.

Our poet spent his summers at home, and sought the quiet

which he could not find in his father's cottage in the parish kirk, where, for several hours in the day, he arranged and enlarged the information he had acquired during his winter studies at college. Books were as necessary to Leyden's studies as a place of retirement; and such as he could not borrow from his friends, he procured at the expense of great personal privations. Besides, his reputation for learning gained him the acquaintance of several persons of literary eminence both in Edinburgh and elsewhere, which was of great service to him. In 1796 he was appointed private tutor to the sons of Mr. Campbell, of Fairfield, which office he retained for two or three years.

Upon his return to Edinburgh from St. Andrew's, where he attended his pupils during their studies, Leyden made, at Mr. Campbell's house, the acquaintance of several persons whose station in life was somewhat above that to which Leyden's college-associates could as yet hope to attain. Through Mr. Richard Heber, he was introduced to the late Lord Woodhouselee, the Rev. Sydney Smith, and Mr. Henry Mackenzie, the author of the *Man of Feeling;* and Mr. Walter Scott, in whom Leyden's love of ballads and poetry seemed to awake a feeling of sympathy.

Leyden was temperate, even abstemious in his diet; and his private character was strictly blameless. His temper was extremely gentle, and he patiently bore the raillery of those who laughed at the uncouthness of his exterior.

In 1800 Leyden was ordained a preacher; but took no further course in that profession. In 1802 he was appointed to edit the *Scots' Magazine,* which he continued for five or six months; and then proceeded to write his *Scenes of Infancy,* being his early impressions and feelings, interwoven with a description of his native dale of Teviot. But his friends were anxious for his final settlement in life, and Leyden was always ready to meet them half-way. He proposed to the African Society to make a voyage of discovery into the interior of Africa; but this was soon lost sight of in the prospect of promotion in another quarter. He was recommended by some friend to the Board of Control, as a fitting person to be employed in the investigation of the learning and languages of the Indian tribes. But as the only appointment which was vacant was that of surgeon's assistant, Leyden was obliged to set to work to qualify himself for this post. By incredible exertions, he soon mastered the difficulties of this complicated art, under Mr. John Bell of Edinburgh, and obtained his diploma from one university at the same time that another conferred on him the degree of M.D. In April 1803 he sailed to Madras, and was installed in his new duties. But it was speedily discovered that his constitution was sinking under the climate, and he was transferred to Prince of Wales Island, on the coast of Malacca. Here he busied himself in his vacant hours in studying the languages and literature of the East, in which he made extraordinary progress. In 1806 he took leave of Prince of Wales Island, his health being restored, and proceeded to Calcutta. Here he was received in the most flattering manner, and Lord Minto, the Governor-General, himself a native of Teviotdale, procured him a professorship in the Bengal

college, a post suited to his habits and tastes; and thence he was transferred to a police magistracy, which, involving the task of dispersing the robbers that infest Bengal, suited well with his eccentric humour.

In 1811, an expedition having been formed to proceed to the island of Java, Leyden accompanied it, for the purpose of investigating the manners and language and literature of the tribes which inhabit that island. It was also considered that his knowledge of the language might be useful in settling the government of the country. When the English had gained possession of Batavia, Leyden lost no time in examining a library in that town which was said to contain valuable Indian manuscripts. This room had not been properly ventilated; and Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, which turned into a fever, which proved fatal at the end of two or three days.

Thus died John Leyden, in his thirty-sixth year, just when he was beginning to reap the fruits of his early industry. His poetical remains were collected and given to the public in 1821. Besides these poetical works, he compiled and translated the *Commentaries of Baber*, from the Turkish language, which was published in 1826.

CHARLES LLOYD.

(1775-1839.)

Charles Lloyd was born Feb. 12, 1775. He published sonnets and other poems, in conjunction with Coleridge and Lamb, in 1797; and these and Lamb's were published together the year afterwards. "While Lamb," says Justice Talfourd, "was enjoying habits of the closest intimacy with Coleridge in London, he was introduced by him to a young poet, whose name has often been associated with his — Charles Lloyd, the son of a wealthy banker at Birmingham, who had recently cast off the trammels of the Society of Friends, and, smitten with the love of poetry, had become a student at the University of Cambridge. There he had attracted Coleridge by the fascination of his discourse; and having been admitted to his regard, was introduced by him to Lamb. Lloyd was endeared both to Lamb and Coleridge by a very amiable disposition and a pensive cast of thought; but his intellect had little resemblance to that of either. He wrote, indeed, pleasing verses, and with great facility—a facility fatal to excellence; but his mind was chiefly remarkable for the fine power of analysis which distinguishes his *London* and other of his later compositions."

In this power of discriminating and distinguishing—carried to a pitch almost of painfulness — Lloyd has scarcely ever been equalled; and his poems, though rugged in point of versification, will be found, by those who read them with the attention they require, replete with

critical and moral suggestions of the highest value. Besides three or four volumes of poetry, he wrote two novels—*Edmund Oliver* and *Isabel*.

After his marriage he settled at the lakes at Brathay, near Ambleside. His dramatic poem, *The Duke d'Ormond*, written in 1798, has great merit in the delineation of character and states of mind; but the plot is forced and unnatural: not only that, but what is worse in point of effect, it is tediously subjective; and we feel the action of the piece to be improbable, while the feelings are true to nature: yet there is tragic effect in the scenes of the *dénouement*. Mr. Lloyd also produced an able translation of *Alfieri*. He died at Versailles, Jan. 15, 1839.

THOMAS MOORE.

(1779-1852.)

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, 28th of May, 1779, the son of the keeper of a small wine-store. Humble, however, as were his parents, his mother, at least, seems to have been possessed of talents highly serviceable to her son. In many respects she was a remarkable woman. At a very early age the child exhibited undoubted genius, and she took extraordinary pains to cultivate the gift. She sent him early to school, and at home encouraged his talents by every available means as they developed themselves. As a mere child, Tom Moore was singled out by the master of the school, on days of public examination, as one of the most popular and successful exhibitors in the academy. As a child, also, he put forth his first pretensions to poetry, since in the year 1789 he remembered to have written his earliest verses. Mrs. Moore herself evinced the greatest solicitude to promote her son's school studies, examined him daily in his lessons, and was vigilant to note his progress.

A third faculty made itself evident. While still a child, Moore discovered a taste for music, as well as for recitation and poetic composition. The mother, to make the most of the talent, procured an old harpsichord; employed a youth, who was in the service of a tuner in the neighbourhood, to give her son instruction; and encouraged the child to exhibit his musical powers to all her visitors—his taste for singing corresponding with his passion for music. By and by, the old harpsichord was exchanged for a new pianoforte; pleasant gatherings then took place in the private apartments of the wine-store, at which, after supper, the song went round, and Tom would give, with general applause, the best of Dibdin's songs.

In 1793, when Moore was fourteen years old, an act of enfranchisement was passed which enabled Roman Catholics to enter the University and to go to the bar; and Mrs. Moore resolved at once that her boy should receive such an education as would enable him to distinguish himself in the profession of the law. In the Dublin school

there was a Latin usher: him Mrs. Moore invited to her house; induced him, by various acts of kindness, to regard his pupil with somewhat of the affection she felt for her son; and effected thus the rapid advance of the latter, not only in the learned languages, but in all the other studies of the school. He was well prepared when he entered Trinity College in 1794, a year after his first printed poem had been published in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, in the form of "Verses to Zelia, on her charging the author with writing too much on love."

At the University Moore worked steadily, acquiring knowledge, and occasionally writing poetry for the gratification of his mother and her acquaintance. His college companions were the ardent spirits of the time, and his best beloved friends those who were most deeply implicated in revolutionary designs. It is well for Moore that he contrived to escape the subsequent fate of his less fortunate companions; there can be little doubt that but for strong maternal injunctions and his own good sense, his excitable soul must have been drawn into the troubles that proved so fatal to his fellows. Once only he identified himself with the Irish conspirators, by contributing a letter to the columns of their organ; but the horror of his mother at the discovery of his rashness was sufficient to arrest the pen for ever afterwards. Better employment was that found by Moore in Marsh's library, to which, through his acquaintance with the son of the librarian, our student obtained admittance during the months it was closed to the public, and where, by hunting through the old bookshelves, he tells us he acquired "much of the odd, out-of-the-way sort of reading, that may be found scattered through some of his earlier works." It was here that he accumulated notes for the work upon which, at a very early period of his academical career, he had set his heart—namely, the translation of the whole of the odes attributed to Anacreon.

While Moore was thus occupied in the legitimate studies of the University, his mother continued her exertions on his behalf out of doors. It was necessary that he should read French; she procured the services of a French refugee, and in the course of five months the pupil made rapid progress.

Moore was nineteen years old when he took his degree. At this period he had made considerable advance in his *Anacreon*, and he ventured to hope that he might obtain for it a classical premium from the University. The Provost, however, shook his head solemnly at the amatory and convivial production, and Moore was fain to reserve his translations for a more extended audience. He looked towards London. The scholastic apprenticeship over, it was time to begin the battle. The lad was to be entered at the Temple, and then to help himself on as best he might. Slender was the purse which he carried with him to the great city. The family resources were scanty at the best, and the boy's inevitable expenses proved a serious drain. But every penny was joyfully scraped together, and the loving and dutiful son went forth. Part of the small sum which he carried with him was in guineas, and these his mother carefully sewed up in the waistband of his pantaloons. Sewed up in another part of his clothes was a scapula, or small bit of cloth—an unfailing remedy against all harm—duly blessed by the priest. Fortified by this, by his devoted

mother's prayers, and by his own consciousness of power, he first trod the streets of London.

The early development of his genius and his agreeable qualities had in Dublin secured him friends in a class far superior to that of his parents. By most of these he was furnished with introductions, which procured for him, during his first sojourn in London, welcome admission to corresponding circles in the great city. That first sojourn was brief, lasting only sufficient time to enable young Moore to enter himself at the Temple, and to prepare the means of paying for his passage to the bar, by arranging with Stockdale, of Piccadilly, for the publication of *Anacreon*. Upon Moore's next visit to England, the introduction of Joe Atkinson procured for him a kind reception, on his way, at Donington Park, the seat of his future patron, Lord Moira. Arrived in London, he found the subscription-list for his *Anacreon* filled with the names of notabilities, and headed by that of George Prince of Wales, who consented in person to receive the dedication, and who treated Moore with a marked distinction that at once established the young aspirant's position alike in May Fair and Paternoster Row. Patronage first came (1803) in the form of the poet-laureateship; but the manner of the offer being such, says Moore, "as would disgust any man with the least spirit of independence about him," the post was rejected. Moore had not, however, long to wait before another berth was offered him,—the registrarship at Bermuda, an appointment of a good many hundreds a-year. This Moore accepted; and sailing almost immediately, reached Bermuda in the commencement of 1804. The place was soon found not suitable to the fancy of a young poet who had not yet had time to grow weary of the whirl of London; and before the year was out, we find him back in London, having placed the duties of his registrarship in the hands of a deputy, its responsibilities remaining upon himself. The consequence was, that the deputy failing in his trust, the responsibilities came upon the principal with a weight which, but for the generous support of his friends, would have crushed him. Lord Moira, upon Moore's return, undertook to provide him with some place at home; but the undertaking, from some cause or other, was not fulfilled. His lordship, however, derived one consolation from the Bermuda trip of our poet, in having dedicated to him the *Epistles, Odes, and other Poems* (1806), which were the immediate fruit of that expedition. By these *Epistles, Odes, and other Poems* there hangs a tale, too long for reproduction here, but which may be traced in Lord John Russell's *Memoirs and Letters* of our poet, which contains, among much other amusing matter, Moore's narrative of his bloodless battle with Jeffrey, who, in the *Edinburgh Review*, had denounced him as having in these *Epistles and Odes* "made a deliberate attempt to corrupt the minds of his readers." The reviewer and the reviewed met at Chalk Farm; but while the seconds were inexpertly loading the pistols,—or rather, while one of the seconds was loading all four pistols, the other second, Mr. Horner, being wholly ignorant of the process,—Jeffrey and Moore got into a chat, which rendered them additionally delighted when some Bow-street officers made their appearance, and coached them off to the police-office. The result of the affair was, that Jeffrey and Moore became fast friends.

Moore's friends went out of office in 1807, Moore himself not having previously secured a place in lieu of the departed registrarship. Most of the letters given by Lord John Russell, under this year, are dated from Lord Moira's seat, who, says Moore, made him very comfortable, but the main point was still wanting,—*il me donne des manchettes, et je n'ai point de chemise;* so that our poet's was, after all, not wholly a *sleeveless* errand.

In 1807 the publication of the *Irish Melodies* commenced. In 1808 Moore magnified the offence he had already committed in the volumes of *Epistles, Odes,* &c., by publishing, under the name of Thomas Little, a collection of verses, the best apology for which is, "that they were all productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination." In 1811, March 25, Moore took to wife Miss Dyke, the *Bessy* of so many of his poems, whose whole married life was an efficient apology for the imprudence of their marriage, under circumstances so utterly unfavourable to an increase of expenditure. It were unjust to omit the incident, that, immediately after taking this step, Moore hastened to dispel any alarm as to their own interests, which his parents, who had hitherto shared his gains, might feel on the occasion, by writing off at once, bidding them rely upon him for the future, and to draw immediately upon his publishers if they stood in need of present assistance. In 1812, no appointment being probable, Moore resolved, as he says, "to go far away into the country, there to devote the remainder of my life, in the dear circle I am forming around me, to the quiet pursuit of literature, and, I hope, of goodness."

He hired accordingly a small cottage at Kegworth, in Leicestershire, at no great distance from Castle Donington; entered into an agreement with the Messrs. Power, of London, the publishers of his songs, in virtue of which he was to receive 500*l.* a-year for the space of seven years; and from time to time sent forth into the world from his happy retreat those exquisite strains, which will render the name of Moore famous wheresoever music enchants, and the perfect language of song can find its way to the human heart. In 1813 Moore removed to the neighbourhood of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, where the seclusion of his cottage was agreeably relieved occasionally by visits to the genial household of Mr. Joseph Strutt. "We have just been on a visit," runs a letter dated October 23, 1813, "to Mr. J. Strutt's, who sent his carriage and four *for* us, and back again *with* us. There are three brothers of them, and they are supposed to have a million of money pretty equally divided between them. They have fine families of daughters, and are fond of literature, music, and all those elegances which their riches enable them so amply to indulge themselves with."

In 1817 another brilliant work of Moore appeared. Messrs. Longman, the publishers, agreed to give three thousand guineas for an eastern poem. Moore retired to the banks of the Dove, imbued himself with oriental reading, and in three years produced *Lalla Rookh.* Its success was splendid. It struck a new key, and poured upon the world a dazzling flood of gorgeous eastern illustration and imagery. Old orientalists could not understand how such a poem could have been written by a man who had never ridden on an elephant, or re-

clined beneath a palm-tree; while the extraordinary mingling of glittering pageantry with a lulling, luscious, luxurious warmth of idea, took by storm the dazzled brains of the British public.

After the literary triumph of *Lalla Rookh*, Moore went twice abroad; the first time with the poet Rogers, the second with Lord John Russell, when he proceeded to Genoa; and at Venice visited Lord Byron, with whom his friendship continued unimpaired till death divided them. Returning from Rome, Moore took up his abode in Paris, and resided there till 1822. He produced at this time *The Loves of the Angels*, and *The Fables of the Holy Alliance*.

Soon after his coming back to England, he settled in graceful retirement at a cottage called Sloperton, in the immediate vicinity of the beautiful demesne of Bowood, the seat of his ever-constant friend the Marquis of Lansdowne. Here he passed the greater portion of



MOORE'S COTTAGE AT SLOPERTON.

the rest of his life in the midst of his friends, the charm and delight of them all. Lord Lansdowne will be for ever associated with the fame of Moore, as are Glencairn with that of Burns, and Southampton with that of Shakespeare. Bowood, with its splendid library, its lovely walks, and its princely hospitalities, was at all times open to the poet, and here he spent the happiest hours of his declining years.

In 1825 Moore appeared as a prose writer. The life of Sheridan was his first biography. That of Byron, infinitely superior to the other, came out in 1830; and the following year he published the *Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*. Besides these biographical efforts, Moore wrote more than one controversial and historical work; and in 1827 he produced *The Epicurean*, a prose story intended to have been verse, in many respects the most elevated work of his pen.

Love here becomes more spiritualised than she had been with him before; and the whole tone and tenour of the romance are of an inspiring and ennobling character.

In later days Moore occasionally contributed squibs, with much of the old sparkle, on passing events of the day, principally to the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. It is also known that he had made considerable progress in a diary of his life, when unhappily he had to experience the lot that had before befallen another genius of Ireland, Dean Swift: darkness came down upon that brain so long and so brightly lit by the fires of wit and fancy. Of late years the poet's existence was but physical, so that his death brought the less of sorrow with it. Mrs. Moore survives her husband: she was a lady of beauty, amiability, and much firmness and decision of character. None of the four children of the poet survive him. One son for some time was a pupil with a French translator of his father's verse, Bertraud, a professor of high literary fame at, and now mayor of, Caen in Normandy. A son of Moore's died in the French military service at Algiers.

Moore throughout life was a staunch and consistent liberal. His birth, his creed, his nearest and dearest associations, led him into close and cordial alliance with those whose policy, aloof from extremes, suited both his gentle disposition and his warm love of freedom. Under these circumstances, the pension conferred on him by a Whig government was the natural mark of regard and consideration for him. Moore spake as he felt of the wrongs of Erin, and he playfully satirised the foibles of the opponents of his own opinions; still, his very political bias was upright and gentlemanly; he cherished neither harm nor hate; the kindness of his soul was in all he said or did; and he truly, warmly cherished those themes he doated on—the amenities of social life, the ardour of patriotism, and the softness of woman's love. The lines which he himself paraphrased for the tomb of that ancient poet, whom he resembled as closely as the better Christian can the baser heathen, might well appear to his own memory:

> "O stranger, if Anacreon's shell
> Has ever taught thy heart to swell
> With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
> In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
> And drop thy goblet's richest tear
> In exquisite libation here!"

The remains of this gifted poet were consigned to their last resting-place in a vault on the north side of the churchyard of Bromham, a village lying half a mile to the left of the turnpike-road leading from Devizes to Chippenham, and four miles from the former place. The coffin, covered with black cloth, bore the simple inscription, "THOMAS MOORE, born May 28, 1779; died February 25, 1852, aged 72 years."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

(1781-1849.)

Ebenezer Elliott was born at Musbrough, a village near Sheffield. He sprang from the manufacturing poor of that district; and like them, was obliged to earn his subsistence by manual toil. He followed Crabbe in depicting in gloomy colours the condition of the poor, which he ascribed to the political institutions of his country. Elliott spent his youth and early manhood in the industrious and honourable pursuits of people of his rank in life; but his latter days were blessed by the competence which his genius deserved. He wrote *The Excursion, A Sonnet to the Bramble-flower, Pictures of Native Genius, Apostrophe to Futurity,* and *A Poet's Prayer.* The verses of Elliott are characterised by a rude and rough benevolence, quaint phraseology, long and inharmonious words; but disclose a dawning genius, of which the more perfect development might have given birth to great results. He was popularly styled the "Corn-Law Rhymer." He died December 1st, 1849.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

(1784-1842.)

Allan Cunningham was born at Blackwood, near Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, December 7, 1784. The life of our poet was an instance of strong perseverance developing original talent. Allan's earlier days gave no presage of the distinction which he afterwards attained. His father had been at first gardener to a neighbouring proprietor, but afterwards obtained the situation of land-steward to Mr. Miller of Dalswinton. About 1809 Allan was apprenticed to an uncle, who enjoyed a good position in those parts as a builder or mason; but this lasted but a short while, and our poet, in 1810, came up to London, where he became connected with the press. In 1814 he became clerk of the works to the late Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor, with whom he remained till the time of his death. In 1810 appeared *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song,* by Mr. Cromek; to which, however, it seems that Cunningham contributed the great bulk of the materials of his own composition. In 1822 appeared *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,* a dramatic poem; and shortly afterwards two volumes of *Traditional Tales,* and three novels, *Paul Jones, Sir Michael Scott,* and *Lord Roldan.* In 1832 he published an epic poem, in twelve parts, entitled *The Maid of Elvor.* He appeared also as an editor of the works of Burns, in eight volumes, to which he prefixed a life, replete with new anecdote and information; and of a collection of Scottish songs in four volumes. To Mr. Murray's *Family Library* he contributed *Lives of eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects,* in six volumes. This work was

with great popularity. His last work (completed just two days before his death) was a life of Wilkie, in three volumes. Allan Cunningham died on the 29th October, 1842, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

BERNARD BARTON.

(1784-1849.)

Bernard Barton was born on the 31st January, 1784. He was descended from a Cumberland family. His great-grandfather, John Barton, lived on his own estate at Ive Hill, a little hamlet about five or seven miles from Carlisle. Bernard's father seems to have devoted his leisure hours to literature, though he was fortunate enough to inherit from *his* father a good business at Carlisle, to which, however, he was little attached; he preferred, as he tells us, perusing Locke, Addison, or Pope, to poring over the dusty leaves of a day-book. But he never made up his mind to desert the counting-house, although he not long afterwards was prompted by his feelings and inquiries to leave the Church of England and join the Society of Friends. He soon afterwards confirmed his decision by marrying Mary Dove, a Quaker lady of a Cheshire family; by whom he had several children, of whom only one son, the subject of the present memoir, lived to maturity.

Bernard's mother died soon after the poet's birth, and John Barton married another Quaker lady; whereupon he went, during part of the year, to live at a country villa belonging to his wife's father at Tottenham. Bernard in after-life delighted to dwell on the pleasant days which he spent there; and he even declared himself willing to give up seven years of his life, as it then was, for a week at the country villa. But this was no idiosyncracy; people are wont to offer to make sacrifices which they know will not be accepted.

Bernard was educated at a Quaker school at Ipswich; and at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to Mr. Samuel Jesup, a shopkeeper at Halstead, in Essex, at the top of Halstead Hill. In 1806 he went to Woodbridge, and in the following year married Lucy Jesup, the niece of the shopkeeper at Halstead, and entered into partnership with her brother as a corn and coal merchant. There are some lines to his wife, in Miss Barton's memoir, in which he calls her "My Lucy:" they were written on the occasion of her death, which occurred a year after their marriage, in childbirth.

Bernard, after his wife's death, grew weary of the ledger and the counting-house; and feeling his taste for literature grow stronger as his disposition became more desultory, he resolved to bid a final adieu to Woodbridge. He now obtained the situation of a private tutor to the family of Mr. Waterhouse, a merchant of Liverpool. Here he found some family connections; and here he was kindly received by the Roscoe family, who were old acquaintances of his father and mother. After a year's residence in Liverpool he found his way back to Woodbridge, where he obtained a clerkship in the

bank of Messrs. Alexander, with whom he remained till two days before his death. Our poet belonged to the Woodbridge book-club, which counted him among its most constant members till a month or so before he died. In 1812 he published his *Metrical Effusions*, and began a correspondence with Robert Southey, from whom he received many kind and sensible letters. Six years afterwards he gave to the world *Poems by an Amateur*, which were published by subscription, but shortly afterwards appeared under the auspices of a London bookseller; and, being favourably reviewed, reached a fourth edition. In 1822 appeared *Napoleon*, which was dedicated to George IV. Between 1822 and 1828 he published five volumes of verse. But these, with a few exceptions only, exhibited haste and a weary mind. He disregarded the advice of his friends Southey and Lamb; he hurried on, writing verses as though he had been entering accounts of moneys received or cheques paid; he thought to astonish the world by the rapidity of his execution; he sought to be Walter Scott in verse; he delighted to see his name on the title-page; vanity led him to believe that the literary world would catch at every line which was produced by his pen: and it is, perhaps, owing to these childish impulses that Bernard Barton can only be reckoned a humble member of the fraternity.

In 1824 the society to which he belonged testified its respect for Barton by raising a subscription and investing it in the hands of a Mr. Shewell, who gave Barton the annual interest. In 1824 he met Southey at Mr. Clarkson's house at Playford; and he also corresponded by letter with several of the literary characters of the day.

From 1828 till the time of his death Barton's life was one continued calm; it almost might be said that the latter years of his life passed away in a state of apathetic torpidity; his conversation with men and books decreased as years grew upon him, and his sole care was the dull monotonous routine of the counting-house. But he still continued to write verses. In 1845 he published his last volume, which was dedicated to the queen, and was the occasion of Barton's making himself known to Sir Robert Peel, who got him a pension of 100*l.* on the civil list; a circumstance which the prime minister ever reflected on with pleasure, and not least so because it was his last public act. Barton was subject to disease of the heart, which he had fostered by his sedentary habits and carelessness. The disease developed fatal symptoms in 1848, and during that year and the January of 1849 he gradually grew worse. On the evening of Monday, Feb. 19, 1849, he was conversing with some friends (whom he always welcomed to the last), when he suddenly rose and rang the bell. His daughter entered, and found her father dying. Assistance was vain. In a few moments that heart had ceased to throb, that eye bore the glaze of death; Bernard Barton was no more.

The reader will find in Talfourd's *Life of Lamb* some interesting letters from Elia to our poet.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

(1785-1806.)

The life of Henry Kirke White is one which offers a useful and imitable example to young men, and especially young poets. His industry and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge during his short life entitle him to the respect of posterity. His verses breathe the spirit which reigned within, religious and thoughtful, though he cannot aspire to an exalted place among his brother-poets. Our poet was born at Nottingham, on the 21st of August, 1785. His father was a butcher, and Henry was for some time engaged in the paternal craft; but in his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to a stocking-weaver. But the young student soon grew tired of this calling, and was next, by his own wish, articled to an attorney. At this time he applied his leisure hours to the acquisition of languages, and in the course of ten months was able to read



Horace and a little Greek. He also acquired a knowledge of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and even of the sciences. In 1800 he obtained a silver medal for a translation from Horace, from the *Monthly Preceptor;* and in the following year a pair of 12-inch globes for *An Imaginary Tour from London to Edinburgh.* He next became a correspondent with the *Monthly Mirror*, and was introduced to Mr. Hill, the proprietor of that periodical. In 1803 appeared a collection of poems for the press, the longest of which was entitled *Clifton Grove.* These poems fell under the notice of Mr. Southey, who wrote to him an encouraging letter. White at one time inclined to Deism, but was confirmed in the Christian doctrines by reading Scott's *Force of Truth.* The convert resolved to spend the rest

of his life in promulgating the truths which had thus burst on his youthful mind; and with the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge, he obtained a sizarship at St. John's College, and the same kind heart promised to allow him 30*l.* a-year towards his expenses there. He attained to great distinction at college; and the University provided him, at their expense, with a private tutor in mathematics during the long vacation. He soon obtained exhibitions to the amount of 56*l.* a-year, which enabled him to dispense with the assistance of Mr. Simeon and other friends. But it was at the expense of health and spirits; White was obliged to return to London to recruit his shattered nerves; but on his return to college he was so utterly broken down, that no medical assistance could save him. He died on the 19th of October, 1806, at the age of 21.



WILFORD CHURCH.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.*

(1788-1824.)

" O'er the harp, from earliest years beloved,
He threw his fingers hurriedly, and tones
Of melancholy beauty died away
Upon its strings of sweetness."

It was reserved for the present age to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell afflictions of no ordinary description—afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling with imagination which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man was entitled to lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weakness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, that man was Lord Byron. Nor does it require much time, or a deep acquaintance with human nature, to discover why these extraordinary powers should in so many cases have contributed more to the wretchedness than to the happiness of their possessor.

We think that many points of resemblance may be traced between Byron and Rousseau. Both are distinguished by the most ardent and vivid delineation of intense conception, and by a deep sensibility of passion rather than of affection. Both too, by this double power, have held a dominion over the sympathy of their readers far beyond the range of those ordinary feelings which are excited by the mere efforts of genius. The impression of this interest still accompanies the perusal of their writings; but there is another interest, of more lasting and far stronger power, which each of them possessed,—the continual embodying of the individual character, it might almost be said of the very person, of the writer. When we speak or think of Rousseau or Byron, we are not conscious of speaking or thinking of an author; we have a vague but impassioned remembrance of men of surpassing genius, eloquence, and power,—of prodigious capacity both of misery and happiness: we feel as if we had transiently met such beings in real life, or had known them in the obscure communion of a dream. Each of their works presents, in succession, a fresh idea of themselves; and while the productions of other great men stand out from them, like something they have created, theirs, on the contrary, are images, pictures, busts of their living selves,—clothed, no doubt, at different times in different drapery, and prominent from a

* Written in 1831 by Sir Henry L. Bulwer, and now reprinted by his permission.

different background, but still impressed with the same form and mien and lineaments, and not to be mistaken for the representations of any other of the children of men.

But this view of the subject, though universally felt to be a true one, requires perhaps a little explanation. The personal character to which we allude is not altogether that on which the seal of life has been set, and to which, therefore, moral approval or condemnation is necessarily annexed, as to the language or conduct of actual existence; it is the character, so to speak, which is prior to conduct, and yet open to good and to ill—the constitution of the being in body and in soul. Each of these illustrious writers has, in this light, filled his works with expressions of his own character, has unveiled to the world the secrets of his own being. They have gone down into those depths which every man may sound for himself, though not for another; and they have made disclosures to the world of what they beheld and knew there—disclosures that have excited a profound and universal sympathy, by proving that all mankind, the troubled and the untroubled, the lofty and the low, the strongest and the weakest, are linked together by the bonds of a common but inscrutable nature.

Thus, each of these wayward and richly-gifted spirits made himself the object of profound interest to the world, and that, too, during periods of society when ample food was every where spread abroad for the meditation and passions of men.

Although of widely dissimilar fortunes and birth, a close resemblance in their passions and their genius may be traced too between Byron and Robert Burns. Their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the "rich summer of their life and song," and in all the splendour of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant, and the other a peer; but nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefaction: the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature, if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. They both distinguished themselves by the force of their genius, and fell by the strength of their passions: one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn of mankind; and both sung of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none have surpassed.

Lord Byron was descended from an illustrious line of ancestry. From the period of the Conquest, his family, who possessed extensive manors in Lancashire and other parts of the kingdom, were highly distinguished for their prowess in arms. John de Byron attended Edward I. in several warlike expeditions. Two of the Byrons fell at the battle of Cressy. Another member of the family, Sir John de Byron, rendered good service in Bosworth field to the Earl of Richmond, and contributed by his valour to transfer the crown from the head of Richard III. to that of Henry VII. Sir John was a man of honour as well as a brave warrior. He was very intimate with his neighbour Sir Gervase Clifton; and although Byron fought under Henry and Clifton under Richard, it did not diminish their friendship, though it put it to a severe test. Previous to that battle, they

had mutually promised, that whichever should be vanquished, the other should endeavour to prevent the forfeiture of his friend's estate. While Clifton was bravely fighting at the head of his troop, he was struck off his horse: Byron perceiving the accident, quitted the ranks and ran to the relief of his friend, who died in his arms. Sir John de Byron kept his word; he interceded with the king; and the estate, preserved to the Clifton family, is now in the possession of a descendant of Sir Gervase.

In the wars between Charles I. and the parliament, the Byrons adhered to the royal cause. Sir Nicholas Byron, the eldest brother and representative of the family, was an eminent royalist, who having distinguished himself in the wars of the Low Countries, was appointed governor of Chelsea in 1642. He had two sons, who both died without issue; and his younger brother, Sir John, became heir. This person was made a knight of the Bath at the coronation of James I. He had eleven sons, most of whom distinguished themselves by their loyalty and gallantry on the side of Charles I. Seven of these brothers were engaged at the battle of Marston Moor, and four fell in the defence of the royal cause. Sir John Byron, one of the survivors, was appointed to several important commands; and on 26th of October, 1643, was created Lord Byron, with a collateral remainder to his brothers. On the decline of the king's affairs, he was appointed governor to the Duke of York, and while holding this office died without issue, in France, in 1652; upon which his brother Richard, a celebrated cavalier, became the second Lord Byron. He was governor of Appleby Castle, and distinguished himself at Newark. He died in 1697, aged seventy-four, and was succeeded by his eldest son William, who married Elizabeth, the daughter of John Viscount Chaworth, of the kingdom of Ireland, by whom he had five sons, all of whom died young except William, whose eldest son, William, was born in 1722, and came to the title in 1736.

William Lord Byron passed the early part of his life in the navy. In 1763 he was made master of the stag-hounds; and in 1765 was sent to the Tower, and tried before the House of Peers, for killing his relation and neighbour Mr. Chaworth in a duel. The following details of this fatal event are peculiarly interesting from subsequent circumstances connected with the subject of our memoir.

William Lord Byron belonged to a club of which Mr. Chaworth was also a member. It met at the Star and Garter tavern, Pall Mall, and was called the Nottinghamshire Club. On the 29th January, 1765, they assembled at four o'clock to dinner as usual; and every thing went on agreeably until about seven o'clock, when an angry dispute arising betwixt Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth concerning the quantity of game on their estates, the latter gentleman paid his share of the bill and retired. Lord Byron followed him out of the room, and, stopping him on the landing of the stairs, called to the waiter to show them into an empty room. They were shown into one, and a single candle placed on the table: in a few minutes the bell was rung, and Mr. Chaworth found mortally wounded. He said that Lord Byron and he entered the room together; that his lordship, in walking forward, said something relative to the former dispute, on which he

proposed fastening the door; that on turning himself round from this act, he perceived his lordship with his sword half drawn, or nearly so; on which, knowing his man, he instantly drew his own, and made a thrust at him, which he thought had wounded or killed him; that then, perceiving his lordship shorten his sword to return the thrust, he thought to have parried it with his left hand; that he felt the sword enter his body, and go deep through his back; that he struggled, and being the stronger man, disarmed his lordship, and expressed some concern, as under the apprehension of having mortally wounded him; that Lord Byron replied by saying something to the like effect, adding at the same time, that he hoped "he would now allow him to be as brave a man as any in the kingdom."

For this offence he was unanimously convicted of manslaughter; but, on being brought up for judgment, pleaded his privilege as a peer, and was in consequence discharged. After this affair he was abandoned by his relations, and retired to Newstead Abbey; where,



NEWSTEAD.

while he lived in a state of exile from persons of his own rank, his unhappy temper found abundant exercise in continual war with his neighbours and tenants, and sufficient punishment in their hatred. One of his amusements was feeding crickets, which he rendered so tame as to crawl over him, and used to whip them with a wisp of straw when too familiar. In this forlorn condition he lingered out a long life, doing all in his power to ruin the paternal mansion for that other branch of the family to which he was aware it must pass at his death, all his own children having descended before him to the grave.

John, the next brother to William, and born in the year after him, that is in 1723, was of a very different disposition; but his career in life was almost an unbroken series of misfortunes. The hardships he endured while accompanying Commodore Anson in his expedition to

the South Seas are well known, from his own highly popular and affecting narrative. His only son, born in 1751, who received an excellent education, and held a commission in the Guards, was so dissipated, that he was known by the name of "mad Jack Byron." He was one of the handsomest men of his time; but his character was so notorious that his father was obliged to desert him, and his company was shunned by the better part of society. In his twenty-seventh year he seduced the Marchioness of Carmarthen, who had been but a few years married to a husband with whom she lived in the greatest happiness until the commencement of this unfortunate connection. After a fruitless attempt at reclaiming his lady, the marquis obtained a divorce; and a marriage was brought about between her and her seducer, which, after the most brutal conduct on his part, and the greatest misery and keenest remorse on hers, was dissolved in two years by her sinking to the grave, the victim of a broken heart. About three years subsequently, Captain Byron sought to recruit his fortune by matrimony; and having made a conquest of Miss Catherine Gordon, an Aberdeenshire heiress (lineally descended from the Earl of Huntley and the princess Jane, daughter of James II. of Scotland), he united himself to her, ran through her property in a few years, and leaving her and her only child, the subject of this memoir, fled to France to avoid his creditors, and died at Valenciennes in 1791.

George Byron Gordon (for so he was called, on account of the neglect his father's family had shown to his mother) was born at Dover, on the 22d of January, 1788. On the flight of his father, the entire care of his infant years devolved upon his mother, who retired to Aberdeen, where she lived in almost perfect seclusion, on the remains of her fortune. Her excessive maternal indulgence, and the absence of that salutary discipline and control so necessary to childhood, doubtless contributed to the formation of the less pleasing features of Lord Byron's character. It must, however, be remembered in Mrs. Byron's extenuation, not only that the circumstances in which she had been left with her son were of a very peculiar nature, but also that a slight malformation of one of his feet, and great weakness of constitution, naturally obtained for him in the heart of a mother a more than ordinary portion of tenderness.

When George was seven years of age, his mother sent him to the grammar-school at Aberdeen, where he remained till his removal to Harrow, with the exception of some intervals of absence, which were deemed requisite for the preservation of his health. His progress beyond that of the general run of his class-fellows was never so remarkable as after those occasional intervals of recreation, when, in a few days, he would master exercises which, in the ordinary school routine, it had required weeks to accomplish. But when he had overtaken the rest of the class, he always relaxed his exertions, and, contenting himself with being considered a tolerable scholar, never made any extraordinary effort to place himself at the head of the highest form. It was only out of school that he aspired to be the leader of every thing; in all boyish games and amusements he would be first if possible. For this he was eminently calculated; quick,

enterprising, and daring, the energy of his mind enabled him to overcome the impediments which nature had thrown in his way. Even at that early period (from eight to ten years of age) all his sports were of a manly character: fishing, shooting, swimming, managing a horse, or steering and trimming the sails of a boat, constituted his chief delight, and to the superficial observer seemed his sole occupation.

He was exceedingly brave; and in the juvenile wars of the school he generally gained the victory. Upon one occasion, a boy pursued by another took refuge in Mrs. Byron's house: the latter youth, who had been much abused by the former, proceeded to take vengeance on him on the landing-place of the drawing-room stairs, when George interposed in his defence, declaring that nobody should be ill-used while under his roof and protection. Upon this the aggressor dared him to fight; and although the former was by much the stronger of the two, the spirit of young Byron was so determined, that after the combat had lasted nearly two hours, it was suspended only in consequence of their complete exhaustion.

It is the custom of the grammar-school at Aberdeen, that the boys of all the five classes of which it is composed should be assembled for prayers in the public school at eight o'clock in the morning; after prayers, a censor calls over the names, and those who are absent are punished. The first time that Lord Byron had come to school after his accession to his title, the rector had caused his name to be inserted in the censor's book, "Georgius Dominus de Byron," instead of "Georgius Byron Gordon," as formerly. The boys, unaccustomed to this aristocratic sound, set up a loud and involuntary shout, which had such an effect on his sensitive mind that he burst into tears, and would have fled from the school had he not been restrained by the master.

The answer which Lord Byron made to a fellow-scholar, who questioned him as to the cause of the honorary addition of "Dominus de Byron" to his name, served at that time, when he was only ten years of age, to point out that he would be a man who would speak and act for himself; who, whatever might be his vices or his virtues, would not condescend to receive them at second-hand. It took place the very day after he had been menaced with a flogging round the school for a fault which he had not committed. When the question was put to him, he replied, "It is not my doing: Fortune was to whip me yesterday for what another did, and she has this day made me a lord for what another has ceased to do. I need not thank her in either case, for I have asked nothing at her hands."

On the 17th of May, 1798, William, the fifth Lord Byron, departed this life at Newstead. The son of this eccentric nobleman died when George was five years old; and as the descent both of the titles and estates was to heirs male, the latter of course succeeded his great-uncle. Upon this change of fortune, Lord Byron, now ten years of age, was removed from the immediate care of his mother, and placed as a ward under the guardianship of the Earl of Carlisle, whose father had married Isabella, the sister of the preceding Lord Byron. In one or two points of character this great aunt resembled the bard: she also wrote beautiful poetry; and after adorning the gay and fashion-

able world for many years, she left it without any apparent cause and with perfect indifference, and in a great measure secluded herself from society.

The young nobleman's guardian decided that he should receive the usual education given to England's titled sons, and that he should in the first instance be sent to the public school at Harrow. He was accordingly placed there under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Drury, to whom he has testified his gratitude in a note to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, in a manner which does equal honour to the tutor and the pupil. A change of scene and circumstances so rapid would have been hazardous to any boy, but it was doubly so to one of Byron's ardent mind and previous habits. Taken at once from the society of boys in ordinary life, and placed among youths of his own newly-acquired rank, with means of gratification which to him must have appeared considerable, it is by no means surprising that he should have been betrayed into every sort of extravagance: none of them appear, however, to have been of a very culpable nature.

"Though he was lame," says one of his schoolfellows, "he was a great lover of sports, and preferred hockey to Horace, relinquished even Helicon for 'duck-puddle,' and gave up the best poet that ever wrote hard Latin for a game of cricket on the common. He was not remarkable (nor was he ever) for his learning; but he was always a clever, plain-spoken, and undaunted boy. I have seen him fight by the hour like a Trojan, and stand up against the disadvantage of his lameness with all the spirit of an ancient combatant. 'Don't you remember your battle with Pitt?' (a brewer's son), said I to him in a letter (for I had witnessed it); but it seems that he had forgotten it. 'You are mistaken, I think,' said he in reply; 'it must have been with Rice-Pudding Morgan, or Lord Jocelyn, or one of the Douglasses, or George Raynsford, or Pryce (with whom I had two conflicts), or with Moses Moore (the 'clod'), or with somebody else, and not with Pitt; for with all the above-named and other worthies of the fist had I an interchange of black eyes and bloody noses, at various and sundry periods: however, it may have happened for all that.'"

Byron long retained a friendship for several of his Harrow school-comrades. Lord Clare was one of his constant correspondents; and Scroope Davies was also one of his chief companions before his lordship went to the Continent. The latter gentleman and Byron once lost all their money at "chicken-hazard," in one of the hells of St. James's, and the next morning Davies sent for Byron's pistols to shoot himself with. Byron sent a note refusing to give them, on the ground that they would be forfeited as a deodand; and this comic excuse had the desired effect.

Byron, whilst living at Newstead during the Harrow vacation, saw and became enamoured of Miss Chaworth, the Mary of his poetry, and the maiden of his beautiful "Dream." Miss Chaworth was older than his lordship by a few years, was light and volatile; and though no doubt highly flattered by his attachment, treated our poet less as an ardent lover than as a younger brother. She was punctual to their assignations, which took place at a gate dividing the grounds of the Byrons from the Chaworths, and received all his letters; but her answers, it is said, were written with more of the caution of coquetry

than the romance of "love's young dream." She, however, gave him her picture, but her hand was reserved for another.

It was somewhat remarkable that Lord Byron and Miss Chaworth should both have been under the guardianship of Mr. White, who was associated with Lord Carlisle in that office over Byron. Mr. White particularly wished that his wards should be united in marriage; but Miss C., as young ladies generally do in such circumstances, differed from him, and was resolved to please herself in the choice of a husband. The celebrated Mr. M., commonly known by the name of Jack M., was at this time quite the rage, and Miss C. was not subtle enough to conceal the *penchant* she had for him. It was in vain that Mr. W. took her from one watering-place to another; still the lover, like an evil spirit, followed; and at last, being somehow more persuasive than the "child of song," he carried off the lady, to the great grief of Lord Byron. The marriage, however, was not a happy one; the parties soon separated; and Mrs. M. afterwards proposed an interview with her former lover, which, by the advice of his sister, he declined.

Then it was that Lord Byron published his first poems, under the title of *Hours of Idleness*, which gave little promise of that eminent genius which afterwards distinguished their author. The history of the attack upon this first essay of the noble young poet, by a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, and his lordship's caustic poem, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, in retaliation, are well known. The latter, besides giving a present triumph to the poet, exhibited the first germs of those matchless powers which in a few years afterwards were felt and acknowledged throughout Europe and the world.

From Harrow Lord Byron was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge: there, however, he did not mend his manners, nor hold the sages of antiquity in higher esteem than when under the command of his reverend tutor at Harrow. He was above studying the poets, and held the rules of the Stagyrite in as little esteem as in after-life he did the "invariable principles" of the Rev. Mr. Bowles. Reading after the fashion of the studious men of Cam was to him a bore, and he held a senior wrangler in the greatest contempt. Persons of real genius are seldom candidates for college prizes; and Byron left them to those plodding characters who perhaps deserve them, as the guerdon of the unceasing labour necessary to overcome the all-but invincible dulness of their intellects. Instead of reading what tutors pleased, Byron read what pleased himself, and wrote what could not fail to displease those connected with the university. He did not admire their system of education; and they, as is the case with most scholars, could admire no other. He took to quizzing them; and as no one likes to be laughed at, doctors frowned, fellows fumed, and Byron at the age of nineteen left college without a degree.

Among other means which he adopted to show his contempt for academical honours, he kept a young bear in his room for some time, which he told all his friends was in training for a fellowship!

When Lord Byron bade adieu to the university, he took up his residence at Newstead Abbey, where his pursuits were principally those of amusement. Among others he was extremely fond of the water. In his aquatic exercises he had seldom any other companion

than a large Newfoundland dog, to try whose sagacity and fidelity he used to let himself fall out of the boat, as if by accident, when the dog would seize him and drag him ashore. On losing this dog, in the autumn of 1808, he caused a monument to be erected, upon which are inscribed some verses commemorative of its attachment.

The following descriptions of Newstead will be found interesting:

"This abbey was founded in the year 1170, by Henry II., as a priory of Black Canons, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It continued in the family of the Byrons until the time of our poet, who sold it first to Mr. Claughton for the sum of 140,000*l.*; and on that gentleman's not being able to fulfil the agreement, and paying 20,000*l.* of a forfeit, it was afterwards sold to another person, and most of the money vested in trustees for the jointure of the Hon. Mrs. Byron. The greater part of the edifice still remains. The present possessor, Major Wildman, is, with genuine taste, repairing this beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. The late Lord Byron repaired a considerable part of it; but, forgetting the roof, he turned his attention to the inside; and the consequence was, that in a few years the rain, penetrating to the apartments, soon destroyed all those elegant devices which his lordship contrived. Lord Byron's own study was a neat little apartment, decorated with some good classic busts, a select collection of books, an antique cross, a sword in a gilt case, and, at the end of the room, two finely-polished skulls on a pair of light fancy stands. In the garden, likewise, there was a great number of these skulls, taken from the burial-ground of the abbey, and piled up together; but they were afterwards re-committed to the earth." A writer, who visited it soon after Lord Byron had sold it, says: "In one corner of the servants' hall lay a stone coffin, in which were fencing-gloves and foils; and on the walls of the ample but cheerless kitchen was painted in large letters, 'Waste not, want not.' During the minority of Lord Byron, the abbey was in the possession of Lord G——, his hounds, and divers colonies of jackdaws, swallows, and starlings. The internal traces of this Goth were swept away; but without, all appeared as rude and unreclaimed as he could have left it. With the exception of the dog's tomb, a conspicuous and elegant object, I do not recollect the slightest trace of culture or improvement. The late lord, a stern and desperate character, who is never mentioned by the neighbouring peasants without a significant shake of the head, might have returned and recognised every thing about him, except, perhaps, an additional crop of weeds. There still slept that old pond, into which he is said to have hurled his lady in one of his fits of fury, whence she was rescued by the gardener, a courageous blade, who was his lord's master, and chastised him for his barbarity. There still, at the end of the garden, in a grove of oak, two towering satyrs, he with his goat and club, and Mrs. Satyr with her chubby cloven-footed brat, placed on pedestals at the intersections of the narrow and gloomy pathways, struck for a moment, with their grim visages and silent shaggy forms, the fear into your bosom which is felt by the neighbouring peasantry at 'th'oud laird's devils.' I have frequently asked the country people near Newstead, what sort of a man his lordship (our Lord Byron) was. The impression of his eccentric but energetic character was evident in the reply,

'He's the devil of a fellow for comical fancies. He flogs th'oud laird to nothing; but he's a hearty good fellow for all that.'"

Walpole, who had visited Newstead, gives, in his usual bitter, sarcastic manner, the following account of it:

"As I returned I saw Newstead and Althorp; I like both. The former is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the ancient cistern of the convent, and their arms on it: it has a private chapel quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so much unprofaned. The present lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks, five thousand pounds worth of which have been cut near the house. *En revanche*, he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for damage done to the navy; and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that look like ploughboys dressed in old family liveries for a public day. In the hall is a very good collection of pictures, all animals. The refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons; the vaulted roof remaining, but the windows have new dresses making for them by a Venetian tailor."

It was at Newstead, just before his coming of age, that he planned his future travels; and his original intention included a much larger portion of the world than that which he afterwards visited. He first thought of Persia, to which idea, indeed, he for a long time adhered. He afterwards meant to sail for India; and had so far contemplated this project as to write for information to the Arabic professor at Cambridge, and to ask his mother to inquire of a friend who had lived in India, what things would be necessary for his voyage. He formed his plan of travelling upon very different grounds from those which he afterwards advanced. All men should travel at one time or another, he thought, and he had then no connexions to prevent him; when he returned he might enter into political life, for which travelling would not incapacitate him; and he wished to judge of men by experience.

At length, in July 1809, in company with John Cam Hobhouse, Esq. (with whom his acquaintance commenced at Cambridge), Lord Byron embarked at Falmouth for Lisbon, and thence proceeded, by the southern provinces of Spain, to the Mediterranean. The objects that he met with as far as Gibraltar seem to have occupied his mind, to the temporary exclusion of his gloomy and misanthropic thoughts; for a letter which he wrote to his mother from thence contains much playful description of the scenes through which he had passed. At Seville Lord Byron lodged in the house of two ladies, one of whom was about to be married, and who, though he remained there only three days, paid him the most particular attention. At parting, she embraced him with great tenderness, cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own. With this specimen of Spanish female manners, he proceeded to Cadiz, where various incidents occurred to confirm the opinion he had formed at Seville of the Andalusian belles, and which made him leave it with regret, but with a determination to return to it. He wrote to his mother from Malta, announcing his safety, and again from Previsa in November. Upon arriving at Yanina, he found that Ali Pacha was with his troops in Illyrium, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in Berat; but the vizier, having

heard than an English nobleman was in his country, had given orders at Yanina to supply him with every kind of accommodation free of expense. From Yanina Lord Byron went to Tepaleen. Here he was lodged in the palace, and the next day introduced to Ali Pacha, who declared that he knew him to be a man of rank from the smallness of his ears, his curling hair, and his white hands.

In going in a Turkish ship of war, provided by Ali Pacha, from Previsa, intending to sail for Patras, Lord Byron was very nearly lost in a moderate gale of wind, from the ignorance of the Turkish officers and sailors, and was driven on the coast of Suli, where an instance of disinterested hospitality in the chief of a Suliote village occurred. The honest Albanian, after assisting him in his distress, supplying his wants, and lodging him and his suite, refused to receive any remuneration. When Lord Byron pressed him to accept some money, he said, "I wish you to love me, not to pay me!" At Yanina, on his return, he was introduced to Hussein Bey and Mahmout Pacha, two young children of Ali Pacha. He afterwards visited Smyrna, whence he went in the Salsette frigate to Constantinople.

On the 3d of May, 1810, while the Salsette was lying at anchor in the Dardanelles, Lord Byron, accompanied by Lieutenant Ekenhead, swam across the Hellespont from the European shore to the Asiatic—about two miles wide. The tide of the Dardanelles runs so strong, that it is impossible either to swim or to sail to any given point. Lord Byron went from the castle to Abydos, landing full three miles below his meditated place of approach. He had a boat in attendance all the way; so that no danger could be apprehended, even if his strength had failed. His lordship records, in one of his minor poems, that he got the ague by the voyage; but it was well known, that after landing he was so much exhausted, that he gladly accepted the offer of a Turkish fisherman, and reposed in his hut for several hours. He was then very ill; and as Lieutenant Ekenhead was compelled to go on board his frigate, he was left alone. The Turk had no idea of the rank or consequence of his inmate, but paid him most marked attention. His wife was his nurse; and at the end of five days he left this asylum, completely recovered. When about to embark, the Turk gave him a large loaf, a cheese, a skin filled with wine, and a few paras (about a penny each), prayed Allah to bless him, and wished him safe home. When his lordship arrived at Abydos, he sent over his man Stefano to the Turk, with an assortment of fishing nets, a fowling-piece, a brace of pistols, and twelve yards of silk to make gowns for his wife. The poor Turk was astonished. "What a noble return," said he, "for an act of humanity!" He then formed the resolution of crossing the Hellespont, in order to thank his lordship in person. His wife approved of the plan; and he had sailed about halfway across, when a sudden squall upset his boat, and the poor Turkish fisherman found a watery grave. Lord Byron was much distressed on hearing of the catastrophe, and, with all that kindness of heart which was natural to him, he sent the widow fifty dollars, and told her he would ever be her friend. This anecdote, so highly honourable to his lordship's memory, is very little known. Lieutenant Hare, who was on the spot at the time, furnished the particulars; and added that, in the year 1817, Lord Byron, then proceeding

to Constantinople, landed at the same spot, and made a handsome present to the widow and her son.

It was not till after Lord Byron arrived at Constantinople that he decided on not going to Persia, but to pass the following summer in the Morea. At Constantinople, Mr. Hobhouse left him to return to England. On losing his companion, Lord Byron went alone to many of the places which he had already visited, and studied scenery and manners, especially those of Greece, with the searching eye of a poet. His mind appeared occasionally to have some tendency towards a recovery from the morbid state of apathy which it had previously evinced; and the gratification he manifested on observing the superiority of England over other countries, proved that patriotism was far from being extinct in his bosom. The embarrassed state of his affairs at length induced him to return home; and he arrived in the *Volage* frigate on the 2d of July, 1811, having been absent two years. His health had not suffered by his travels, although it had been interrupted by two sharp fevers, in consequence of which he put himself on a vegetable diet, and drank no wine.

Soon after his arrival, the serious illness of his mother summoned him to Newstead; but on reaching the Abbey he found that she had breathed her last. He suffered much from this loss, and from the disappointment of not seeing her before her death; and while his feelings on the subject were still acute, he received the intelligence that a friend, whom he highly esteemed, had been drowned in the Cam. Not long before, he had heard of the death at Coimbra of a schoolfellow to whom he was much attached. These three melancholy events, occurring within the space of a month, had a powerful effect on Lord Byron's feelings.

Towards the termination of his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, the noble author had declared, that it was his intention to break off, from that period, his connexion with the Muses. Such resolutions are seldom maintained. In February 1812 the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (with the manuscript of which he had presented Mr. Dallas) made their appearance, and produced an effect on the public equal to that of any work which has been published within this or the last century.

The indications of a powerful and original mind which glance through every line of *Childe Harold* electrified the mass of readers, and placed at once upon Lord Byron's head the garland for which other men of genius have toiled long and obtained late. He became pre-eminent among the literary men of his country by general acclamation. Those who had so mercilessly censured his juvenile essays were the first to pay homage to his more matured efforts; while others, who saw in the sentiments of Childe Harold much to regret and censure, did not withhold their tribute of applause to the depth of thought and force of expression which animated the *Pilgrimage*. Thus, as all admired the poem, all were prepared to greet the author with that fame which is the poet's best reward. It was amidst such feelings of admiration that Lord Byron fully entered on that public stage, where, to the close of his life, he made so distinguished a figure.

At one of the fashionable parties to which the noble bard was

invited, his majesty, then Prince Regent, happened to be present. Lord Byron was at some distance when he entered the room, but, on learning who he was, his Royal Highness sent a gentleman to desire that he would be presented. Of course the presentation took place: the Regent expressed his admiration of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and entered into a conversation which so fascinated the poet, that had it not been for an accident which deferred a levee intended to have been held the next day, he would have gone to court. Soon after, however, an unfortunate influence counteracted the effect of royal praise, and Byron permitted himself to write and speak disrespectfully of the Prince.

The whole of Byron's political career may be summed up in the following anecdotes:

The Earl of Carlisle having declined to introduce him to the House of Peers, he resolved to introduce himself, and accordingly went there a little before the usual hour, when he knew few of the lords would be present. On entering he appeared rather abashed and looked very pale, but, passing the woolsack, where the Chancellor (Lord Eldon) was engaged in some of the ordinary routine of the house, he went directly to the table, where the oaths were administered to him. The Lord Chancellor then approached, and offered his hand in the most open friendly manner, congratulating him on his taking possession of his seat. Lord Byron only placed the tips of his fingers in the Chancellor's hand: the latter returned to his seat; and Byron, after lounging a few minutes on one of the opposition benches, retired. To Mr. Dallas, who followed him out, he gave as a reason for not entering into the spirit of the Chancellor, "that it might have been supposed he would join the court party, whereas he intended to have nothing at all to do with politics."

He only addressed the house three times: the first of his speeches was on the Frame-work Bill; the second in favour of the Catholic claims, which gave good hopes of his becoming an orator; and the other related to a petition from Major Cartwright. Byron himself says, the Lords told him "his manner was not dignified enough for them, and would better suit the lower house;" others say, they gathered round him while speaking, listening with the greatest attention—a sign, at any rate, that he was interesting. He always voted with the opposition, but evinced no likelihood of becoming the partisan of either side.

The enmity that Byron entertained towards the Earl of Carlisle was owing to two causes: the earl had spoken rather irreverently of the *Hours of Idleness;* and had also refused to introduce his kinsman to the House of Lords, even, it is said, doubting his right to a seat in that honourable house. The Earl was a great admirer of the classic drama, and once published a pamphlet, in which he strenuously argued in behalf of the propriety and necessity of small theatres: the same day that this weighty publication appeared, he subscribed a thousand pounds for some public purpose. On this occasion Byron composed the following epigram:

"Carlisle subscribes a thousand pound
Out of his rich domains;
And for a sixpence circles round

The produce of his brains:
'Tis thus the difference you may hit
Between his fortune and his wit."

Byron retained to the last his antipathy to this relative. On reading some lines addressed to Lady Holland by the Earl of Carlisle, persuading her to reject the snuff-box bequeathed to her by Napoleon, beginning

"Lady, reject the gift, &c."

he immediately wrote the following parody:

"Lady, accept the gift a hero wore,
In spite of all this elegiac stuff:
Let not seven stanzas written by a bore
Prevent your ladyship from taking snuff."

On the 2d of January, 1815, Lord Byron married, at Seaham, in the county of Durham, Anne Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Millbank (since Noel), Bart. To this lady he had made a proposal twelve months before, but was rejected: well would it have been for their mutual happiness had that rejection been repeated. After their marriage, Lord and Lady Byron took a house in London, gave splendid dinner-parties, and launched into every sort of fashionable extravagance. This could not last long; the portion which his lordship received with Miss Millbank (ten thousand pounds) soon melted away; and at length an execution was actually levied on the furniture of his residence. It was then agreed that Lady Byron, who, on the 10th of December, 1815, had presented her lord with a daughter, should pay a visit to her father till the storm was blown over, and some arrangements had been made with their creditors. From that visit she never returned, and a separation ensued, for which various reasons have been assigned: the real cause or causes, however, are up to this moment involved in mystery; though, as might be expected, a wonderful sensation was excited at the time, and every description of contradictory rumour was in active circulation.

Byron was first introduced to Miss Millbank at Lady ——'s. In going upstairs he stumbled, and remarked to Moore, who accompanied him, that it was a bad omen. On entering the room, he perceived a lady, more simply dressed than the rest, sitting on a sofa. He asked Moore if she was a humble companion to any of the ladies. The latter replied, "She is a great heiress; you'd better marry her, and repair the old place at Newstead."

The following anecdotes on the subject of his marriage are given from Lord Byron's Conversations, in his own words:

"There was something piquant, and what we term pretty, in Miss Millbank; her features were small and feminine, though not regular; she had the fairest skin imaginable; her figure was perfect for her height; and there was a simplicity, a retired modesty about her, which was very characteristic, and formed a happy contrast to the cold artificial formality and studied stiffness which is called fashion: she interested me exceedingly. It is unnecessary to detail the progress of our acquaintance: I became daily more attached to her, and it ended in my making her a proposal that was rejected; her refusal

was couched in terms that could not offend me. I was besides persuaded that in declining my offer she was governed by the influence of her mother; and was the more confirmed in this opinion by her reviving our correspondence herself twelve months after. The tenour of her letter was, that although she could not love me, she desired my friendship. Friendship is a dangerous word for young ladies; it is love full-fledged, and waiting for a fine day to fly.

"I was not so young when my father died, but that I perfectly remember him, and had very early a horror of matrimony, from the sight of domestic broils: this feeling came over me very strongly at my wedding. Something whispered me that I was sealing my own death-warrant. I am a great believer in presentiments: Socrates' demon was not a fiction; Monk Lewis had his monitor; and Napoleon many warnings. At the last moment I would have retreated if I could have done so. I called to mind a friend of mine, who had married a young, beautiful, and rich girl, and yet was miserable; he had strongly urged me against putting my neck in the same yoke: and, to show you how firmly I was resolved to attend to his advice, I betted Hay fifty guineas to one that I should always remain single. Six years afterwards, I sent him the money. The day before I proposed to Lady Byron, I had no idea of doing so.

"It had been predicted by Mrs. Williams, that twenty-seven was to be a dangerous age for me: the fortune-telling witch was right; it was destined to prove so. I shall never forget the 2d of January! Lady Byron (Byrn, he pronounced it) was the only unconcerned person present; Lady Noel, her mother, cried; I trembled like a leaf, made the wrong responses, and, after the ceremony, called her Miss Millbank.

"There is a singular history attached to the ring: the very day the match was concluded, a ring of my mother's that had been lost was dug up by the gardener at Newstead. I thought it was sent on purpose for the wedding; but my mother's marriage had not been a fortunate one, and this ring was doomed to be the seal of an unhappier union still.

"After the ordeal was over, we set off for a country-seat of Sir Ralph's; and I was surprised at the arrangements for the journey, and somewhat out of humour to find a lady's maid stuck between me and my bride. It was rather too early to assume the husband, so I was forced to submit, but it was not with a very good grace.

"I have been accused of saying, on getting into the carriage, that I had married Lady Byron out of spite, and because she had refused me twice. Though I was for a moment vexed at her prudery, or whatever it may be called, if I had made so uncavalier, not to say brutal, a speech, I am convinced Lady Byron would instantly have left the carriage to me and the maid (I mean the lady's); she had spirit enough to have done so, and would properly have resented the affront.

"Our honeymoon was not all sunshine, it had its clouds; and Hobhouse has some letters which would serve to explain the rise and fall in the barometer; but it was never down at zero.

"A curious thing happened to me shortly after the honeymoon, which was very awkward at the time, but has since amused me much.

It so happened that three married women were on a wedding visit to my wife (and in the same room at the same time), whom I had known to be all birds of the same nest. Fancy the scene of confusion that ensued!

"The world says I married Miss Millbank for her fortune, because she was a great heiress. All I have ever received, or am likely to receive (and that has been twice paid back too), was 10,000*l.* My own income at this period was small and somewhat bespoke. Newstead was a very unprofitable estate, and brought me in a bare 1500*l.* a-year; the Lancashire property was hampered with a lawsuit, which has cost me 14,000*l.*, and is not yet finished.

"I heard afterwards that Mrs. Charlment had been the means of poisoning Lady Noel's mind against me; that she had employed herself and others in watching me in London, and had reported having traced me into a house in Portland-place. There was one act unworthy of any one but such a confidante; I allude to the breaking open my writing-desk: a book was found in it that did not do much credit to my taste in literature, and some letters from a married woman with whom I had been intimate before my marriage. The use that was made of the latter was most unjustifiable, whatever may be thought of the breach of confidence that led to their discovery. Lady Byron sent them to the husband of the lady, who had the good sense to take no notice of their contents. The gravest accusation that has been made against me is that of having intrigued with Mrs. Mardyn in my own house, introduced her to my own table, &c.: there never was a more unfounded calumny. Being on the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre, I have no doubt that several actresses called on me; but as to Mrs. Mardyn, who was a beautiful woman, and might have been a dangerous visitress, I was scarcely acquainted (to speak) with her. I might even make a more serious charge against —— than employing spies to watch suspected amours. I had been shut up in a dark street in London, writing *The Siege of Corinth*, and had refused myself to every one till it was finished. I was surprised one day by a doctor and a lawyer almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room; I did not know till afterwards the real object of their visit. I thought their questions singular, frivolous, and somewhat importunate, if not impertinent; but what should I have thought if I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity! I have no doubt that my answers to these emissaries' interrogations were not very rational or consistent, for my imagination was heated by other things; but Dr. Baillie could not conscientiously make me out a certificate for Bedlam, and perhaps the lawyer gave a more favourable report to his employers. The doctor said afterwards he had been told that I always looked down when Lady Byron bent her eyes on me, and exhibited other symptoms equally infallible, particularly those that marked the late king's case so strongly. I do not, however, tax Lady Byron with this transaction: probably she was not privy to it; she was the tool of others. Her mother always detested me: she had not even the decency to conceal it in her own house. Dining one day at Sir Ralph's (who was a good sort of man, and of whom you may form some idea, when I tell you that a leg of mutton was always served at his table, that he might cut the same joke upon

it), I broke a tooth, and was in great pain, which I could not avoid showing. 'It will do you good,' said Lady Noel; 'I am glad of it!' I gave her a look!

"Lady Byron had good ideas, but could never express them; wrote poetry too, but it was only good by accident; her letters were always enigmatical, often unintelligible. She was easily made the dupe of the designing, for she thought her knowledge of mankind infallible. She had got some foolish idea of Madame de Staël's into her head, that a person may be better known in the first hour than in ten years. She had the habit of drawing people's characters after she had seen them once or twice. She wrote pages on pages about my character, but it was as unlike as possible. She was governed by what she called fixed rules and principles, squared mathematically. She would have made an excellent wrangler at Cambridge. It must be confessed, however, that she gave no proof of her boasted consistency; first she refused me, then she accepted me, then she separated herself from me—so much for consistency. I need not tell you of the obloquy and opprobrium that were cast upon my name when our separation was made public. I once made a list from the journals of the day of the different worthies, ancient and modern, to whom I was compared: I remember a few,—Nero, Apicius, Epicurus, Caligula, Heliogabalus, Henry the Eighth, and lastly, the ——. All my former friends, even my cousin George Byron, who had been brought up with me, and whom I loved as a brother, took my wife's part: he followed the stream when it was strongest against me, and can never expect any thing from me; he shall never touch a sixpence of mine. I was looked upon as the worst of husbands, the most abandoned and wicked of men; and my wife as a suffering angel, an incarnation of all the virtues and perfections of the sex. I was abused in the public prints, made the common talk of private companies, hissed as I went to the House of Lords, insulted in the streets, afraid to go to the theatre, whence the unfortunate Mrs. Mardyn had been driven with insult. The *Examiner* was the only paper that dared say a word in my defence, and Lady Jersey the only person in the fashionable world that did not look upon me as a monster.

"In addition to all these mortifications, my affairs were irretrievably involved, and almost so as to make me what they wished. I was compelled to part with Newstead, which I never could have ventured to sell in my mother's lifetime. As it is, I shall never forgive myself for having done so, though I am told that the estate would not now bring half as much as I got for it: this does not at all reconcile me to having parted with the old Abbey. I did not make up my mind to this step but from the last necessity; I had my wife's portion to repay, and was determined to add 10,000*l.* more of my own to it, which I did: I always hated being in debt, and do not owe a guinea. The moment I had put my affairs in train, and in little more than eighteen months after my marriage, I left England, a voluntary exile, intending it should be for ever."

We shall here avail ourselves of some observations by a powerful and elegant critic,* whose opinions on the personal character of Lord

* Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.

Byron, as well as on the merits of his poems, are, from their originality, candour, and discrimination, of considerable weight.

"The charge against Lord Byron," says this writer, "is, not that he fell a victim to excessive temptations, and a combination of circumstances, which it required a rare and extraordinary degree of virtue, wisdom, prudence, and steadiness to surmount; but that he abandoned a situation of uncommon advantages, and fell weakly, pusillanimously, and selfishly, when victory would have been easy, and when defeat was ignominious. In reply to this charge, I do not deny that Lord Byron inherited some very desirable, and even enviable privileges, in the lot of life which fell to his share. I should falsify my own sentiments if I treated lightly the gift of an ancient English peerage, and a name of honour and venerable antiquity; but without a fortune competent to that rank, it is not a bed of roses, nay it is attended with many and extreme difficulties, and the difficulties are exactly such as a genius and temper like Lord Byron's were least calculated to meet—at any rate, least calculated to meet under the peculiar collateral circumstances in which he was placed. His income was very narrow; his Newstead property left him a very small disposable surplus; his Lancashire property was, in its condition, &c. unproductive. A profession, such as the army, might have lessened, or almost annihilated the difficulties of his peculiar position; but probably his lameness rendered this impossible. He seems to have had a love of independence, which was noble, and probably even an intractability; but this temper added to his indisposition to bend and adapt himself to his lot. A dull, or supple, or intriguing man, without a single good quality of head or heart, might have managed it much better; he might have made himself subservient to government, and wormed himself into some lucrative place; or he might have lived meanly, conformed himself stupidly or cringingly to all humours, and been borne onward on the wings of society with little personal expense.

"Lord Byron was of another quality and temperament. If the world would not conform to him, still less would he conform to the world. He had all the manly, baronial pride of his ancestors, though he had not all their wealth, and their means of generosity, hospitality, and patronage. He had the will, alas, without the power.

"With this temper, these feelings, this genius, exposed to a combination of such untoward and trying circumstances, it would indeed have been inimitably praiseworthy if Lord Byron could have been always wise, prudent, calm, correct, pure, virtuous, and unassailable:—if he could have shown all the force and splendour of his mighty poetical energies, without any mixture of their clouds, their baneful lightnings, or their storms:—if he could have preserved all his sensibility to every kind and noble passion, yet have remained placid, and unaffected by the attack of any blameable emotion;—that is, it would have been admirable if he had been an angel, and not a man!

"Unhappily, the outrages he received, the gross calumnies which were heaped upon him, even in the time of his highest favour with the public, turned the delights of his very days of triumph to poison, and gave him a sort of moody, fierce, and violent despair, which led

to humours, acts, and words, that mutually aggravated the ill-will and the offences between him and his assailants. There was a daring spirit in his temper and his talents, which was always inflamed rather than corrected by opposition.

"In this most unpropitious state of things, every thing that went wrong was attributed to Lord Byron, and, when once attributed, was assumed and argued upon as an undeniable fact. Yet, to my mind, it is quite clear,—quite unattended by a particle of doubt,—that in many things in which he has been the most blamed, he was the absolute victim of misfortune; that unpropitious trains of events (for I do not wish to shift the blame on others) led to explosions and consequent derangements, which no cold, prudent pretender to extreme propriety and correctness could have averted or met in a manner less blamable than that in which Lord Byron met it."

By his ill-assorted marriage, Lord Byron had one child, a daughter, for whom he felt to the hour of his death the strongest and most anxious affection. She was named Ada: the beautifully pathetic stanza at the opening of the third canto of *Childe Harold* touchingly expresses his paternal feelings towards this "sole daughter of his house and name."

In the spring of 1816, Lord Byron quitted England, to return to it no more. He crossed over to France, through which he passed rapidly to Brussels, taking in his way a survey of the field of Waterloo. He then proceeded to Coblentz, and up the Rhine to Basle. He passed the summer on the banks of the lake of Geneva. With what enthusiasm he enjoyed its scenery, his own poetry soon exhibited to the world. The third canto of *Childe Harold*, *Manfred*, and the *Prisoner of Chillon* were composed at the Campagno Diodati, at Coligny, a mile from Geneva.

Lord Byron avoided as much as possible any intercourse with his countrymen at Venice; and this seems to have been in a great measure necessary, in order to prevent the intrusion of impertinent curiosity. In the appendix to one of his poems, written with reference to a book of travels, the author of which disclaimed any wish to be introduced to the noble lord, he loftily and sarcastically chastises the incivility of such a gratuitous declaration, expresses his "utter abhorrence of any contact with the travelling English;" and thus concludes: "Except Lords Lansdowne, Jersey, and Lauderdale, Messrs. Scott, Hammond, Sir Humphrey Davy, the late Mr. Lewis, W. Bankes, Mr. Hoppner, Thomas Moore, Lord Kinnaird, his brother, Mr. Joy, and Mr. Hobhouse, I do not recollect to have exchanged a word with another Englishman since I left their country; and almost all these I had known before. The others, and God knows there were some hundreds, who bored me with letters or visits, I refused to have any communication with, and shall be proud and happy when that wish becomes mutual."

After a residence of three years at Venice, Lord Byron removed to Ravenna, towards the close of the year 1819. Here he wrote the *Prophecy of Dante*, which exhibited a new specimen of the astonishing variety of strength and expansion of faculties he possessed and exercised. About the same time he wrote *Sardanapalus*, a tragedy; *Cain*, a mystery; and *Heaven and Earth*, a mystery. Though there are some

obvious reasons which render *Sardanapalus* unfit for the English stage, it is, on the whole, the most splendid specimen which our language affords of that species of tragedy which was the exclusive object of Lord Byron's admiration. *Cain* is one of the productions which has subjected its noble author to the severest denunciations, on account of the crime of impiety alleged against it, as it seems to have a tendency to call in question the benevolence of Providence. In answer to the loud and general outcry which this production occasioned, Lord Byron observed, in a letter to his publisher, "If *Cain* be blasphemous, *Paradise Lost* is blasphemous, and the words of the Oxford gentleman, 'Evil, be thou my good,' are from that very poem from the mouth of Satan; and is there any thing more in that of Lucifer in the mystery? *Cain* is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of argument: if Lucifer and Cain speak as the first rebel and first murderer may be supposed to speak, nearly all the rest of the personages talk also according to their characters; and the stronger passions have ever been permitted to the drama. I have avoided introducing the Deity as in Scripture, though Milton does, and not very wisely either: but have adopted his angel, as sent to Cain, instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings on the subject, by falling short of what all uninspired men must fall short in, viz. giving an adequate notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah. The old mysteries introduced him liberally enough, and all this I avoided in the new one."

An event occurred at Ravenna, during his lordship's stay there, which made a deep impression on him, and to which he alludes in the fifth canto of *Don Juan*. The military commandant of the place, suspected of being secretly a Carbonaro, but too powerful a man to be arrested, was assassinated opposite Lord Byron's palace. His lordship had his foot in the stirrup at the usual hour of exercise, when his horse started at the report of a gun: on looking up, Lord Byron perceived a man throw down a carbine and run away at full speed, and another man stretched upon the pavement a few yards distant; it was the unhappy commandant. A crowd was soon collected, but no one ventured to offer the least assistance. Lord Byron directed his servant to lift up the bleeding body, and carry it into his palace; though it was represented to him that by doing so he would confirm the suspicion, which was already entertained, of his belonging to the same party. Such an apprehension could have had no effect on Byron's mind when an act of humanity was to be performed: he assisted in bearing the victim of assassination into the house, and putting him on a bed; but he was already dead from several wounds. "He appeared to have breathed his last without a struggle," said his lordship, when afterwards recounting the affair. "I never saw a countenance so calm. His adjutant followed the corpse into the house; I remember his lamentation over him:—'Povero diavolo! non aveva fatto male, anchè ad un cane.'" The following were the noble writer's poetical reflections (in *Don Juan*) on viewing the dead body:—

"—— I gazed (as oft I gazed the same)
To try if I could wrench aught out of death
Which should confirm, or shake, or make a faith.

[illegible]

That a being of such capabilities should abstractedly, and without an attempt to throw the responsibility on a fictitious personage, have uttered such startling doubts was a daring which, whatever might have been its private opinion, no critic has as yet ventured.

"It is difficult," observes Captain Medwin, "to judge, from the conversations usual in his writings, what the religious opinions of Lord Byron really were. From the conversations I held with him, on the whole, I am inclined to think that, if he were occasionally sceptical, and thought it, as he says in *Don Juan*,

> —— a pleasant thing, perhaps, at times,
> Like Pyrrho, in a sea of speculation,

yet his wavering never amounted to a disbelief in Christianity."

In the autumn of 1821, the noble bard removed to Pisa, in Tuscany. He took up his residence in the Lanfranchi Palace, and engaged in an intrigue with the beautiful Guiccioli, wife of the count of that name, which connexion, with more than his usual constancy, he maintained for nearly three years; during which period the countess was separated from her husband, on an application from the latter to the Pope.

The following is a sketch of this "fair enchantress," as taken at the time the *Liaison* was formed between her and Byron. "The countess is twenty-three years of age, though she appears no more than seventeen or eighteen. Unlike most of the Italian women, her complexion is delicately fair. Her eyes, large, dark, and languishing, are shaded by the longest eye-lashes in the world; and her hair, which is ungathered on her head, plays over her falling shoulders in a profusion of natural ringlets of the darkest auburn. Her figure is perhaps, too much embonpoint for her height: but her bust is perfect. Her features want little of possessing a Grecian regularity of outline; and she has the most beautiful mouth and teeth imaginable. It is impossible to see without admiring—to hear the Guiccioli speak without being fascinated. Her amiability and gentleness show themselves in every intonation of her voice, which, and the music of her perfect Italian, give a peculiar charm to every thing she utters. Grace and elegance seem component parts of her nature. Notwithstanding that she adores Lord Byron, it is evident that the exile and poverty of her aged father sometimes affect her spirits, and throw a shade of melancholy on her countenance, which adds to the deep interest this lovely woman creates. Her conversation is lively, without being learned; she has read all the best authors of her own and the French languages. She often conceals what she knows, from the fear of being thought to know too much, possibly from being aware that Lord Byron was not fond of *blues*. He is certainly very much attached to her, without being actually in love. His description of the Giorgioni in the Manfrini Palace at Venice is meant for the countess. The

beautiful sonnet prefixed to the *Prophecy of Dante* was addressed to her."

It is impossible to conceive a more unvaried life than Lord Byron led at this period, in the society of a few select friends. Billiards, conversation, or reading, filled up the intervals till it was time to take the evening drive, ride, and pistol-practice. He dined at half an hour after sunset, then drove to Count Gamba's, the Countess Guiccioli's father, passed several hours in her society, returned to his palace, and either read or wrote till two or three in the morning; occasionally drinking spirits diluted with water as a medicine, from a dread of a nephritic complaint to which he was, or fancied himself, subject.

While Lord Byron resided at Pisa, a serious affray occurred, in which he was personally concerned. Taking his usual ride with some friends, one of them was violently jostled by a serjeant-major of hussars, who dashed at full speed through the midst of the party. They pursued and overtook him near the Piaggia gate; but their remonstrances were answered only by abuse and menace, and an attempt on the part of the guard at the gate to arrest them. This occasioned a severe scuffle, in which several of Lord Byron's party were wounded, as was also the hussar. The consequence was, that all Lord Byron's servants (who were warmly attached to him, and had shown great ardour in his defence) were banished from Pisa; and with them the Counts Gamba, father and son. Lord Byron was himself advised to leave it; and as the countess accompanied her father, he soon after joined them at Leghorn, and passed six weeks at Monte Nero. His return to Pisa was occasioned by a new persecution of the Counts Gamba. An order was issued for them to leave the Tuscan states in four days; and after their embarkation for Genoa, the countess and Lord Byron openly lived together at the Lanfranchi Palace.

It was at Pisa that Byron wrote *Werner*, a tragedy; the *Deformed Transformed;* and continued his *Don Juan* to the end of the sixteenth canto.

Lord Byron's friendship for Leigh Hunt, the late editor of the *Examiner*, was increased by his grateful feeling for the manner in which Mr. Hunt stood forward in his justification at a time when the current of public opinion ran strongly against him. This feeling induced him to invite Mr. Hunt to the Lanfranchi Palace, where a suite of apartments was fitted up for him. On his arrival in the spring of 1822, a periodical publication was projected under the title of the *Liberal*, of which Hunt was to be the editor, and to which Lord Byron and the celebrated—though yet less celebrated than he merits—poet Shelley (who was on terms of great intimacy with his lordship) were to contribute. Three numbers of the *Liberal* were published in London, when, in consequence of the unhappy fate of Mr. Shelley (who perished in the Mediterranean by the upsetting of a boat), and of other discouraging circumstances, it was discontinued.

The enmity between Byron and Southey, the poet-laureate, is as well known as that between Pope and Colley Cibber. Their politics were diametrically opposite, and the noble bard regarded the bard of royalty as a renegado from his early principles. It was not, however,

so much on account of political principles that the enmity between Byron and Southey was kept up. The peer, in his satire, had handled the epics of the laureate "too roughly," and this the latter deeply resented. Whilst travelling on the continent, Southey observed Shelley's name in the album at Mont Anvert, with Ἄθεος written after it, and an indignant comment in the same language written under it; also the names of some of Byron's other friends. The laureate, it is said, copied the names and the comment, and, on his return to England, reported the whole circumstances, and hesitated not to conclude that Byron was of the same principles as his friends. In a poem he subsequently wrote, called the *Vision of Judgment*, he stigmatised Lord Byron as the father of the "Satanic school of poetry." His lordship, in a note appended to the *Two Foscari*, retorted in a severe manner, and even permitted himself to ridicule Southey's wife, the sister of Mrs. Coleridge, they having been at one time "milliners of Bath." The laureate wrote an answer to this note in the *Courier* newspaper, which, when Byron saw it, enraged him so much, that he consulted with his friends whether or not he ought to go to England to answer it personally. In cooler moments, however, he resolved to write the *Vision of Judgment*, a parody on Southey's; and it appeared in one of the numbers of the *Liberal*, on account of which Hunt, the publisher, was prosecuted by the "Constitutional Association," and found guilty.

As our readers may be curious to know the rate at which Lord Byron was paid for his productions, we annex the following statement, by Mr. Murray the bookseller, of the sums given by him for the copyrights of most of his lordship's works:

Childe Harold, I. II.	£600
———, III.	1575
———, IV.	2100
Giaour	525
Bride of Abydos	525
Corsair	525
Lara	700
Siege of Corinth	525
Parisina	525
Lament of Tasso	315
Manfred	315
Beppo	525
Don Juan, I. II.	1525
———, III. IV. V.	1525
Doge of Venice	1050
Sardanapalus, Cain, and Foscari	1100
Mazeppa	525
Prisoner of Chillon	525
Sundries	450
Total	£15,455

Several years ago, Lord Byron presented his friend, Mr. Thomas Moore, with his *Memoirs*, written by himself, with an understanding that they were not to be published until after his death. Mr. Moore, with the consent and at the desire of Lord Byron, sold the manuscript to Mr. Murray, the bookseller, for the sum of 2000 guineas. *The following* statement by Mr. Moore will, however, show its fate:

"Without entering into the respective claims of Mr. Murray and myself to the property in these memoirs (a question which, now that they are destroyed, can be but of little moment to any one), it is sufficient to say that, believing the manuscript still to be mine, I placed it at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction; at least, without previous perusal and consultation among the parties. The majority of the persons present disagreed with this opinion, and it was the *only point* upon which there did exist any difference between us. The manuscript was accordingly torn and burnt before our eyes, and I immediately paid to Mr. Murray, in the presence of the gentlemen assembled, 2000 guineas, with interest, &c., being the amount of what I owed him upon the security of my bond, and for which I now stand indebted to my publishers, Messrs. Longman and Co. Since then, the family of Lord Byron have, in a manner highly honourable to themselves, proposed an arrangement, by which the sum thus paid to Mr. Murray might be reimbursed me; but from feelings and considerations which it is unnecessary here to explain, I have respectfully, but peremptorily, declined their offer."

As is the case with many men in affluent circumstances, Byron was at times more than generous, and at other times what might be called mean. He once borrowed 500*l.* in order to give it to the widow of one who had been his friend; he frequently dined on five pauls; and once gave his bills to a lady to be examined, because he thought he was cheated. He paid 1000*l.* for a yacht, which he sold again for 300*l.*, and refused to give the sailors their jackets. It ought, however, to be observed, that generosity was natural to him, and that his avarice, if it can be so termed, was a mere whim or caprice of the moment—a character he could not long sustain. He once borrowed 100*l.* to give to Coleridge, the poet, the brother-in-law of Southey, when in distress. In his quarrel with the laureate he was provoked to allude to this circumstance, which certainly he ought not to have done.

Byron was a great admirer of the Waverley novels, and never travelled without them. "They are," said he to Captain Medwin one day, "a library in themselves, a perfect literary treasure. I could read them once a-year with new pleasure." During that morning he had been reading one of Sir Walter's novels, and delivered, according to Medwin, the following criticism: "How difficult it is to say any thing new! Who was that voluptuary of antiquity who offered a reward for a new pleasure? Perhaps all nature and art could not supply a new idea."

The motives which ultimately induced Lord Byron to leave Italy and join the Greeks, struggling for emancipation, are sufficiently obvious. It was in Greece that his high poetical faculties had been first fully developed. It was necessarily the chosen and favourite spot of a man of powerful and original intellect, of quick and sensible feelings, of varied information, and who, above all, was satiated with common enjoyments, and disgusted with what appeared to him to be the formality and sameness of daily life. Dwelling upon that country, as it is clear from all Lord Byron's writings he did, with the fondest solicitude, and being an ardent, though perhaps not a very sys-

tematic lover of freedom, he could be no unconcerned spectator of its revolution. As soon as it seemed to him that his presence might be useful, he prepared to visit once more the shores of Greece.

Lord Byron embarked at Leghorn, and arrived in Cephalonia in the early part of August 1823, attended by a suite of six or seven friends, in an English vessel (the *Hercules*, Captain Scott), which he had chartered for the express purpose of taking him to Greece. His lordship had never seen any of the volcanic mountains, and for this purpose the vessel deviated from its regular course, in order to pass the island of Stromboli, and lay off that place a whole night, in the hopes of witnessing the usual phenomena; but, for the first time within the memory of man, the volcano emitted no fire. The disappointed poet was obliged to proceed, in no good humour with the fabled forge of Vulcan.

Greece, though with a fair prospect of ultimate triumph, was at that time in an unsettled state. The third campaign had commenced, with several instances of distinguished success: her arms were every where victorious, but her counsels were distracted. Western Greece was in a critical situation; and although the heroic Marco Botzaris had not fallen in vain, yet the glorious enterprise in which he perished only checked, but did not prevent, the advance of the Turks towards Anatolica and Missolonghi. This gallant chief, worthy of the best days of Greece, hailed with transport Lord Byron's arrival in that country; and his last act, before proceeding to the attack in which he fell, was to write a warm invitation to his lordship to come to Missolonghi. In his letter, which he addressed to a friend at Missolonghi, Botzaris alludes to almost the first proceeding of Lord Byron in Greece, which was the arming and provisioning of forty Suliotes, whom he sent to join in the defence of Missolonghi. After the battle Lord Byron transmitted bandages and medicines, of which he had brought a large store from Italy, and pecuniary succour to those who had been wounded. He had already made a generous offer to the government. He says, in a letter, "I offered to advance a thousand dollars a month for the succour of Missolonghi, and the Suliotes under Botzaris (since killed); but the government have answered me through ——, of this island, that they wish to confer with me previously, which is in fact saying they wish me to spend my money in some other direction. I will take care that it is for the public cause, otherwise I will not advance a para. The opposition say they want to cajole me, and the party in power say the others wish to seduce me; so between the two I have a difficult part to play. However, I will have nothing to do with the factions, unless to reconcile them, if possible."

Lord Byron established himself for some time at the small village of Metaxata, in Cephalonia, and despatched two friends, Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Hamilton Browne, with a letter to the Greek government, in order to collect intelligence as to the real state of things. His lordship's generosity was almost daily exercised in his new neighbourhood. He provided for many Italian families in distress, and even indulged the people of the country in paying for the religious ceremonies which they deemed essential to their success.

While at Metaxata, an embankment, near which several persons had been engaged digging, fell in, and buried some of them alive. He

was at dinner when he heard of the accident; starting up from table, he ran to the spot, accompanied by his physician. The labourers employed in extricating their companions soon became alarmed for themselves, and refused to go on, saying they believed they had dug out all the bodies which had been covered by the rubbish. Byron endeavoured to force them to continue their exertions; but finding menaces in vain, he seized a spade and began to dig most zealously, when the peasantry joined him, and they succeeded in saving two more persons from certain death.

In the mean while, Lord Byron's friends proceeded to Tripolitza, and found Colocotroni (the enemy of Mavrocordato, who had been compelled to flee from the presidency) in great power: his palace was filled with armed men, like the castle of some ancient feudal chief; and a good idea of his character may be formed from the language he held. He declared that he had told Mavrocordato that, unless he desisted from his intrigues, he would put him on an ass, and whip him out of the Morea; and that he had only been withheld from doing so by the representation of his friends, who had said that it would injure the cause.

They next proceeded to Salamis, where the congress was sitting; and Mr. Trelawney agreed to accompany Odysseus, a brave mountain chief, into Negropont. At this time the Greeks were preparing for many active enterprises. Marco Botzaris' brother, with his Suliotes, and Mavrocordato, were to take charge of Missolonghi, which at that time (October 1823) was in a very critical state, being blockaded both by land and sea. "There have been," says Mr. Trelawney, "thirty battles fought and won by the late Marco Botzaris and his gallant tribe of Suliotes, who are shut up in Missolonghi. If it fall, Athens will be in danger, and thousands of throats cut. A few thousand dollars would provide ships to relieve it: a portion of this sum is raised; and I would coin my heart to save this key of Greece!" A report like this was sufficient to show the point where succour was most needed; and Lord Byron's determination to relieve Missolonghi was still more decidedly confirmed by a letter which he received from Mavrocordato.

Mavrocordato was at this time endeavouring to collect a fleet for the relief of Missolonghi, and Lord Byron generously offered to advance 400,000 piastres (about 12,000*l.*) to pay for fitting it out. In a letter in which he announced this noble intention, he alluded to the dissensions in Greece, and stated that if these continued, all hope of a loan in England, or of assistance from abroad, would be at an end.

"I must frankly confess," he says in his letter, "that unless union and order are confirmed, all hopes of a loan will be in vain; and all the assistance which the Greeks could expect from abroad, an assistance which might be neither trifling nor worthless, will be suspended or destroyed; and, what is worse, the great powers of Europe, of whom no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed inclined to favour her in consenting to the establishment of an independent power, will be persuaded that the Greeks are unable to govern themselves, and will, perhaps, themselves undertake to arrange your disorders in such a way as to blast the brightest hopes you indulge, and

that are indulged by your friends. And allow me to add once for all, I desire the well-being of Greece, and nothing else; I will do all I can to secure it; but I cannot consent, I never will consent, to the English public or English individuals being deceived as to the real state of Greek affairs. The rest, gentlemen, depends on you. You have fought gloriously: act honourably towards your fellow-citizens and towards the world, and then it will no more be said, as has been repeated for 2000 years with the Roman historian, that Philopœmen was the last of the Grecians. Let not calumny itself (and it is difficult to guard against it in so difficult a struggle) compare the Turkish pacha with the patriot Greek in peace, after you have exterminated him in war."

The dissensions among the Greek chiefs evidently gave great pain to Lord Byron, whose sensibility was keenly affected by the slightest circumstance which he considered likely to retard the deliverance of Greece. "For my part," he observes in another of his letters, "I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be honourably clung to: if I quit it, it will be by the Greeks' conduct, and not the Holy Allies, or the holier Mussulmans." In a letter to his banker at Cephalonia he says: "I hope things here will go well, some time or other; I will stick by the cause as long as a cause exists."

His playful humour sometimes broke out amidst the deep anxiety he felt for the success of the Greeks. He ridiculed with great pleasantry some of the supplies which had been sent out from England by the Greek committee. In one of his letters, after alluding to his having advanced 4000*l.*, and expecting to be called on for 4000*l.* more, he says: "How can I refuse, if they (the Greeks) will fight, and especially if I should happen to be in their company? I therefore request and require that you should apprise my trusty and trustworthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet-anchor, Douglas Kinnaird the honourable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase-money of Rochdale manor, and mine income for the year A.D. 1824, to answer and anticipate any orders or drafts of mine, for the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c. May you live 1000 years! which is 999 longer than the Spanish Cortes constitution."

When every thing was arranged, two Ionian vessels were ordered; and, embarking his horses and effects, Lord Byron sailed from Argostoli on the 29th of December. At Zante his lordship took a considerable quantity of specie on board, and proceeded towards Missolonghi. Two accidents occurred in this short passage. Count Gamba, who accompanied his lordship from Leghorn, had been charged with the vessel in which the horses and part of the money were embarked. When off Chiarenza, a point which lies between Zante and the place of their destination, they were surprised at daylight on finding themselves under the bows of a Turkish frigate. Owing, however, to the activity displayed on board Lord Byron's vessel, and her superior sailing, she escaped, while the other was fired at, brought to, and carried into Patras. Count Gamba and his companions being taken before Yusuff Pacha, fully expected to share the fate of some unfortunate men whom that sanguinary chief had sacrificed the preceding year at Previsa; and their fears would most probably have

been realised, had it not been for the presence of mind displayed by the count, who, assuming an air of hauteur and indifference, accused the captain of the frigate of a scandalous breach of neutrality, in firing at and detaining a vessel under English colours; and concluded by informing Yusuff, that he might expect the vengeance of the British government in thus interrupting a nobleman who was merely on his travels, and bound to Calamos. The Turkish chief, on recognising in the master of the vessel a person who had saved his life in the Black Sea fifteen years before, not only consented to the vessel's release, but treated the whole of the passengers with the utmost attention, and even urged them to take a day's shooting in the neighbourhood.

Owing to contrary winds, Lord Byron's vessel was obliged to take shelter at the Scropes, a cluster of rocks within a few miles of Missolonghi; and while detained here he was in considerable danger of being captured by the Turks.

Lord Byron was received at Missolonghi with enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. No mark of honour or welcome which the Greeks could devise was omitted. The ships anchored off the fortress fired a salute as he passed. Prince Mavrocordato and all the authorities, with the troops and the population, met him on his landing, and accompanied him to the house which had been prepared for him, amidst the shouts of the multitude and the discharge of cannon.

One of the first objects to which he turned his attention was to mitigate the ferocity with which the war had been carried on. The very day of his lordship's arrival was signalised by his rescuing a Turk who had fallen into the hands of some Greek sailors. The individual thus saved, having been clothed by his orders, was kept in the house until an opportunity occurred of sending him to Patras. Nor had his lordship been long at Missolonghi before an opportunity presented itself for showing his sense of Yusuff Pacha's moderation in releasing Count Gamba. Hearing that there were four Turkish prisoners in the town, he requested that they might be placed in his hands. This being immediately granted, he sent them to Patras, with a letter addressed to the Turkish chief, expressing his hope that the prisoners thenceforward taken on both sides would be treated with humanity. This act was followed by another equally praiseworthy, which proved how anxious Lord Byron felt to give a new turn to the system of warfare hitherto pursued. A Greek cruiser having captured a Turkish boat, in which there was a number of passengers, chiefly women and children, they were also placed in the hands of Lord Byron, at his particular request; upon which a vessel was immediately hired, and the whole of them, to the number of twenty-four, were sent to Previsa, provided with every requisite for their comfort during the passage. The Turkish governor of Previsa thanked his lordship, and assured him that he would take care equal attention should be in future shown to the Greeks who might become prisoners.

Another grand object with Lord Byron, and one which he never ceased to forward with the most anxious solicitude, was to reconcile the quarrels of the native chiefs, to make them friendly and confiding towards one another, and submissive to the orders of the government.

He had neither time nor opportunity to carry this point to any great extent; some good was, however, done.

Lord Byron landed at Missolonghi animated with military ardour. After paying the fleet,—which, indeed, had only come out under the expectation of receiving its arrears from the loan which he promised to make to the provisional government,—he set about forming a brigade of Suliotes. Five hundred of these, the bravest and most resolute of the soldiers of Greece, were taken into his pay on the 1st of January, 1824. An expedition against Lepanto was proposed, of which the command was given to Lord Byron. This expedition, however, had to experience delay and disappointment. The Suliotes, conceiving that they had found a patron whose wealth was inexhaustible, and whose generosity was boundless, determined to make the most of the occasion, and proceeded to the most extravagant demands on their leader for arrears, and under other pretences. These mountaineers, untameable in the field, and unmanageable in a town, were, at this moment, peculiarly disposed to be obstinate, riotous, and mercenary. They had been chiefly instrumental in preserving Missolonghi when besieged the previous autumn by the Turks; had been driven from their abodes; and the whole of their families were at this time in the town, destitute of either home or sufficient supplies. Of turbulent and reckless character, they kept the place in awe; and Mavrocordato having, unlike the other captains, no soldiers of his own, was glad to find a body of valiant mercenaries, especially if paid for out of the funds of another, and consequently was not disposed to treat them with harshness. Within a fortnight after Lord Byron's arrival, a burgher refusing to quarter some Suliotes who rudely demanded entrance into his house, was killed, and a riot ensued, in which some lives were lost. Lord Byron's impatient spirit could ill brook the delay of a favourite scheme; but he saw, with the utmost chagrin, that the state of his troops was such as to render any attempt to lead them out at that time impracticable.

The project of proceeding against Lepanto being thus suspended, at a moment when Lord Byron's enthusiasm was at its height, and when he had fully calculated on striking a blow which could not fail to be of the utmost service to the Greek cause, the unlooked-for disappointment preyed on his spirits, and produced a degree of irritability which, if it was not the sole cause, contributed greatly to a severe fit of epilepsy with which he was attacked on the 15th of February. His lordship was sitting in the apartment of Colonel Stanhope, talking in a jocular manner with Mr. Parry, the engineer, when it was observed, from occasional and rapid changes in his countenance, that he was suffering under some strong emotion. On a sudden he complained of a weakness in one of his legs, and rose; but finding himself unable to walk, he cried out for assistance. He then fell into a state of nervous and convulsive agitation, and was placed on a bed. For some minutes his countenance was much distorted. He, however, quickly recovered his senses, his speech returned, and he soon appeared perfectly well, although enfeebled and exhausted by the violence of the struggle. During the fit, he behaved with his usual extraordinary firmness; and his efforts in contending with, and attemping to master, the disease, are described as gigantic.

In the course of the month, the attack was repeated four times; the violence of the disorder at length yielded to the remedies which his physicians advised, such as bleeding, cold bathing, perfect relaxation of mind, &c., and he gradually recovered. An accident, however, happened a few days after his first illness, which was ill calculated to aid the efforts of his medical advisers. A Suliote, accompanied by another man, and the late Marco Botzaris' little boy, walked into the Seraglio; a place which, before Lord Byron's arrival, had been used as a sort of fortress and barrack for the Suliotes, and out of which they were ejected, with great difficulty, for the reception of the committee-stores, and for the occupation of the engineers, who required it for a laboratory. The sentinel on guard ordered the Suliote to retire, which being a species of motion to which Suliotes are not accustomed, the man carelessly advanced; upon which the serjeant of the guard (a German) demanded his business, and receiving no satisfactory answer, pushed him back. These wild warriors, who will dream for years of a blow if revenge is out of their power, are not slow to resent even a push. The Suliote struck again, the serjeant and he closed and struggled, when the Suliote drew a pistol from his belt; the serjeant wrenched it out of his hand, and blew the powder out of the pan. At this moment, Captain Sass, a Swede, seeing the fray, came up, and ordered the man to be taken to the guard-room. The Suliote was then disposed to depart, and would have done so if the serjeant would have permitted him. Unfortunately, Captain Sass did not confine himself to merely giving the order for his arrest; for when the Suliote struggled to get away, Captain Sass drew his sword and struck him with the flat part of it; whereupon the enraged Greek flew upon him, with a pistol in one hand and the sabre in the other, and at the same moment nearly cut off the captain's right arm, and shot him through the head. Captain Sass, who was remarkable for his mild and courageous character, expired in a few minutes. The Suliote also was a man of distinguished bravery. This was a serious affair, and great apprehensions were entertained that it would not end here. The Suliotes refused to surrender the man to justice, alleging that he had been struck, which, in Suliote law, justifies all the consequences which may follow.

In a letter written a few days after Lord Byron's first attack, to a friend in Zante, he speaks of himself as rapidly recovering. "I am a good deal better," he observes, "though of course weakly. The leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after, and there was some difficulty in stopping it; but I have been up daily, though not in boats or on horseback. To-day I have taken a warm bath, and live as temperately as well as can be, without any liquid but water, and without any animal food." After adverting to some other subjects, the letter thus concludes: "Matters are here a little embroiled with the Suliotes, foreigners, &c.; but I still hope better things, and will stand by the cause as long as my health and circumstances will permit me to be supposed useful."

Notwithstanding Lord Byron's improvement in health, his friends felt from the first that he ought to try a change of air. Missolonghi is a flat, marshy, and pestilential place, and, except for purposes of utility, never would have been selected for his residence. A gentle-

man of Zante wrote to him early in March, to induce him to return to that island for a time. To his letter the following answer was received:

"I am extremely obliged by your offer of your country-house, as for all other kindness, in case my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of (even supposed) utility. There is a stake worth millions such as I am; and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. While I say this, I am aware of the difficulties, and dissensions, and defects of the Greeks themselves; but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people."

It may be well imagined, after so severe a fit of illness, and that in a great measure brought on by the conduct of the troops he had taken into his pay and treated with the utmost generosity, that Lord Byron was in no humour to pursue his scheme against Lepanto, even supposing that his state of health had been such as to bear the fatigue of a campaign in Greece. The Suliotes, however, showed some signs of repentance, and offered to place themselves at his lordship's disposal. But still they had an objection to the nature of the service: "they would not fight against stone walls!" It is not suprising that the expedition to Lepanto was no longer thought of.

The *luxury* of Lord Byron's living at this time may be seen from the following order, which he gave his superintendent of the household, for the daily expenses of his own table. It amounts to no more than one piastre:

Bread, a pound and a half	15 paras
Wine	7
Fish	15
Olives	3
	40

This was his dinner; his breakfast consisted of a single dish of tea, without milk or sugar.

The circumstances that attended the death of this illustrious and noble-minded man are described in the following plain and simple statement by his faithful valet and constant follower, Mr. Fletcher:

"My master," says Mr. Fletcher, "continued his usual custom of riding daily, when the weather would permit, until the 9th of April. But on that ill-fated day he got very wet, and on his return home his lordship changed the whole of his dress; but he had been too long in his wet clothes; and the cold, of which he had complained more or less ever since we left Cephalonia, made this attack be more severely felt. Though rather feverish during the night, his lordship slept pretty well, but complained in the morning of a pain in his bones and a headache; this did not, however, prevent him from taking a ride in the afternoon, which, I grieve to say, was his last. On his return, my master said that the saddle was not perfectly dry, from being so wet the day before; and observed that he thought it had made him worse. His lordship was again visited by the same slow fever; and I was sorry to perceive, on the next morning, that his illness appeared to be increasing. He was very low, and com-

plained of not having had any sleep during the night. His lordship's appetite was also quite gone. I prepared a little arrowroot, of which he took three or four spoonfuls, saying it was very good, but he could take no more. It was not till the third day, the 12th, that I began to be alarmed for my master. In all his former colds he always slept well, and was never affected by this slow fever. I therefore went to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen, the two medical attendants, and inquired minutely into every circumstance connected with my master's present illness; both replied that there was no danger, and I might make myself perfectly easy on the subject, for all would be well in a few days. This was on the 13th. On the following day I found my master in such a state that I could not feel happy without supplicating that he would send to Zante for Dr. Thomas. After expressing my fears lest his lordship should get worse, he desired me to consult the doctors, which I did; and was told there was no occasion for calling in any person, as they hoped all would be well in a few days. Here I should remark that his lordship repeatedly said, in the course of the day, he was sure the doctors did not understand his disease; to which I answered, 'Then, my lord, have other advice by all means.' 'They tell me,' said his lordship, 'that it is only a common cold, which, you know, I have had a thousand times.' 'I am sure, my lord,' said I, 'that you never had one of so serious a nature.' 'I think I never had,' was his lordship's answer. I repeated my supplications that Dr. Thomas should be sent for on the 15th, and was again assured that my master would be better in two or three days. After these confident assurances, I did not renew my entreaties until it was too late. With respect to the medicines that were given to my master, I could not persuade myself that those of a strong purgative nature were the best adapted for his complaint; concluding that, as he had nothing on his stomach, the only effect would be to create pain. Indeed, this must have been the case with a person in perfect health. The whole nourishment taken by my master for the last eight days consisted of a small quantity of broth at two or three different times, and two spoonfuls of arrowroot on the 18th, the day before his death. The first time I heard of there being any intention of bleeding his lordship was on the 15th, when it was proposed by Dr. Bruno, but objected to at first by my master, who asked Mr. Millingen if there was any great reason for taking blood. The latter replied that it might be of service, but added it might be deferred till the next day; and accordingly my master was bled in the right arm on the evening of the 16th, and a pound of blood was taken. I observed at the time that it had a most inflamed appearance. Dr. Bruno now began to say, that he had frequently urged my master to be bled, but that he always refused. A long dispute now arose about the time that had been lost, and the necessity of sending for medical aid to Zante; upon which I was informed, for the first time, that it would be of no use, as my master would be better or no more before the arrival of Dr. Thomas. His lordship continued to get worse, but Dr. Bruno said he thought letting blood again would save his life; and I lost no time in telling my master how necessary it was to comply with the doctor's wishes. To this he replied by saying, he feared they knew nothing about his

disorder; and then, stretching out his arm, said, 'Here, take my arm, and do whatever you like.' His lordship continued to get weaker, and on the 17th he was bled twice, in the morning and at two o'clock in the afternoon; the bleeding at both times was followed by fainting fits, and he would have fallen down more than once had I not caught him in my arms. In order to prevent such an accident, I took care not to permit his lordship to stir without supporting him. On this day my master said to me twice, 'I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week. I know,' added his lordship, 'that a man can only be a certain time without sleep, and then he must go mad, without any one being able to save him; and I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad, for I am not afraid of dying—I am more fit to die than people think!'

"I do not, however, believe that his lordship had any apprehension of his fate till the day after the 18th, when he said, 'I fear you and Tita will be ill by sitting continually night and day.' I answered, 'We shall never leave your lordship till you are better.' As my master had a slight fit of delirium on the 16th, I took care to remove the pistol and stiletto which had hitherto been kept at his bedside in the night. On the 18th his lordship addressed me frequently, and seemed to be very much dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said, 'Do allow me to send for Dr. Thomas!' to which he answered, 'Do so, but be quick; I am sorry I did not let you do so before, as I am sure they have mistaken my disease. Write yourself, for I know they would not like to see other doctors here.' I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders; and on informing Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen of it, they said it was very right, as they now began to be afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, 'Have you sent?' 'I have, my lord,' was my answer. Upon which he said, 'You have done right; for I should like to know what is the matter with me.' Although his lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour; and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill; and in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed.' I answered I would, in case such an event came to pass; but expressed a hope that he would live many years to execute them much better himself than I could. To this my master replied, 'No, it is now nearly over;' and then added, 'I must tell you all without losing a moment.' I then said, 'Shall I go, my lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?' 'Oh, my God! no; you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,' said his lordship; and immediately after, 'Now pay attention!' His lordship commenced by saying, 'You will be provided for.' I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence. He then continued, 'Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! My God! could I but have seen her! Give her my blessing; and my dear sister Augusta and her children. And you will go to Lady Byron, and say —tell her every thing—you are friends with her.' His lordship seemed to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's

voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals; but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice; and said, 'Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible.' Here I told his lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said; to which he replied, 'Oh, my God! then all is lost, for it is now too late! Can it be possible you have not understood me?' 'No, my lord,' said I; 'but I pray you to try and inform me once more.' 'How can I?' rejoined my master; 'it is now too late, and all is over!' I said, 'Not our will, but God's be done;' and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done; but I will try.' His lordship did, indeed, make several efforts to speak, but could only speak two or three words at a time, such as, 'My wife! my child! my sister!—you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes.' The rest was quite unintelligible. A consultation was now held (about noon), when it was determined to administer some peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without any sustenance whatever, except what I have already mentioned. With the exception of a few words, which can only interest those to whom they were addressed,—and which, if required, I shall communicate to themselves,—it was impossible to understand any thing his lordship said after taking the bark. He expressed a wish to sleep. I at one time asked whether I should call Mr. Parry; to which he replied, 'Yes, you may call him.' Mr. Parry desired him to compose himself. He shed tears, and apparently sank into a slumber. Mr. Parry went away, expecting to find him refreshed on his return; but it was the commencement of the lethargy preceding his death. The last words I heard my master utter were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, 'I must sleep now;' upon which he laid down, never to rise again; for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat; on these occasions I called Tita to assist me in raising his head; and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choking in the throat took place every half-hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock on the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh, my God!' I exclaimed; 'I fear his lordship is gone!' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right; he is gone!'"

On the day of this melancholy event, Prince Mavrocordato issued a proclamation expressive of the deep and unfeigned grief felt by all classes, and ordering every public demonstration of respect and sorrow to be paid to the memory of the illustrious deceased, by firing minute-guns, closing all the public offices and shops, suspending the usual Easter festivities, and by a general mourning and funeral prayers in all the churches. It was resolved that the body should be embalmed, and after suitable funeral honours had been performed, should be embarked for Zante, thence to be conveyed to England. Accordingly the medical men opened the body and embalmed it; and having enclosed the heart, and brain, and intestines in separate ves-

sels, they placed it in a chest lined with tin, as there were no means of procuring a leaden coffin capable of holding the spirits necessary for its preservation on the voyage. Dr. Bruno drew up an account of the examination of the body, by which it appeared his lordship's death had been caused by an inflammatory fever. Dr. Meyer, a Swiss physician who was present, and had accidentally seen Madame de Staël after her death, stated that the formation of the brain in both these illustrious persons was extremely similar, but that Lord Byron had a much greater quantity.

On the 22d of April, 1824, in the midst of his own brigade, the troops of the government, and the whole population, the most precious portion of his honoured remains was carried to the church, where lie the bodies of Marco Botzaris and of General Normann. The coffin was a rude, ill-constructed chest of wood; a black mantle served for a pall; and over it were placed a helmet, a sword, and a crown of laurel. But no funeral pomp could have left the impression or spoken the feelings of this simple ceremony. The wretchedness and desolation of the place itself, the wild and half-civilised warriors present, their deep-felt, unaffected grief, the fond recollections, the disappointed hopes, the anxieties and sad presentiments which might be read on every countenance,—all contributed to form a scene more truly affecting than perhaps was ever before witnessed round the grave of a great man. When the funeral service was over, the bier was left in the middle of the church, where it remained until the evening of the next day, guarded by a detachment of his own brigade, when it was privately carried back by his officers to his own house. The coffin was not closed till the 29th of the month.

On the 2d of May the remains of Lord Byron were embarked, under a salute from the guns of the fortress. "How different," exclaims Count Gamba, "from that which had welcomed the arrival of Byron only four months ago!" After a passage of three days, the vessel reached Zante, and the precious deposit was placed in the quarantine-house. Here some additional precautions were taken to ensure its safe arrival in England, by providing another case for the body. On the 10th May, Colonel Stanhope arrived at Zante from the Morea; and as he was on his way back to England, he took charge of Lord Byron's remains, and embarked with them on board the *Florida*. On the 25th of May she sailed from Zante, on the 29th of June entered the downs; and from thence proceeded to Stangate Creek to perform quarantine, where she arrived on Thursday, July 1.

John Cam Hobhouse, Esq., and John Hanson, Esq., Lord Byron's executors, after having proved his will, claimed the body from the *Florida*; and under their directions it was removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Westminster, where it lay in state several days.

A few select friends and admirers of the noble bard followed his remains to the grave. As the funeral procession passed through the streets of London, a fine-looking honest tar was observed to walk near the hearse uncovered; and on being asked whether he formed part of the *cortège*, he replied he came there to pay his respects to the deceased, with whom he had served in the Levant, when he made the tour of the Grecian islands. The poor fellow was offered a place

by some of the servants; but he said he was strong, and had rather walk near the hearse.

The interment took place on Friday, July 16th. Lord Byron was buried in the family vault, at the village of Hucknall, eight miles beyond Nottingham, and within two miles of the venerable abbey of



BYRON'S TOMB.

Newstead. He was accompanied to the grave by crowds of persons eager to show this last testimony of respect to his memory. As in one of his earlier poems he had expressed a wish that his dust might mingle with his mother's, his coffin was placed in the vault next to hers.

It bore the following inscription:

George Gordon Noel Byron,
Lord Byron,
of Rochdale,
born in London,*
Jan. 22, 1788,
died at Missolonghi,
in Western Greece,
April 19th, 1824.

* Mr. Dallas says Dover.

An urn accompanied the coffin; and on it was inscribed:

Within this urn are deposited the heart,
brain, &c.
of the deceased Lord Byron.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(1771-1854.)

James Montgomery was born November 4th, 1771, at Irvine, in Ayrshire. His father was a Moravian missionary, who, leaving his son in Yorkshire to be educated, went to the West Indies, where he and the poet's mother both died. When only twelve years old, the bent of the boy's mind was shown by the production of various small poems. These indications could not save him at first from the fate of the poor, and he was sent to earn his bread as assistant in a general shop at Wath, near Rotherham. He thirsted for other occupations, and one day set off, with 3*s.* 6*d.* in his pocket, to walk to London, to seek fame and fortune. In his first effort he broke down, and for a while gave up his plan to take service in another situation. Only for a time, however, was he content; and a second effort to reach the metropolis was successful, so far as bringing him to the spot he had longed for, but unsuccessful to his main hope—that of finding a publisher for a volume of his verses. But the bookseller who refused Montgomery's poems accepted his labour, and made him his shopman. Fortune, however, as she generally does, smiled at last on the zealous youth, and in 1792 he gained a post in the establishment of Mr. Gales, a bookseller of Sheffield, who had set up a newspaper called the *Sheffield Register*. On this paper Montgomery worked *con amore;* and when his master had to fly from England to avoid imprisonment for printing articles too liberal for the then despotic government of England, the young poet became the editor and publisher of the paper, the name of which he changed to *Sheffield Iris*. In the columns of this print he advocated political and religious freedom; and such conduct secured for him the attention of the Attorney-general, by whom he was prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned; in the first instance, for reprinting a song commemorating the fall of the Bastile; in the second case, for an account he gave of a riot in Sheffield. Confinement could not crush his love of political justice; and on his second release he went on advocating the doctrines of freedom as before, in his paper and in his books. In the lengthy periods between those times and the present, the beliefs which James Montgomery early pioneered in England have obtained general recognition; and as men became more and more liberal, our poet gained more and more esteem. He contributed to magazines, and, despite adverse criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, established his right to rank as a poet. In 1797 he published *Prison Amusements;* in 1806, *The Ocean;* in 1807, *The Wanderer in Switzerland;* in 1809, *The West Indies;* and, in 1812, *The World before the Flood*. By these works he obtained the chief reputation he has since enjoyed. In 1819 appeared *Greenland*, a poem

in five cantos; and, in 1828, *The Pelican Island*, and other poems. In 1851 the whole of his works were issued in one volume, 8vo, and of which two editions are in circulation; and in 1853 *Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion*. This venerable poet enjoyed a well-deserved literary pension of 150*l*. a-year. He died in 1854.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

(1774-1843.)

Robert Southey was born at Bristol on the 12th August, 1774. His father was a linendraper in Wine-street. He was sent to a day-school when six years of age, to Mr. Foote, a Baptist minister, and then to another kept by a Socinian,—no very hopeful start in life for the future Tory laureate. His aunt intended to educate him according to Rousseau's *Emilius;* but not being able to understand it, the plan was given up, and so, instead, he read Shakespeare, and began with *Titus Andronicus;* then, before he was eight, went through Beaumont and Fletcher, being a little puzzled by *The Knight of the Burning Pestle;* and he saw more plays, he tells us, before he was six years old, than he "ever saw since." Such were his early studies. For his *amusements*, he was required to prick play-bills with a pen, so that when held up to the light they might look like a fairy illumination in miniature. In his eighth year he wrote a play on the subject of the continence of Scipio, *Cymbeline* and *The Mourning Bride* being his archetypes. In Latin he had reached Justin and Nepos; and the waters of Helicon he first sipped in Hoole's Tasso. Afterwards he read Spenser, and Pope's *Iliad*, and the *Lusiad* in English. In Virgil's *Eclogies* he was long detained, because the usher could not construe the *Georgics*, so that he grew sick of them, and never looked into them afterwards, giving up all acquaintance with Corydon and Thyrsis and Alexis. He was doubtless a very clever boy, for when he was asked what "*i. e.*" stood for, in the pride of his knowledge he answered—"John the Evangelist."

Young Southey had a natural incapacity for that one of the fine arts on which Adam Smith has left us a discourse under the name of "Dancing." The fiddlestick having no power over his feet was applied to his head; but dancing, like reading, being "a gift of God," was not to be acquired; and, as persons are apt to hate those things they cannot possess, Southey has shown his rooted dislike to this *science* by saying, that if it were in his power, he would hamstring all those gentlemen whose fame and fortune are concentrated in the tendon Achilles; and who, indeed, as Lear says, "make their toe what they should make their heart." Having, now that he had arrived at twelve years of age, got possession of Bysshe's *Art of Poetry*, he began some epic poems, the first called *Arcadia*, the hero of which was Alphonzo who had caught the hippogriff; the next was *The Trojan Brutus; The Death of Richard the Third* was the last. In the intervals of these more solid dishes he introduced some lighter

fare in the shape of heroic epistles, translations, satires, Elysian visions, and at last a poem on Cassibelan. It must be confessed that his youthful brain was kept in an unusual state of fermentation; but probably much benefit resulted from this exercise of his juvenile powers in an early acquired facility of invention and execution. When he was fourteen years of age he was placed at Westminster School, of which he has given some graphic recollections. His first appearance in print was in a paper called *The Trifler*, got up by the Westminster boys in rivalry of *The Eton Microcosm*. A more ambitious work of the same kind, called *The Flagellant*, awoke the wrath of Dr. Vincent, against whom it was directed. The doctor commenced an action against the publisher, and Southey was dismissed the school. This dismissal shut the doors of Christ Church against him, and he entered at Balliol, where he remained, receiving little instruction from a place whose doctrines he did not approve, and whose discipline he little regarded. To row and swim, he said, was all he learnt at the University. We remember the late Bishop of Llandaff, who was his contemporary, telling us that Southey was distinguished for his opposition to all academical authorities; and indeed he says in one of his letters, "never shall a child of mine enter a public school or a university." In one of the vacations, when he was just twenty years old, he resumed and completed his *Joan of Arc* in six weeks. He says, in looking over his poetical portfolio at this time, "he burnt above 10,000 verses, 10,000 preserved, and about 15,000 are worthless." His religious creed was Unitarian, to which he soon added Pantisocrasy and Aspheteism, or communion of property in all things, except in a Miss Fricker, the daughter of a gentleman who dealt in sugar-pans, whom he married and made his own; till his aunt at length heard of these projected schemes, and turning him out of doors in a wet night on the 17th of October, 1794, he saw himself without a penny—in Utopia. It may be gathered from this that he had ceased to reside at Oxford; but the exact time when he left is not told us.

To support himself he now gave historical lectures at Bristol, looked forward to settle in Wales "living on brown bread and raspberries," began his poem of *Madoc*, which was to be the pillar of his reputation, paid a visit to Hannah More at the time that "Cowslip Green had made it up with Strawberry Hill," then visited his uncle, Mr. Hill, at Lisbon, where he wrote *Thalaba*, projected novels, romances, tragedies, and epic poems, determining to begin the study of the law, and settled at Prospect Place, Newington Butts. He says he now entered on a new way of life, which would lead him to independence, and that he never either lightly undertakes any scheme or lightly abandons what he has undertaken. But, as Francis Quarles saith, there is little love between the poet and the lawyer's study, and so Southey earned his daily bread in reviews and magazines, as Dr. Johnson and other good men had done before him. He edited the *Annual Anthology*, went to Lisbon on a second visit, and at length burnt his law books, and settled at Greta Hall, near Keswick.

The third volume of the *Life of Southey*, by his son, contains a most interesting narrative of the six years which he passed here, from

1806 to 1812. His habitual manner of life, from which he seldom deviated, is thus described by him: "Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing), then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humour, till dinner time; from dinner till tea, I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta; for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove that it must. For as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the



SOUTHEY'S HOUSE, GRETA BRIDGE.

part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea, I go to poetry, and correct and re-write and copy till I am tired, and then turn to any thing else till supper. And this is my life; which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish. At least I should think so if I had not once been happier; and I do think so, except when that recollection comes upon me. And then, when I cease to be cheerful, it is only to become contemplative,—to feel at times a wish that I was in that state of existence which passes not away; and this always ends in a new impulse to proceed, that I may leave some durable monument and some efficient good behind me."

During the progress of this period his politics were becoming conservative,* and his religious views orthodox; his visionary projects had floated away, and he was content to earn his daily bread "in

* His political opinions at the time (1811) may be found concentrated in the following sentence: "Of three great points I have now convinced myself that the great desideratum in our own government is a *premier* instead of a cabinet; that a regular opposition is an absurdity which could not exist anywhere but in an island without destroying the government; and that parliamentary reform is the shortest road to anarchy."

peace and privacy."* He now wrote for the *Annual Review*, and was one of its best contributors; but the proprietors (the Aikins), who perhaps had heard of what Barretti mentions of a Spaniard translating at five shillings a sheet, were too brazen-bowelled to their scribes, and fixed their remuneration at so low a standard that he went over to the more liberal establishment of the *Quarterly*. Besides King Arthur used to play many editorial tricks, and cut out what was displeasing to the booksellers; whereas Mr. Gifford, caring nothing about booksellers, used only to expunge what was displeasing to himself. In 1807 he edited the interesting *Remains of Henry Kirke White*, translated the romance of *Palmerin in England*, published *Espriella's Letters* and the *Chronicle of the Cid*, an interesting book, the only fault of which was its not being printed in the octavo form†. But we must not forget to mention, in the hurry of enumerating the multiplicity of his works, that Mr. Southey, instead of weaving as the ancient writers did, a wreath of myrtle or laurel round his brows to animate his composition, used to appear at his desk in an old green velvet bonnet of his wife's, which covered all his face except the nose, and "that," he says, "is so cold, that I expect every morning to see the snow lie on the summit of it."

The *Specimens of the English Poets*, intended as supplementary to Mr. Ellis's book, deserved its fate, for it was very negligently and hastily prepared; the list of poets was very defective, and the critical notices of them short and superficial. Mr. Campbell's *Specimens* are executed in a different manner, with judgment and taste; but notices of the minor poets, whose writings are necessary to complete the history of our poetry, are still wanting. Southey became acquainted with Walter Scott and Mr. Savage Landor, the latter of whom, in his love for the Muses, offered to print *Kehama* at his own expense.‡ The history of a man of letters is for the most part the history of his works; and if this is generally true, it is emphatically so of the one before us. In 1809 we find him correcting the sheets of his *History of Brazil*, commencing his poem of *Pelayo* (Roderick), getting twenty guineas a sheet for his *Life of Nelson*, and having a profitable engagement in the historical department of the *Edinburgh Annual Register*; and this was not enough, he brooded over a poem upon Philip's war

* What was his situation at the time of his marriage (which that part of the world who are *not poets* do not think of engaging in till they have some means of support) may be seen from a letter to Mr. Cottle, April 1808: "Your house was my house when I had no other. The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring and paid my marriage fees was supplied by you. It was with your sisters I left Edith during my six months' absence; and for the six months after my return it was from you that I received, week by week, the little on which we lived, till I was enabled to live by other means," &c.

† Mr. Southey justly says, "The translations in the appendix are by *Frere*, and they are without any exception the most masterly I have seen."

‡ We had no competent idea before of the *voracious* nature of the biped called bookseller and publisher, though we have suffered a little from some *bites* we have received. Mr. Southey says, "The bookseller's share is too much like the lion in the fable, 30 or 33 per cent. They first deduct as *booksellers*, and then half the residue as *publishers*." No wonder that the *single sermons* we are in the habit of composing and printing produce us so little that we find it difficult to live on the produce. "*Librarius*, ait Plutarchus, est animal quod *dentibus* incedit."

with the New Englanders, which was the decisive struggle between the red and white races in America. One of his chief characters—his hero—was to be a Quaker, and the rest Puritans; and he says he was writing that and *Pelayo* together,—being probably the only poet who would venture on two epic poems at the same time,—a kind of poetical polygamy as dangerous and difficult to manage as the social one.

On the decease of Mr. Pye, in the year 1813, Southey was appointed laureate; he received his Doctor's degree from the university of Oxford in the year 1821; and June 4, 1839, contracted a second marriage with Caroline-Anne, daughter of the late Charles Bowles, Esq., of Buckland, North Lymington, one of the most pathetic and natural among contemporary authoresses. That he was at different times offered a baronetcy and a seat in parliament are facts well known to his friends; the rest of his career is to be traced in the works which he poured forth, with a versatility, a care, and a felicity unrivalled in these hasty and superficial days. To give a complete list of his labours would be difficult. The principal poems are *Wat Tyler*, *Joan of Arc*, *Thalaba*, *Metrical Tales*, *Madoc*, *The Curse of Kehama*, *Carmen Triumphale*, *Roderick*, *The Vision of Judgment*,—to say nothing of fugitive pieces. His prose works comprise translations of the poems of the *Cid*, of *Amadis*, and *Palmerin* of England;—Essays, allowing the *Letters of Espriella*, *Sir Thomas More's Colloquies*, and the slighter *Omniana*, to bear his name;—Histories, among which are *The Book of the Church*, *The History of the Peninsular War*, *The History of the Brazils*;—Criticism, including his voluminous and important contributions to the *Quarterly Review*,—and Biography. Foremost in his last department were—*The Life of Nelson*, one of the most popular and perfect specimens of its class which our language possesses, noble in feeling, and faultless in style; *The Life of Chatterton*, *The Life of Kirke White*, *The Life of Wesley*, and *The Life of Cowper*, all of which are in different degrees valuable contributions to our literature. For the last three years Mr. Southey had been in a state of mental darkness, and a twelvemonth ago he was not able to recognise those who had been his companions from his youth. Scarcely could his wife console herself with the poor hope that he recognised even her. Excess of mental labour in every department of literature—poetry, history, biography, criticism, and philosophy, continued from year to year, without cessation, bowed his strong spirit at last, and obscured the genius which had so long cast a glory upon the literature of the age. As a poet, with an exuberance of imagination seldom equalled, and a mastery of versification never surpassed; and as a prose writer, at once elegant and forcible, his name will endure as long as the language in which he wrote. In all the relations of life Mr. Southey was universally allowed, by those who knew him best, to be truly exemplary. His house at the Lakes was open to all who presented themselves with suitable introduction, and there are few persons of any distinction who have passed through that picturesque region who have not partaken of his hospitality. He enjoyed a pension of 300*l.* a year from the government, granted in 1835 by Sir R. Peel, and has left personal property amounting to about 12,000*l.* By his will, dated the 26th of August, 1839, he bequeathed

to his wife all the personal property possessed by her previously to their marriage, together with the interest of the sum of 2,000*l.* during her life. The residue of his property, including the above 2,000*l.*, he bequeathed to his four children, Charles Cuthbert Southey, Edith Mary Warter, Bertha Hill, and Katharine Southey, equally, and in case of the death of any of them before the testator, their share is to be divided amongst their children (if any).

The remains of Dr. Southey were interred in the burial-ground attached to the parish church at Crosthwaite.

CHARLES LAMB.

(1775-1834.)

Charles Lamb was born on the 18th February, 1775, in Crown Office Row, in the Inner Temple, where he spent the first seven years of his life. His father, Mr. John Lamb, clerk to Mr. Salt, one of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, is (under the name of Lovel) described in one of Lamb's most charming essays, "The Benchers of the Inner Temple." "His mother," writes Mr. Justice Talfourd, in his genial Memorials of Charles Lamb, "was a woman of appearance so matronly and commanding, that, according to the recollection of one of Lamb's dearest schoolmates, 'she might be taken for a sister of Mrs. Siddons.' This excellent couple were blessed with three children, John, Mary, and Charles; John being twelve and Mary ten years older than Charles. John, who is vividly described in the essay of Elia entitled 'My Relations,' under the name of James Elia, rose to fill a lucrative office in the South-Sea House, and died a few years ago, having to the last fulfilled the affectionate injunction of Charles, to 'keep the elder brother up in state.'"

On the 9th of October, 1782, when Charles Lamb had attained the age of seven, he was presented to the school of Christ's Hospital, by Timothy Yeates, Esq., Governor, as "the son of John Lamb, scrivener, and Elizabeth his wife," and remained a scholar of that noble establishment till he had entered into his fifteenth year. Small of stature, delicate of frame, and constitutionally nervous and timid, he would seem unfitted to encounter the discipline of a school formed to restrain some hundreds of lads in the heart of the metropolis, or to fight his way among them. But the sweetness of his disposition won him favour from all; and although the antique peculiarities of the school tinged his opening imagination, they did not sadden his childhood. One of his school-fellows, of whose genial qualities he has made affectionate mention in his "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," Charles V. Le Grice, now of Trerieſe, near Penzance, has supplied me with some particulars of his school-days, for which friends of a later date will be grateful. "Lamb," says Mr. Le Grice, "was an amiable gentle boy, very sensible and keenly observing, indulged by his schoolfellows and by his master, on account of his infirmity of speech. His countenance was mild; his complexion clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think that he was

of Jewish descent. His eyes were not each of the same colour, one was hazel, the other had specks of grey in the iris, mingled as we see red spots in the blood-stone. His step was plantigrade, which made his walk slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness.

"His delicate frame and his difficulty of utterance, which was increased by agitation, unfitted him for joining in any boisterous sport. The description which he gives, in his 'Recollections of Christ's Hospital,' of the habits and feelings of the school-boy, is a true one in general, but is more particularly a delineation of himself—the feelings were all in his own heart—the portrait was his own: 'While others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk.' These habits and feelings were awakened and cherished in him by peculiar circumstances; he had been born and bred in the Inner Temple; and his parents continued to reside there while he was at school, so that he passed from cloister to cloister, and this was all the change his young mind ever knew. On every half-holiday (and there were two in the week) in ten minutes he was in the gardens, on the terrace, or at the fountain of the Temple: here was his home; here his recreation; and the influence they had on his infant mind is vividly shown in his description of the old Benchers. He says, 'I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple;' he might have added, that here he passed a great portion of the second seven years of his life, a portion which mixed itself with all his habits and enjoyments, and gave a bias to the whole. Here he found a happy home, affectionate parents, and a sister who watched over him to the latest hour of his existence (God be with her!) with the tenderest solicitude; and here he had access to the library of Mr. Salt, one of the Benchers, to whose memory his pen has given in return for this and greater favours—I do not think it extravagant to say—immortality. To use his own language, 'Here he was tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, where he browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage.' He applied these words to his sister; but there is no doubt that they 'browsed' together; they had walked hand in hand from a time 'extending beyond the period of their memory.'"

When Lamb quitted school, he was in the lower division of the second class—which, in the language of the school, is termed "being in Greek, but not Deputy Grecian." He had read Virgil, Sallust, Terence, selections from Lucian's Dialogues, and Xenophon; and had evinced considerable skill in the niceties of Latin composition, both in prose and verse. His docility and aptitude for the attainment of classical knowledge would have ensured him an exhibition; but to this the impediment in his speech proved an insuperable obstacle. The exhibitions were given under the implied, if not expressed condition of entering into the church; the whole course of education was preparatory to that end; and, therefore, Lamb, who was unfitted by nature for the clerical profession, was not adopted into

the class which led to it; and quitted school to pursue the uncongenial labour of the "desk's dull wood." To this apparently hard lot he submitted with cheerfulness, and saw his schoolfellows of his own standing depart, one after another, for the University without a murmur. This acquiescence in his different fortune must have been a hard trial for the sweetness of his disposition; as he always, in after life, regarded the ancient seats of learning with the fondness of one who had been hardly divorced from them. He delighted, when other duties did not hinder, to pass his vacations in their neighbourhood, and indulge in that fancied association with them which he has so beautifully mirrored in his "Sonnet written at Cambridge."

On the 23d November, 1789, Lamb finally quitted Christ's Hospital for the abode of his parents, who still resided in the Temple. At first he was employed in the South Sea House, under his brother John; but, on the 5th of April, 1792, he obtained an appointment in the Accountant's Office of the East India Company. His salary, though then small, was a welcome addition to the scanty means of his parents; who now were unable, by their own exertions, to increase it, his mother being in ill health, which confined her to her bed, and his father sinking into dotage. On their comfort, however, this, and what was more precious to him, his little leisure, were freely bestowed; and his recreations were confined to a delightful visit to the two-shilling gallery of the theatre, in company with his sister, and an occasional supper with some of his schoolmates, when in town, from Cambridge. On one of these latter occasions, he obtained the appellation of *Guy*, by which he was always called among them; but of which few of his late friends heard till after his death. "In the first year of his clerkship," says Mr. Le Grice, in the communication with which he favoured me, "Lamb spent the evening of the 5th November with some of his former schoolfellows, who, being amused with the particularly large and flapping brim of his round hat, pinned it up on the sides in the form of a cocked-hat. Lamb made no alteration in it, but walked home in his usual sauntering gait towards the Temple. As he was going down Ludgate Hill, some gay young men, who seemed not to have passed the London Tavern without resting, exclaimed 'The veritable Guy!—no man of straw!' and with this exclamation they took him up, making a chair with their arms, carried him, seated him on a post in St. Paul's Church Yard, and there left him. This story Lamb told so seriously, that the truth of it was never doubted. He wore his three-cornered hat many evenings, and retained the name of Guy ever after. Like Nym, he quietly sympathised in the fun, and seemed to say, 'that was the humour of it.' A clergyman of the city lately wrote to me, 'I have no recollection of Lamb. There was a gentleman called Guy, to whom you once introduced me, and with whom I have occasionally interchanged nods for more than thirty years; but how is it that I never met Mr. Lamb? If I was ever introduced to him, I wonder that we never came in contact during my residence for ten years in Edmonton.' Imagine this gentleman's surprise when I informed him that his nods to Mr. Guy had been constantly reciprocated by Mr. Lamb!"

During these years, Lamb's most frequent companion was James White, or rather Jem White, as he always called him. Lamb always insisted, that for hearty joyous humour, tinged with Shakspearian fancy, Jem never had an equal.

But if Jem White was the companion of his lighter moods, the friend of his serious thoughts was a person of far nobler powers—Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was his good fortune to be the schoolfellow of that extraordinary man; and if no particular intimacy had been formed between them at Christ's Hospital, a foundation was there laid for a friendship to which the world is probably indebted for all that Lamb has added to its sources of pleasure. Junior to Coleridge by two years, and far inferior to him in all scholastic acquirements, Lamb had listened to the rich discourse of "the inspired charity-boy" with a wondering delight, pure from all envy, and, it may be, enhanced by his sense of his own feebleness and difficulty of expression. While Coleridge remained at the university, they met occasionally on his visits to London; and when he quitted it, and came to town, full of mantling hopes and glorious schemes, Lamb became his admiring disciple. The scene of these happy meetings was a little public-house, called the "Salutation and Cat," in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, where they used to sup, and remain long after they had "heard the chimes at midnight." There they discoursed of Bowles, who was the god of Coleridge's poetical idolatry, and of Burns and Cowper, who, of recent poets, in that season of comparative barrenness, had made the deepest impression on Lamb. There Coleridge talked of "Fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute" to one who desired "to find no end" of the golden maze; and there he recited his early poems with that deep sweetness of intonation which sunk into the heart of his hearer. To these meetings Lamb was accustomed at all periods of his life to revert, as the season when his finer intellects were quickened into action. Shortly after they had terminated, with Coleridge's departure from London, he thus recalled them in a letter:—"When I read in your little volume the effusion you call 'The Sigh,' I think I hear you again. I imagine to myself the little smoky room at the 'Salutation and Cat,' where we sat together through the winter's nights, beguiling the cares of life with poetry." This was early in 1796; and in 1818, when dedicating his works, then first collected, to his earliest friend, he thus spoke of the same meetings:—"Some of the sonnets, which shall be carelessly turned over by the general reader, may happily awaken in you remembrances which I should be sorry to doubt are totally extinct—the memory 'of summer days and of delightful years,' even so far back as those old suppers at our old inn, when life was fresh, and topics exhaustless, and you first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness." And so he talked of these unforgotten hours in that short interval during which death divided them!

The warmth of Coleridge's friendship supplied the quickening impulse to Lamb's genius; but the germ enfolding all its nice peculiarities lay ready for the influence, and expanded into forms and hues of its own. Lamb's earliest poetry was not a faint reflection of Cole-

ridge's, such as the young lustre of original genius may cast on a polished and sensitive mind, to glow and tremble for a season, but was streaked with delicate yet distinct traits, which proved it an emanation from within. There was, indeed, little resemblance between the two, except in the affection which they bore towards each other. Coleridge's mind, not laden as yet with the spoils of all systems and of all times, glowed with the ardour of uncontrollable purpose, and thirsted for glorious achievement and universal knowledge. The imagination, which afterwards struggled gloriously, but perhaps vainly, to overmaster the stupendous clouds of German philosophies, breaking them into huge masses, and tinting them with heavenly hues, then shone through the simple articles of Unitarian faith, the graceful architecture of Hartley's theory, and the well-compacted chain by which Priestley and Edwards seemed to bind all things in necessary connection, as through transparencies of thought; and, finding no opposition worthy of its activity in this poor foreground of the mind, opened for itself a bright succession of fairy visions, which it sought to realise on earth. In its light, oppression and force seemed to vanish like the phantoms of a feverish dream; mankind were disposed in the picturesque groups of universal brotherhood; and, in far distance, the ladder which Jacob saw, in solemn vision, connected earth with heaven, "and the angels of God were ascending and descending upon it." Lamb had no sympathy with these radiant hopes, except as they were part of his friend. He clung to the realities of life—to things nearest to him, which the force of habit had made dear—and caught tremblingly hold of the past. He delighted, indeed, to hear Coleridge talk of the distant and future—to see the palm-trees wave, and the pyramids tower in the long perspective of his style, and to catch the prophetic notes of a universal harmony trembling in his voice; but the pleasure was only that of admiration unalloyed by envy, and of the generous pride of friendship. The tendency of his mind to detect the beautiful and good in surrounding things—to nestle rather than to roam—was cherished by all the circumstances of his boyish days. He had become familiar with the vestiges of antiquity, both in his school and in his home of the Temple; and these became dear to him in his serious and affectionate childhood. But, perhaps, more even than those external associations, the situation of his parents, as it was elevated and graced by their character, moulded his young thoughts to the holy habit of a liberal obedience and unaspiring self-respect, which led rather to the embellishment of what was near than to the creation of visionary forms. He saw at home the daily beauty of a cheerful submission to a state bordering on the servile; he looked upward to his father's master, and the old benchers who walked with him on the stately terrace, with a modest erectness of mind; and he saw in his own humble home how well the decencies of life could be maintained on slender means by the exercise of generous principle. Another circumstance akin to these tended also to impart a tinge of venerableness to his early musings. His maternal grandmother was for many years housekeeper in the old and wealthy family of the Plumers of Hertfordshire, by whom she was held in true esteem; and his visits to their ancient mansion, where

he had the free range of every apartment, gallery, and terraced walk, gave him "a peep at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune," and an alliance with that gentility of soul, which, to appreciate, is to share. He has beautifully recorded his own recollections of this place in the essay entitled "Blakesmoor in H——shire," in which he modestly vindicates his claim to partake in the associations of ancestry not his own, and shows the true value of high lineage by detecting the spirit of nobleness which breathes around it, for the enkindling of generous affections, not only in those who may boast of its possession, but in all who can feel its influences.

While Lamb was enjoying habits of the closest intimacy with Coleridge in London, he was introduced by him to a young poet whose name has often been associated with his—Charles Lloyd—the son of a wealthy banker at Birmingham, who had recently cast off the trammels of the Society of Friends, and smitten with the love of poetry, had become a student at the University of Cambridge. There he had been attracted to Coleridge by the fascination of his discourse; and having been admitted to his regard, was introduced by him to Lamb. Lloyd was endeared both to Lamb and Coleridge by a very amiable disposition and a pensive cast of thought; but his intellect bore little resemblance to that of either. He wrote, indeed, pleasing verses, and with great facility,—a facility fatal to excellence; but his mind was chiefly remarkable for the fine power of analysis which distinguishes his *London*, and other of his later compositions. In this power of discriminating and distinguishing—carried to a pitch almost of painfulness—Lloyd has scarcely been equalled; and his poems, though rugged in point of versification, will be found by those who will read them with the calm attention they require, replete with critical and moral suggestions of the highest value. He and Coleridge were devoted wholly to literary pursuits; while Lamb's days were given to accounts, and only at snatches of time was he able to cultivate the faculty of which the society of Coleridge had made him imperfectly conscious.

Lamb's first compositions were in verse—produced slowly, at long intervals,—and with self-distrust, which the encouragements of Coleridge could not subdue. With the exception of a sonnet to Mrs. Siddons, whose acting, especially in the character of Lady Randolph, had made a deep impression upon him, they were exclusively personal. The longest and most elaborate is that beautiful piece of blank verse, entitled *The Grandame*, in which he so affectionately celebrates the virtues of the "antique world" of the aged housekeeper of Mr. Plumer. A youthful passion, which lasted only a few months, and which he afterwards attempted to regard lightly as a folly past, inspired a few sonnets of very delicate feeling and exquisite music. On the death of his parents, he felt himself called upon by duty to repay to his sister the solicitude with which she had watched over his infancy;—and well indeed he performed it! To her, from the age of twenty-one, he devoted his existence;—seeking thenceforth no connection which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and comfort her.

The life of Charles Lamb from this point cannot be better narrated, in the space at our disposal, than in the following review,

from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of Justice Talfourd's charming Memorials of his friend.*

Mr. Talfourd's Memorials commence with the year 1795, when Lamb was residing with his family, consisting of his father, mother, and sister, in No. 7, Little Queen Street, Holborn; the parents both in a state of great infirmity, and the income of the whole family very scanty. There was a tendency to *insanity*, which had been more than once developed in his sister; and at the close of this year Lamb himself was subjected for a few weeks to the restraint of the insane. "The wonder is, that amidst all the difficulties, the sorrows, and the excitements of his succeeding forty years," this afflicting visitation never recurred; "and he was rewarded for a life of self-sacrifice by the preservation of unclouded reason." In a letter to Coleridge he there mentions *the event:* "My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this your very humble servant spent in a *mad-house at Hoxton*. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one; but mad I was: and many a vagary my imagination played with me, enough to make a volume, if all were told." He adds, "It may convince you of my regards for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy."

Coleridge, it must be remarked, was Lamb's earliest friend—his friend when they were both as yet in boy's jackets—in blue gowns and yellow stockings—for they were schoolfellows at Christ's Hospital: and that early friendship which began in congeniality of studies and feelings, was continued and strengthened by the same cause. Lamb writes:—

"When I read in your little volume your nineteenth effusion, or the twenty-eighth, or the twenty-ninth, or what you call the *Sigh*, I think I hear *you* again. I imagine to myself the little smoky room at the 'Salutation and Cat,' where we have sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poesy. *When you left London I felt a dismal void in my heart.* I found myself cut off at one and the same time from two most dear to me. 'How blest with ye the path could I have trod of quiet life!' In your conversation you had blended so many pleasant fancies that they cheated me of my grief. But in your absence the tide of melancholy rushed in again, and did its worst mischief by overwhelming reason. I have recovered, but feel a stupor that makes me indifferent to the hopes and fears of this life. I sometimes wish to introduce a religious turn of mind; but habits are strong things, and my religious fervours are confined, alas! to some fleeting moments of occasional solitary devotion. A correspondence opening with you has roused me a little from my lethargy, and made me conscious of existence. Indulge me in it: I will not be very troublesome. At some future time I will amuse you with an account, as full as my memory will permit, of the strange turns my frenzy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy; for, while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. *Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad,*" &c.

* Moxon, Dover-street.

His letters at this period are critical. Southey's *Joan of Arc* and Coleridge's *Religious Musings* were read by him with delight and careful attention. He also placed his own sonnets, great favourites with him, under Coleridge's inspection. They were tender little things, favourites and bantlings of his own. "I charge you, Coleridge," he says, "spare my ewe lambs. When my blank verse is finished, or my long fancy poem, 'propono tibi alterandum, cut-up-andum, abridgandum,' just what you will with it, but spare my ewe lambs. I say unto you again, spare my ewe lambs."

So things passed away till the autumn of 1796. Lamb was engaged all the morning in task-work at the India House, and all the evening in attempting to amuse his father by playing cribbage; when, on the 26th of September, that terrible calamity burst on this poor devoted family, by the sudden insanity of Miss Lamb, and by the death of the aged mother. The particulars may be read in Mr. Talfourd's pages, where they are with propriety introduced; but we spare others the pain of reading what we ourselves turn from in sorrow and suffering of heart. Lamb wrote to Coleridge on the subject: he talked of appropriating 50*l.* or 60*l.* a-year for his sister's maintenance; and then he says, in that spirit of independence and contempt for superfluous expenses and enjoyments which ever distinguished him, "If my father, an old servant-maid, and I, can't live, and live comfortably, on 130*l.* or 120*l.* a-year, *we ought to burn by slow fires.*" He also admonishes Coleridge not to offend him by *sending him cash*, of which, we think, those who recollect Coleridge in the Bristol cottage at that time, and his inventory of goods and chattels, will acknowledge there was little fear. This must have been the one solitary instance of Coleridge appearing in the presumed character of a *lender*.

One or two charming letters, filled with the tenderest affection to his sister, and with the most beautiful little family pictures, follow, almost too pure, and sweet, and good to be read "by such stuff as the world is made of," but to be loved by all of good and upright minds. It was a dark and melancholy time! without his sister, the companion of his life,—without books,—without friends. "I am starving," he says, "at the India House. Near seven o'clock without my dinner; and so it has been, and will be, all the week. I get home at night o'erwearied, quite faint, and then to cards with my father, who will not let me enjoy a meal in peace; but I must conform to my situation, and I hope I am, for the most part, not unthankful." What refreshment he had was derived from poetical composition and poetical studies. "I have been reading the *Task* with fresh delight. I am glad you love Cowper. I could forgive a man for not enjoying Milton; but I would not call that man my friend who should be offended with the divine chit-chat of Cowper." He thought Southey told a plain tale better than Coleridge, but that the *Religious Musings* of the latter was the noblest poem in the world next after *Paradise Lost*. He found Mr. Hoole's *Tasso* "more vapid than smallest small beer *sun-vinegared.*"

Thus he beguiled his fancy during some brief intervals of the storm. But now his aged father died, and his small annuity went; and then his aunt died, and hers went also; and he was left with his poor sister, and a hundred a-year from his clerkship. There are,

however, far worse losses than the loss of money. He again lost his sister for a time. He writes to his brother-poet,—

"Hetty died on Friday night, about eleven o'clock, after her long illness. Mary, in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, is fallen ill again, and I was obliged to remove her yesterday. I am left alone in a house with nothing but Hetty's dead body to keep me company. To-morrow I bury her, and then I shall be quite alone, with nothing but a cat to remind me that the house has been full of living beings like myself. *My heart is quite sunk, and I don't know where to look for relief.* Mary will get better again, but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are, in a manner, *marked.* Excuse my troubling you, but I have nobody by me to speak to me. I slept out last night, not being able to endure the change and the stillness; but I did not sleep well, and I must come back to my own bed. I am going to try and get a friend to come and be with me to-morrow. *I am completely shipwrecked.* My head is quite bad. *I almost wish that Mary were dead.*—God bless you!" &c.

His friend Lloyd's arrival, however, was of great comfort; and the following sweet and pensive lines, as the sincere effusion of a consoled and grateful heart, will be approved by a judge within us, whose decisions we may follow with safety, while criticism may smooth her offended brow, and wait a fitter subject for her power.

"Alone, obscure, without a friend,
A cheerless, solitary thing,
Why seeks my *Lloyd* the stranger out?
What offering can the stranger bring,

Of social scenes, home-bred delights,
That him in aught compensate may
For *Stowey's* pleasant winter-nights,
For loves and friendships far away,

In brief oblivion to forego
Friends such as thine, so justly dear,
And be awhile with me content
To stay, a kindly loiterer, here?

For this a gleam of random joy
Hath flush'd my unaccustom'd cheek,
And, with an o'ercharged, bursting heart,
I feel the thanks I cannot speak.

O, sweet are all the Muse's lays,
And sweet the charm of matin bird!
'Twas long since these estrangèd ears
The sweeter voice of friend had heard.

The voice hath spoke;—the pleasant sounds
In memory's ear, in after time
Shall live, to sometimes rouse a tear,
And sometimes prompt an honest rhyme.

For when the transient charm is fled,
And when the little week is o'er,
To cheerless, friendless solitude
When I return as heretofore,—

Long, long within my aching heart
The grateful sense shall cherish'd be;
I'll think less meanly of myself,
That Lloyd will sometimes think on me."

Lloyd's visit did him good, and his sister returned, and he again thought of the 'Cat and Salutation,' and Welsh rabbits, and punch and poesy, and the "*Noctes cænæque Deûm.*" All things come right if men will but wait for them. The wheel keeps going round; and there are plenty of suppers and poetry, punch and porter, in store for him,—though, alas! he died ignorant of the names of Dickens and Tennyson! He died, though full of years, before his time. He died too soon, as all men did, however aged,—octogenarians, if you please, who had not survived to the days of *Barnaby Rudge* and the "Head-waiter at the Cock!"

Lamb's only poetical, or rather literary, friend now in London was George Dyer, whom everybody knows, or ought to have known, and of whom there is much that is interesting in these volumes. Among Dyer's poetical singularities was one that was amusing enough. He always conversed of poets as if they were *hunting in couples*. Thus, he would say Spenser and Thomson, Theocritus and Virgil, Gray and Mason, Lamb and Lloyd, though the only conjunction was in his own head. Lamb amused himself with Dyer's poetical opinions and canons, which latter consisted in "strictly observing the laws of verse." He stumbled also on Dr. Currie's *Life of Burns*, one of the dullest and most tasteless pieces of biography in our language. One of Burns' brother-excisemen would have *done the job* far better.

As we advance things begin to look brighter. Lamb is introduced to a Dr. A.—— of Isleworth, who gives hot legs of mutton and grape pies, and ties the knees of his breeches with packthread. Such a man is at all times worth knowing, especially when we are a little out of spirits, and requested to write a copy of verses for an agricultural magazine; and then he left off his Montero cap (Coleridge carried it off), and cayenned eggs, and began to think that pipes and port wine "might do him good." "Wine, good, mellow, genuine port *can hurt nobody*, unless those who take it to excess, which they may *easily avoid if they observe the rules of temperance.*" In 1805 he was introduced to Hazlitt, "the great critic and thinker," son of a Unitarian minister at Wem in Shropshire, whom he tantalized in the following manner: Hazlitt being a painter and amateur, and fond of every thing which Lamb had seen and he had *not*.

"What do you in Shropshire, when so many fine pictures are a-going, a-going, every day in London? Monday I visit the Marquess of Lansdowne's, in Berkeley Square. Catalogue 2*s.* 6*d.* Leonardos in plenty. Some other day this week, I go to see Sir William Young's, in Stratford Place. Hulse's, of Blackheath, are also to be sold this month; and in May, the first private collection in Europe, Welbore Ellis Agar's. And there are you perverting Nature in lying land-

scapes, filched from old rusty Titians, such as I can scrape up here to send you, with an additament from Shropshire nature thrown in to make the whole look unnatural. I am afraid of your mouth watering when I tell you that Manning and I got into Angerstein's on Wednesday. *Mon Dieu!* Such Claudes! Four Claudes bought for more than 10,000*l.* (those who talk of Wilson being equal to Claude are either mainly ignorant or stupid); one of them was perfectly miraculous. What colours short of *bonâ fide* sunbeams it could be painted in, I am not earthly colourman enough to say; but I did not think it had been in the possibility of things. Then, a music-piece of Titian—a thousand-pound picture—five figures standing behind a piano, the sixth playing; none of the heads, M. observed, indicating great men, nor affecting it, but so sweetly disposed; all leaning separate ways, but so easy, like a flock of some divine shepherd; the colouring, like the economy of the picture, so sweet and harmonious, —as good as Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night,'—*almost*,[that is. I will give you a love of order, and cure you of restless, fidgety passions for a week after—more musical than the music which it would, but cannot, yet in a manner *does*, show. I have no room for the rest. Let me say, Angerstein sits in a room—his study (only that and the library are shown), when he writes a common letter, as I am doing, surrounded with twenty pictures worth 60,000*l.* What a luxury! Apicius and Heliogabalus, hide your diminished heads!"

Lamb's play of *Mr. H.* (Hog's-flesh) failed, as was proper it should; who would ever have thought it could have ended otherwise? He had plenty of condoling friends, but he would have preferred its succeeding. Condolements added to failures make things ten times worse. The best thing for friends to do in adversity is to keep away. When things go wrong with *us*, we have found one plan successful. We send for the landlord of the nearest inn, invite his company to a quiet glass of sherry, and in an hour or two an improvement is sure to take place. The air of *superiority*, when you are in trouble, which a friend assumes, is of itself fatal. When a man writes a play, and it is d—d by the visitors or audience, as it may be, —the seers or hearers,—there are various ways of restoring nature. Sheridan would drink three bottles of claret; Cumberland rubbed himself with a flesh-brush; but there is no better way than the one we recommend—of sending for the landlord.

Lamb now began to collect his Wednesday evening parties, of which we have a more copious account hereafter. Of these, Mr. Talfourd says, Hazlitt was a brilliant ornament. With Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt, Lamb and his sister spent the summer holidays at their residence, Winterslow on Salisbury Plain: it does not matter for the year; any year will do; for neither the parties themselves, nor the learned editor, ever trouble themselves with dates; but all is supposed to take place somewhere in the beginning of the nineteenth century. When they returned, they began to eat salt butter, for which they had acquired a taste in Wiltshire; lined their doors with green baize; put four new boards over the coal-hole; hung up some beautiful green curtains; Lamb got twenty pounds a-year by a clerk's resignation, and Miss Lamb had her dyed silk gown cut out. When these arrangements were concluded, Miss Lamb began her pretty

book of *Tales from Shakspeare*—Lamb's Tails (or Tales), as it is called in the Row—with her brother's assistance, and they produced their *Poetry for Children*, and removed from Mitre Court to No. 4, Inner Temple Lane—"most dear," says the editor, "of all their abodes to the memory of their ancient friends." This they had for 30*l.* a-year; and the proprietors described it as delicious, looking out in Hare Court, *where a pump is always going*. To be sure, when they arrived the pump was dry; but still it was pleasanter than Mitre Court. It was like being in a garden. It was attended with the usual calamity of moving—of changing scene; but that was a passing cloud, and soon passed away. Lamb endeavoured to leave off *smoking;* but then, we believe, his chimney,—or was it Coleridge's?—took to smoking, and so it was of no use *one* leaving off, if the other went on; and we find Miss Lamb about this time saying, "*We* smoked the very first night of our arrival," including, we presume, *all the three!*

Among the books he read at this time he mentions *Cœlebs:*

"It has reached eight editions in so many weeks, yet literally it is one of the very poorest sort of common novels, with the drawback of dull religion in it. Had the religion been high and flavoured, it would have been something. I borrowed this *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife* of a very careful, neat lady, and returned it with this stuff written in the beginning:

> "If ever I marry a wife,
> I'll marry a landlord's daughter,
> For then I may sit in the bar,
> And drink cold brandy and water."

He says: "Godwin has written a pretty absurd book about sepulchres. He was affronted because I told him it was better than Hervey, but not so good as Sir T. Browne." He admired Southey's article in the *Quarterly* on "Missionaries;" and he said Coleridge had thoroughly converted him to relish the old poet Daniel. He mourned over the prospect of *The Friend* stopping for want of funds. He said, 'This custom-and-duty age would have made the Preacher on the Mount take out a licence, and St. Paul's Epistles not missible without a stamp."

Lamb wrote to Wordsworth in great admiration of his new volume of poetry, and with due contempt of the Edinburgh critics, who it appears were abusing in public what they privately admired, and crying out, "This will never do," when it has done very well indeed, and put a thousand pounds in the poet's pocket. He also met with the poems of Vincent Bourne, which were quite new to him, and delighted in them, as all persons must do, for they are among the few things which have not been equalled.

"What a heart," he says, "that man had, all laid out upon town scenes, a proper counterpoise to *some people's* rural extravaganzas. Why I mention him is, that your *Power of Music* reminded me of his poem of *The Ballad-Singer in the Seven Dials*. Do you remember his epigram on the old woman who taught Newton the A B C, which, after all, he says, he hesitates not to call Newton's *Principia*? I was

lately fatiguing myself with going through a volume of fine words by Lord Thurlow; excellent words; and, if the heart could live by words alone, it could desire no better regales; but what an aching vacuum of matter! I do not stick at the madness of it, for that is only a consequence of shutting his eyes and thinking he is in the age of the old Elizabeth poets. From thence I turned to V. Bourne. What a sweet, unpretending, pretty-mannered, *matter-ful* creature! sucking from every flower, making a flower of every thing. His diction all Latin, and his thoughts all English. Bless him! Latin was not good enough for him. Why was not he content with the language which Gay and Prior wrote in?"

His duties at the India House are now becoming irksome to him, for the Honourable Company are employing him from ten in the morning till eleven at night, on the subjects of deposits on cotton wool and contingent funds. It destroyed his Sundays—something did—but he does not clearly know whether his work or his pipe. He also left off spirituous liquors, *with a moral certainty of its lasting.* This was noble, showing self-respect, self-command, self-confidence. It lasted four months: the victory was gained; but then he so increased his allowance of porter (how many pots is not said), that it could be endured no longer by those who loved him. His sister entreated him "*to live like himself,*" as became him. There is no clergyman of the parish belonging to the Temple (only a reader), or he would probably have been called in. However, he was persuaded to yield to his sister's arguments,—to his friends' advice—perhaps to his own inclination—and he re-commenced his gin and water. It was an old friendship, and had better never have been broken. When such friends part, as Young says, it is a living death. But they met again; and their second union was never attended with the slightest interruption. Then he was invigorated by the presence of his old companions; and thinking of his task-masters, the merchants of Leadenhall Street, then he could cry out—and who does not agree in the reasonable propriety of his wish?—"Confusion blast all mercantile transactions, all traffic, all exchange of commodities, intercourse between nations, all the consequent civilisation, and wealth, and amity, and link of society, and getting rid of prejudices, and knowledge of the face of the globe; and rot the very firs of the forest, that look so romantic alive, and die into *desks!*"

Southey wished Lamb to review *The Excursion* in the *Quarterly.* This, though new to this kind of contemporaneous criticism (he delighting more in the poets of James the First than of George the Third), he readily agreed to, though differing from Wordsworth, *toto cœlo*, in his abstract idea of "a tailor." This was necessary to be settled before the reviewer commenced. Lamb had no experience but of a genuine London tailor. Wordsworth's was a very different kind of artificer; and, indeed, Lamb seems to have remonstrated with ample justice on his side:—

"A *flying tailor,*" he writes, "I venture to say, is no more *in rerum naturâ* than a flying horse or a gryphon. His wheeling his airy flight from the precipice you mention, had a parallel in the melancholy Jew who toppled from the monument. Were his limbs ever found? Then, the man who cures diseases by words, is evidently

an *inspired* tailor. . . . Again, the person who makes his smiles to be *heard*, is evidently a man under possession; a *demoniac* tailor. A greater hell than his own must have a hand in this. . . . I confess a *grinning* tailor would shock me. ENOUGH OF TAILORS!"

Some causes, arising from business and bad health, delayed the fulfilment of the promise; but the review was written and sent. He said, "It must speak for itself, *if Gifford and his crew do not put words in its mouth, which I expect.*" Mr. Talfourd says, "The apprehension expressed at the close of the last letter was dismally verified," and Lamb was bursting with indignation. It was a *spurious* review —a spiteful review—done by Mr. Baviad Gifford. "The language he has altered throughout. Whatever inadequateness it had to its subject, it was, in point of composition, the prettiest piece of prose I ever writ, and so my sister (to whom alone I read the Ms.) said. That charm, if it had any, is all gone. More than a third of the substance is cut away, and that not all from one place, but *passim*, so as to make utter nonsense. Every warm expression is changed for a nasty cold one putting his shoemaker-phraseology instead of mine." Undoubtedly it was a bad custom of this critical *sutor* to be botching, soling, and mending other people's pantoufles, on which they were, like himself, trudging through much dirt and mire towards Parnassus. Southey would never allow it: others, the lesser fry, were forced to yield; but it was peculiarly offensive and ill-timed in the case of Lamb. No doubt an editor of a review must have discriminating powers intrusted to him; the general character and the leading principles of the review are under his control, and must be preserved by him. To admit and to reject is his province and privilege, with some other licenses attached, such as that of abridgment; but the fair limits were far exceeded in this case. Of this review Lamb complains, "the whole complexion is gone, the eyes are pulled out, and the bleeding sockets are left. I could not but protest against your taking that thing as mine. Every *pretty* expression (I know there were many), every warm expression (there was nothing else), is vulgarised and frozen. If they catch me in their camps again let them spitchcock me," &c.

After due time the wound inflicted by the shoemaker and his awl was healed, and he turns again to his accustomed wanderings in and out of Parnassus.

"Coleridge," he writes, "is printing *Christabel*, by Lord Byron's recommendation to Murray, with what he calls a vision, *Kubla Khan;* which said vision he repeats so enchantingly, that it irradiates and brings heaven and elysian bowers into my parlour while he sings or says it. But there is an observation, 'Never tell your dreams,' and I am almost afraid that *Kubla Khan* is an owl that will not bear daylight. I fear lest it should be discovered by the lantern of typography and clear reducing to letters no better than nonsense or no sense. When I was young I used to chant with ecstasy *Mild Arcadians ever blooming*, till somebody told me it was meant to be nonsense. Even yet I have a lingering attachment to it, and think it better than *Windsor Forest*, *Dying Christian's Address*, &c. Coleridge sent his tragedy to D. L. T. (Drury Lane); it cannot be acted this season, and by their manner of receiving I hope he will be able

to alter it to make them accept it for the next. He is at present under the medical care of a Mr. Gilman (*Killman?*) at Highgate, where he plays at leaving off laud—m. I think his essentials not touched; he is very bad, but then he wonderfully picks up another day, and his face, when he repeats his verses, hath its ancient glory—an archangel a little damaged. The neighbourhood of such a man is as exciting as the presence of fifty ordinary persons. 'Tis enough to be within the whiff and wind of his genius for us not to possess our souls in quiet. If I lived with him, or the author of the *Excursion*, I should in a very little time lose my own identity, and be dragged along in the current of other people's thoughts, hampered in a net. How cool I sit in this office with no possible interruption further than what I may term *material!* There is not as much metaphysics in thirty-six of the people here as there is in the first page of Locke's *Treatise on the Human Understanding*, or as much poetry as in any ten lines of the *Pleasures of Hope*, or more natural *Beggar's Petition*. I never entangle myself in any of their speculations. Interruptions, if I try to write a letter even, I have dreadful. Just now, within four lines, I was called off for ten minutes to consult dusty old books for the settlement of obsolete errors. I hold you a guinea you don't find the chasm where I left off, so excellently the wounded sense closed again, and was healed," &c.

Lamb's association with Hazlitt, in 1820, introduced him to that of the *London Magazine*, the pages of which he enriched with his Essays of Elia; and he formed an acquaintance with one of the contributors, Mr. Wainwright, whose strange and guilty history is given only *too fully* in the present work, the history of one, of which, as we read, we say,—

> " ——— Oh! what an orator to hear
> Is *sin*, that paints itself with golden words
> Of pleasure and delight, as if the soul
> Had its eternal being and full powers
> But for the sense's satisfaction,
> And their enjoying it was creation's end!"

In 1823 Lamb was occupying Colebrook Cottage at Islington, a small solitary house—solitary amidst plenty of neighbours; but it was not a *street* house, and the New River flowed within a few feet of its front door, and this front door opened at once without ceremony into the sitting room. We walked to Islington a short time since purposely to see it: it had a small triangular garden and a pear-tree; however, an adventure took place here one summer's day, which we well remember, for we supped there a few days after—or rather supped and breakfasted all in one, for the sun was already above the chapel of Pentonville when we were returning home, rather in a zig-zag direction, down the hill. But to the story, which Lamb must tell.

"Yesterday week," he writes to Mrs. Hazlitt, "George Dyer called upon us, at one o'clock (bright noonday), on his way to dine with Mrs. Barbauld, at Newington, and he sat with Mary about half an hour. The maid saw him go out, from her kitchen window; but suddenly losing sight of him, ran up in a fright to Mary. G. D., instead of keeping the slip that leads to the gate, had deliberately,

staff in hand, in broad, open day, marched into the New River. He had not his spectacles on, and you know his absence. Who helped him out they can hardly tell, but between 'em they got him out, drenched thro' and thro'. A mob collected by that time, and accompanied him in. 'Send for the Doctor!' they said; and a one-eyed fellow, dirty and drunk, was fetched from the public-house at the end, where it seems he lurks for the sake of *picking up water practice*, having formerly had a medal from the Humane Society for some rescue. By his advice the patient was put between blankets; and, when I came home at four, to dinner, I found G. D. a-bed, and raving, light-headed with the brandy-and-water which the Doctor had administered. He sung, laughed, whimpered, screamed, babbled of guardian angels, would get up and go home; but we kept him there by force, and by next morning he departed sobered, and seems to have received no injury. All my friends are open-mouthed about having paling before the river; but I cannot see because an absent man chooses to walk into a river with his eyes open, at mid-day, I am any the more likely to be drowned in it, coming home at midnight." &c.

Lamb continued daily writing for the *London Magazine*. He asks a correspondent—

"Did you ever read the *Memoir of Liston?*—and did you guess whose it was? Of all the *lies* I ever put off, I value this the most. It is from top to toe, every paragraph, pure invention, and has passed for gospel; has been republished in newspapers, and in the penny playbills of the night, as an authentic account. I shall certainly go to the naughty man some day for my fibbings. In the next number I figure as a theologian, and have attacked my late brethren, the Unitarians. What Jack Pudding tricks I shall play next I know not: I am almost at the end of my tether," &c.

Bright were the days which were now dawning; no more drudging at the desk, no more trudging in rain and wind to Leadenhall-street, no more balancing of accounts with Hong merchants, or discussing of cotton and indigo. When the year 1825 brought its fourth daughter April into the world, the "wearied clerk" went home for ever, left behind him all the carking cares, the money-grubbers, the sempiternal muckworms—the slaves and drudges of the world, left the key in his desk, and went home, never to return. "We have not much now," said Miss Lamb to us; "but Charles takes good long walks, and that is better for him than sitting at the desk writing for money." From Islington he soon after removed to an odd-looking gambogish-coloured house at Enfield; this was a sacrifice made for the sake of more quiet than he could expect nearer town. These matters, however, are more fully related in the former volumes, and in 1833 he made his last removal from Enfield to Edmonton, somewhat nearer town, more easily accessible, and more full of houses, which he liked, looking as if part of Holborn had walked into the country for fresh air. Before this removal, we meet two very mirthful letters to Mr. Crabbe Robinson, on his being laid up at Bury with rheumatism. Lamb pretends that *he himself* is the sufferer.

"I have these three days been laid up with strong rheumatic

pains, in loins, back, and shoulders. I shriek sometimes from the violence of them. I get scarce any sleep, and the consequence is, I am restless, and want to change sides as I lie; and I cannot turn without resting on my hands, and so turning all my body all at once like a log with a lever. While this rainy weather lasts I have no hope of alleviation. I have tried flannels and embrocation in vain. Just at the hip-joint the pangs are sometimes so excruciating, that I cry out. It is as violent as the cramp, and far more continuous. I am ashamed to whine about these complaints to you, who can ill enter into them; but indeed they are sharp. You go about in rain or fine, at all hours, without discommodity. I envy you your immunity at a time of life not much removed from my own. But you owe your exemption to temperance, which it is too late for me to pursue. I, in my lifetime, have had my good things. Hence my frame is brittle—yours strong as brass. I never knew any ailment you had. You can go out at night in all weathers, sit up all hours. Well! I don't want to moralize, I only wish to say that if you are inclined to a game at double dumby, I would try and bolster myself up in a chair for a rubber or so. My days are tedious, but less so, and less painful, than my nights. May you never know the pain and difficulty I have in writing so much. Mary, who is most kind, joins in the wish."

In the next letter he confesses the mischief-faced imposture:

"It was the subtlest, diabolical piece of malice heart of man has contrived. I have no more rheumatism than that poker. Never was freer from all pains and aches. Every joint sound, to the tip of the ear from the extremity of the lesser toe. The report of thy torments were blown circuitously here from Bury. I could not resist the jeer. I conceived you writhing, when you should just receive my congratulations. How mad you'd be! Well, it is not my method to inflict pangs. I leave that to heaven. But in the existing pangs of a friend I have a share. His disquietude crowns my exemption. I imagine you howling; and I pace across the room, shooting out my free arms, legs, &c., this way and that way, with an assurance of not kindling a spark of pain from them. I deny that nature meant us to sympathise with agonies. Those face-contortions, retortions, distortions, have the merriness of antics. Nature meant them for farce. Not so pleasant to the actor, indeed. But Grimaldi cries when we laugh; and it is but one that suffers to make thousands rejoice. You say that shampooing is ineffectual. But *per se*, it is good, to show the introvolutions, extravolutions of which the animal frame is capable,—to show what the creature is receptible of, short of dissolution. You are worst of nights, arn't you? You never was racked, was you? I should like an authentic map of those feelings. You seem to have the flying gout. You can scarcely screw a smile out of your face, can you? I sit at immunity, and sneer *ad libitum*. 'Tis now the time for you to make good resolutions. I may go on breaking them, for anything the worse I find myself. Your doctor seems to keep you on the long cure. Precipitate healings are never good. Don't come while you are so bad. I shan't be able to attend to your throes and the dumby at once. I should like to know how slowly the pain goes off. But don't write, unless the motion will be likely to make your

sensibility more exquisite.—Your affectionate and truly healthy friend.—Mary thought a letter from me might amuse you in your torment, &c."

We must pass over some things worthy, had we time, to have detained us longer; as the letter to Mr. Talfourd on his Serjeantship, and a little note on Mr. Moxon's present to his bride—the latter excellent. We must make our last extract in the letter to Mr. Rogers, for, alas! few letters more was he permitted to write. The scissors of the Parcæ were already suspended over the fragile thread of the poet's life.

"My dear Sir,—Your book, by the unremitting punctuality of your publisher, has reached me thus early. I have not opened it, nor will till to-morrow, when I promise myself a thorough reading of it. The *Pleasures of Memory* was the first school-present I made to Mrs. Moxon; it has those nice woodcuts, and I believe she keeps it still. Believe me, all the kindness you have shown to the husband of that excellent person seems done unto myself. I have tried my hand at a sonnet in the *Times;* but the turn I gave it, though I hoped it would not displease you, I thought might not be equally agreeable to your artist. I met that dear old man (*Stothard*) at poor Henry's,* with you, and again at Cary's, and it was sublime to see him sit, deaf, and enjoy all that was going on in mirth with the company. He reposed upon the many graceful, many fantastic images he had created; with them he dined and took wine. I have ventured at an antagonist copy of verses in the *Athenæum* to *him*, in which he is as everything, and you as nothing. He is no lawyer who cannot take two sides. But I am jealous of the combination of the sister arts. Let them sparkle apart. What injury (short of theatres) did not Boydell's *Shakespeare Gallery* do me with Shakespeare? To have Opie's *Shakespeare*, Northcote's *Shakespeare*, wooden-headed West's *Shakespeare* (though he did the best in Lear), deaf-headed Reynolds's *Shakespeare*, instead of any and every body's *Shakespeare!* To be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet! to have Imogen's portrait! to confine the illimitable! I like you and Stothard (you best); but 'out upon this half-faced fellowship!' Sir, when I have read the book, I may trouble you, through Moxon, with some faint criticisms. It is not the flatteringest compliment in a letter to an author to say you have not read his book yet; but the devil of a reader he must be who prances through it in five minutes, and no longer have I received the parcel. It was a little tantalizing to me to receive a letter from Landor, *Gebir* Landor, from Florence, to say he was just sitting down to read my *Elia*, just received; but the letter was to go out before the reading. There are calamities in authorship which only authors know. I am going to call on Moxon on Monday, *if the throng of carriages in Dover Street, on the morn of publication, do not barricade me out.* . . . My sister is papering up the book,—careful soul!"

The last letter ever penned by this child of genius, whose brief, chequered day of sorrow and gladness, of mirth and seriousness, was now just closing, too soon for all—and many they—who knew and valued the delight of his society, the richness of his intellect, the

* Mr. Rogers's brother, Henry Rogers, Esq., who was then recently dead.

variety of his wit, and, above all, the warmth and goodness of his heart,—this latest, the final letter, the farewell smile of the departing friend at the door, we cannot withhold:—

"DEAR MRS. DYER.—I am very uneasy about a book which I either have lost, or left at your house on Thursday. It was the book I went out to fetch from Miss Buffam's, while the tripe was frying. It is called *Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum;* but it is an English book. I think I left it in the parlour. It is Mr. Cary's book, and I would not lose it for the world. Pray, if you find it, book it at the Swan, Snow Hill, by an Edmonton stage, immediately, directed to Mr. Lamb, Church Street, Edmonton, or write to say you cannot find it. I am quite anxious about it. If it is lost, I shall never like tripe again, &c. Dec. 22, 1834."

On the very day this was written, erysipelas followed the accident, apparently trifling (he had fallen down when walking), which five days after terminated in his death.

In his last chapter Mr. Talfourd has given us a lively, and, as far as our partial knowledge extends, a correct picture, of two different societies of men of letters existing at the same time in opposite parts of the metropolis; and he has brought into comparison the dinners at Holland House with the suppers of the Lambs at the Temple or Islington. He has contrasted the rich old saloon and monastic library, with its deep recesses, gilded cornices, and Gothic windows of the one, with the snug, warm little parlour, the worn old furniture, and low clouded ceiling of the other. Lamb, and Hazlitt, and Godwin, and Basil Montague, are opposed to Lord Holland, and Sydney Smith, and Mackintosh, and Macaulay, and Rogers; and, though the topics of conversation might be the same, they were discussed in a somewhat different spirit, and viewed in different aspects.

"The conversation at Lord Holland's was wont to mirror the happiest aspects of the living mind; to celebrate the latest discoveries in science; to echo the quarterly decisions of imperial criticism; to reflect the modest glow of young reputations;—all was gay, graceful, decisive, as if the pen of Jeffrey could have spoken; or, if it reverted to old times, it rejoiced in those classical associations which are ever young. At Lamb's, on the other hand, the topics were chiefly sought among the obscure and remote; the odd, the quaint, the fantastic were drawn out from their dusty recesses; nothing could be more foreign to its embrace than the modern circulating library, even when it teemed with the Scotch novels. Whatever the subject was, however, in the more aristocratic, or the humbler sphere, it was always discussed by those best entitled to talk on it; no others had a chance of being heard. This remarkable freedom from *bores* was produced in Lamb's circle by the authoritative texture of its commanding minds; in Lord Holland's, by the more direct and more genial influence of the hostess, which checked that tenacity of subject and opinion which sometimes broke the charm of Lamb's parties by 'a duel in the form of a debate.'"

They are alike silent now. With the death of its noble master the portals of Holland House closed on the son of genius and on the sage, and Lamb's kindred circle dispersed almost before he died; and Mr. Talfourd, as he records them both, has affirmed, what we hope,

in spite of the probabilities in its favour, may not be true, "that for the survivors, I may venture to affirm, no such conversation as they have shared, in either circle, will ever be theirs again in this world." We perhaps might also say the same, but that certain *Dapes ambrosiæ* in St. James's Place bear witness that neither in the forms of intellectual beauty that adorn the walls, or in the charms of intellectual conversation "that grace the board," is anything wanting to remind those who have the pleasure of enjoying them, that, though Lord Holland and Charles Lamb are gone, one still survives, whose hospitable door is ever open to receive, and whose liberal hand is ever ready to assist, the humblest guest; who will delight those already eminent by the riches of his conversation, and at once encourage and direct those whose promise is yet to be fulfilled, by the kindness of his manners, the purity of his taste, and the soundness of his judgment. Long may his life be preserved amid those treasures of art which his taste and liberality have formed around him, and which he most enjoys when he is sharing their beauty in the circle of his friends!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

(1777-1844.)

Thomas Campbell, the tenth and youngest child of his parents, was born at Glasgow on the 27th of July, 1777. His father was a retired merchant, as the name imports, of old Highland family; and, according to testimony, an intelligent and cultivated man. The son of his age (for Thomas was born when he was sixty-seven) seems to have been early "laid out" for honours. An excellent education was given to him at the college of Glasgow; but the poet, like the rest of the fraternity, was but an idle schoolboy. His superiority, however, flashed out once or twice. He carried off a bursary when only thirteen, from a competitor twice his age; and won a prize for a translation of *The Clouds* of Aristophanes, which was pronounced as unique among college exercises. When still a young man, Mr. Campbell removed to Edinburgh, and there made himself honourably known among the choice spirits of the place, devoting himself to private tuition. He published *The Pleasures of Hope* in 1799, that is, in the twenty-second year of his age. So familiar has every line of that work become, that to dwell on it were absurd; to value it aright has now become difficult. Some aid to the adjustment of its place, however, may be given, by comparing it, not only with the didactic and descriptive poems which had preceded it (Cowper's not forgotten), but also with the usual quality of attempts issued by youths at the years of discretion. Now-a-days a reputation is claimed on the score of fragments and fugitive verses.

The Pleasures of Hope was profitable to its author in more ways than one, since its success enabled Mr. Campbell to take the German tour, the earlier and later fruits of which were the noblest lyrics of modern time. *Hohenlinden*,—*Ye Mariners of England*, written at

Hamburgh with a Danish war in prospect,—*The Exile of Erin*, a gentler breathing of the affections, but also referrible to the poet's casual encounter with some of the banished Irish rebels,—may be all dated from this tour. How they ran from lip to lip, and from heart to heart, wherever the British tongue was spoken, is now "a dream of the days of other years." They live, and will live, so long as wood grows and water runs,—sacred as a cherished part of our thoughts, our language, and ourselves!

Returning from the continent, Mr. Campbell again sojourned for awhile in Edinburgh, and there wrote other of his celebrated ballads and poems. In 1803 he was drawn southward by the attractions of



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

London. He married his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair, in the autumn of the same year; and at once commenced a course of literary activity, of which few traces remain. A History of England (probably a continuation of Hume and Smollett's work) is mentioned by himself, in a memorandum, to which we have had access. His conversational powers drew round him many friends; and to these probably, as much as to the liberal principles which he unflinchingly maintained from first to last, may be ascribed the interest taken in him by Charles Fox, who placed him on the pension list. After six years of anxiety, drudgery for the press, &c., and the other trials which await the working author, yet destroy no energy capable of

better things, Mr. Campbell gave a proof that his poetry was not merely an affair of youthful enthusiasm, or of

> —"retired Leisure,
> That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,"

by publishing *Gertrude*, and *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, and *The Battle of the Baltic*, adding to a subsequent edition that most haunting, perhaps, of all his ballads, *O'Connor's Child*. He was now in the zenith of his popularity; known as one who could discourse upon, as well as write, poetry. In this capacity he was engaged to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution; the success of these led Mr. Murray to engage him in the well-known *Critical Essays and Specimens*, which established him on our library shelves as a prose-writer, and is the best of his unrhymed—not unpoetical—works. Subsequent publications may be charged with carelessness in collection of materials, and an uncertainty of style, incompatible with lasting reputation.

In the year 1820 Mr. Campbell entered upon the editorship of *The New Monthly Magazine*, which was conducted by him with a spirit and a resource worthy of his reputation, and of the then palmy estate of periodical literature. If not practical and patient as a man of business, as an editor he was brilliant. But he was busy with other things during the ten years of his critical rule; he published his *Theodric*—the feeblest of his long poems, he interested himself eagerly in the foundation of the London University, he took an active part in the cause of Greece (as subsequently in that of Poland); he was also elected twice Lord Rector to the University of Glasgow. In 1830, in which year he had to suffer the loss of his wife, Mr. Campbell resigned the editorship of the magazine, and from that time to his decease, the decline of health and energy became evident, in sad and steady progress. He established, it is true, *The Metropolitan Magazine;* he successively published the *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, *Letters from the South*, *The Life of Petrarch*, and lent his name editorially to a reprint and a compilation or two; but the oil was seen to burn lower and lower in the lamp, year by year, and the social wit waxed faint, or moved perplexedly among old recollections, where it had formerly struck out bright creations. It was a sorrowful thing to see him gliding about like a shadow—to hear that his health compelled him to retreat more and more from the world he had once so adorned. At last he was missed from his accustomed places. It is melancholy, that he should have had to retreat abroad in the decline of his days, to recruit shattered bodily powers and faded spirits. The end was not long in coming; but his name and fame will not be forgotten "to the third and fourth generation."

We add, from the *Inverness Courier*, part of a letter from Dr. Beattie, the biographer of Thomas Campbell:

"At Boulogne, my first visit was to the house where Campbell died, and which, after seven years' absence, brought back many recollections connected with the closing scene. Over the door of another house in Boulogne, in which Le Sage (author of *Gil Blas*) expired, there is a tablet recording that event. I had long thought

that the deathplace of Campbell was entitled to a like distinction, and now was the time for carrying it into effect. The house is occupied by the President of the Civil Court, a man of letters, and a cordial admirer of the poet, and no sooner was the design mentioned to him than he cordially applauded it. I then consulted with our worthy friend Mr. Hamilton, the consul, and we fixed on the following brief inscription, similar to the one dedicated to Le Sage: '*Ici est mort Thomas Campbell, auteur des Plaisirs de l'Espérance, xv Juin, mdcccxliv.*' It is engraved on a tablet of black marble, with gold letters, and is affixed to the outer wall of the window of the chamber in which he died. It was at first proposed to have the inscription in English, but to this many sensible objections were offered. I was gratified by observing the respect paid to the memory of Campbell by the native French, particularly by the distinguished official who occupies the house. He has taken pains to preserve the rose-trees, and shrubs and flowers, which the poet admired and cherished during his brief sojourn, and he delights in presenting visitors with a rose from the 'poet's tree.' The chamber is held sacred; and when I tell you that even the small pieces of cloth with which I had stuffed the crevices to exclude sound during the poet's short slumbers are all undisturbed, you will join with me in thanking the worthy Frenchman, who, in doing honour to the memory of Campbell, has complimented the whole country. When I mentioned this to Mr. Rogers, he expressed great satisfaction, and we all agree that the memory of departed genius is cherished with more tenderness abroad than among ourselves. I could not find out the house in which our English Juvenal, Churchill, died. The street is known, but tradition has forgotten the number of the house!"

REGINALD HEBER.

(1783-1826.)

Reginald Heber was the second son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, of Marton Hall, in Yorkshire, and Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Allanson, of the same county; and brother to Richard Heber, Esq., late M.P. for Oxford. He was born April 21, 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire, a living held at that time by his father. From the Grammar-school of Whitchurch, where he received more than the rudiments of his classical education, he was sent to Dr. Bristowe, a gentleman who took pupils near town; and in 1800 was admitted of Brazennose College, Oxford, of which his father had been a student. He was afterward elected Fellow of All Souls; but previously to that election he went abroad, in company with Mr. Thornton. The continent, at that time, afforded but small choice for an English traveller; and those scenes which, as a scholar, he would probably have preferred to visit, were not then accessible. He was, therefore, obliged to content himself with Germany, Russia, and the Crimea; and how closely he could observe, and how perspicuously

impart his observations, appears from the notes in Dr. Clark's *Travels* in the latter countries, which he was permitted to extract from Mr. Heber's MS. Journal. At that period he could not have been more than seventeen.

In 1801 he gained the Chancellor's prize by his *Carmen Seculare*, a spirited and classical specimen of Latin verse; and in 1803 his talents were displayed to still greater advantage in his celebrated poem of *Palestine*, which gained the prize for English poetical composition. Never did a prize-poem excite so general a sensation. It was not merely recited in the theatre, rewarded with the medal, printed for the benefit of admiring friends, and forthwith forgotten, which is the ordinary fate of such productions, but it was set to music by an eminent professor, by many it was committed to memory, by all it was read.

On the occasion here alluded to, Mr. Heber's father was in the theatre, and had the felicity of witnessing his triumph at the early age of nineteen. The old gentleman, immediately after his return home, was seized with a dangerous malady, under which he lingered, with intervals of remission, till January 1804, when he closed an exemplary life in his 76th year.

Soon after, Mr. Heber relinquished the fellowship, and married Amelia, daughter of Dr. Shipley, the late Dean of St. Asaph, having previously been presented to the family rectory of Hodnett, in Shropshire. There he calmly settled, devoting himself to those unobtrusive duties and those domestic charities which occupy the life of an estimable country clergyman.

Mr. Heber's *Palestine* was first printed for private distribution only; but was published in the second volume of the *Poetical Register and Repository of Fugitive Poetry*. In 1805 he produced an English essay entitled *The Sense of Honour*. In 1808 he took the degree of M.A. as a grand compounder; and in 1809 he published, in 8vo, a short poem, entitled *Europe: Lines on the present war*. In the same year also his *Palestine* was republished in 4to, with *The Passage of the Red Sea: a Fragment*, a production evincing great boldness of conception. In 1812 he issued a small volume of poems and translations; and in 1815 he was chosen to deliver the Bampton Lectures, a duty which he performed with great applause. His lectures were published, in 1816, under the title of *The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter asserted and explained in a Course of Sermons on John* xvi. 7. Of this production the *Quarterly* reviewers expressed themselves in terms of great praise; but the remarks of another review occasioned, *A Reply to certain Observations on the Bampton Lectures for* 1815, *contained in the British Critic for December* 1816 *and January* 1817. *In a letter to the Head of a College, by Reginald Heber, A.M.*

With the exception of some critical essays, both theological and literary, not unknown to the public, though without a name, and an admirable ordination sermon delivered before the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Law), and at his request committed to the press, Mr. Heber did not again appear as an author till 1822, when he wrote a *Life of Jeremy Taylor* for an edition of that prelate's works. By persons of competent judgment, this was regarded as an admirable and valuable piece of biography. It was soon afterward published in a separate

form, accompanied by a critical examination of Bishop Taylor's writings.

In May 1822 Mr. Heber was chosen preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and, on the death of Dr. Middleton, the bishopric of Calcutta was offered to him. This was certainly a very trying and painful moment of his life: it was no struggle betwixt indolence and ambition, or betwixt conflicting temporal interests, that he had to encounter; but it was a struggle between much self-distrust, much love of country and kindred, much apprehension for the future health of his wife and child (for he thought not of his own), and a strong persuasion, on the other hand, that the call was the call of God, and that to be



HEBER'S PARISH CHURCH.

deaf to it was to be deaf to the "still small voice." He deliberated long and anxiously—he even refused the appointment—he recalled his refusal, and bade farewell to the parish where he had toiled for fifteen years. He was appointed to the vacant see on the 14th May, 1823. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.D., by diploma, in June; and he arrived at Calcutta on the 11th October following.

The ardent hope of success in his important mission, which Dr. Heber expressed to the various religious societies in England previously to his departure, will not be forgotten; nor the zeal with

which he declared that he looked forward to the time when he should be enabled to preach to the natives of India in their own language. His first charge at his visitation, on the 27th of May, 1824, gave abundant proof of the benevolent spirit in which he had entered upon his high office. Long and laborious were the journeys which he performed, from one side of the vast Indian peninsula to the other, including the island of Ceylon, performing at each station the active duties of an apostolical bishop.

Having completed one visitation, comprising Northern India, Bombay, and Ceylon, he set out upon a second to Madras. On Good-Friday of the year 1826 he preached at Combaconum; and on Easter-Sunday at Tanjore; and in the evening he gratified the native congregation by pronouncing the apostolic benediction in the Tamul language. The following day he held a confirmation; and in the evening he addressed, it is said, in a very affectionate manner, the assembled missionaries. Having paid a visit of ceremony to the Rajah of Tanjore, and inspected the schools, he went on to Trichinopoly. Here, on Sunday, April 2, he again preached and again confirmed,—a rite which he repeated early the next morning in the fort church. Having returned home, he took a cold bath before breakfast, as he had done the two preceding days. The servant, however, who attended him, thinking that he remained longer than usual in the bath, entered the apartment, and found life extinct, and the body in the water. The alarm was instantly given, and Mr. Robinson, the chaplain, and Mr. Doran, a church-missionary, took it out. Bleeding, friction, and inflating the lungs, were immediately tried, but in vain; and it was afterwards discovered that a vessel had burst upon the brain,—an accident attributed by the medical men to the plunge into cold water when he was warm and exhausted.

The corpse was deposited, with every demonstration of respect and unfeigned sorrow, on the north side of the altar of St. John's Church, at Trichinopoly.

When the news of the deceased prelate's death arrived at Fort St. George, his excellency the governor directed that the flag of the garrison should be immediately hoisted half-staff high, and continue so during the day; and that forty-two minute-guns, corresponding with the age of the deceased, should be fired from the saluting battery.

Shortly after the bishop's death, meetings were held at each of the three presidencies of our Indian empire, to consider the best means of testifying their respect to his memory. That at Calcutta was distinguished by the very beautiful speech of Sir Charles Grey, the chief-justice, some extracts from which will throw great light on Bishop Heber's history:

"It is just four-and-twenty years this month since I first became acquainted with him at the University, of which he was, beyond all question or comparison, the most distinguished student of his time. The name of Reginald Heber was in every mouth, his society was courted by young and old; he lived in an atmosphere of favour, admiration, and regard, from which I have never known any one but himself who would not have derived, and for life, an unsalutary influence. Towards the close of his academical career he crowned his previous honours by the production of his *Palestine*, of which

single work of the fancy the elegance and the grace have secured him a place in the list of those who bear the proud title of English poets. This, according to usage, was recited in public; and when that scene of his early triumph comes upon my memory, that elevated rostrum from which he looked upon friendly and admiring faces, that decorated theatre, those grave forms of ecclesiastical dignitaries, mingling with a resplendent throng of rank and beauty, those antique mansions of learning, those venerable groves, those refreshing streams and shaded walks,—the vision is broken by another, in which the youthful and presiding genius of the former scene is beheld lying in his distant grave, amongst the sands of Southern India. Believe me, the contrast is striking, and the recollection most painful.

"But you are not here to listen to details of private life. If I touch upon one or two other points, it will be for the purpose only of illustrating some features of his character. He passed some time in foreign travel, before he entered on the duties of his profession. The whole continent had not yet been re-opened to Englishmen by the swords of the noble lord who is near me [Lord Combermere, the commander-in-chief,] and his companions in arms; but in the eastern part of it the bishop found a field the more interesting on account of its having been seldom trodden by our countrymen. He kept a valuable journal of his observations; and when you consider his youth, the applause he had already received, and how tempting in the morning of life are the gratifications of literary success, you will consider it as a mark of the retiring and ingenuous modesty of his character, that he preferred to let the substance of his work appear in the humble form of notes to the volumes of another. This has been before noticed. There is another circumstance which I can add, and which is not so generally known. This journey, and the aspect of those vast regions, stimulating a mind which was stored with classical learning, had suggested to him a plan of collecting, arranging, and illustrating, all of ancient and of modern literature which could unfold the history and throw light on the present state of Scythia,—that region of mystery and fable,—that source from whence, eleven times in the history of man, the living clouds of war have been breathed over all the nations of the South. I can hardly conceive any work for which the talents of the author were better adapted, hardly any which could have given the world more of delight, himself more of glory; I know the interest which he took in it. But he had now entered into the service of the church; and finding that it interfered with his graver duties, he turned from his fascinating pursuit, and condemned to temporary oblivion a work which, I trust, may yet be given to the public.

"I mention this, chiefly for the purpose of showing how steady was the purpose, how serious the views, with which he entered on his calling. I am aware that there were inducements to it which some minds will be disposed to regard as the only probable ones; but I look upon it myself to have been with him a sacrifice of no common sort. His early celebrity had given him incalculable advantages, and every path of literature was open to him, every road to the temple of fame, every honour which his country could afford, was in clear pros-

pect before him, when he turned to the humble duties of a country church, and buried in his heart those talents which would have ministered so largely to worldly vanity, that they might spring up in a more precious harvest. He passed many years in this situation, in the enjoyment of as much happiness as the condition of humanity is perhaps capable of. Happy in the choice of his companion, the love of his friends, the fond admiration of his family—happy in the discharge of his quiet duties and the tranquillity of a satisfied conscience.

"It was not, however, from this station that he was called to India. By the voice, I am proud to say it, of a part of that profession to which I have the honour to belong, he had been invited to an office which few have held for any length of time without further advancement. His friends thought it at that time no presumption to hope that ere long he might wear the mitre at home. But it would not have been like himself to chaffer for preferment; he freely and willingly accepted a call which led him to more important, though more dangerous,—alas, I may now say to fatal, labours!

"I shall have a melancholy pleasure in pointing out some features of his character which appear to me to have been the most remarkable. The first which I would notice was that cheerfulness and alacrity of spirit which, though it may seem to be a common quality, is, in some circumstances, of rare value. To this large assembly I fear I might appeal in vain, if I were to ask that he should step forward who had never felt his spirit to sink when he thought of his native home, and felt that a portion of his heart was in a distant land,—who had never been irritated by the annoyances, or embittered by the disappointments, of India. I feel shame to say, that I am not the man who could not answer the appeal. The Bishop was the only one whom I have ever known, who was entirely master of these feelings. Disappointments and annoyances came to him as they come to all, but he met and overcame them with a smile; and when he has known a different effect produced on others, it was his usual wish that 'they were but as happy as himself.' Connected with this alacrity of spirit, and in some degree springing out of it, was his activity. I apprehend that few persons, civil or military, have undergone so much labour, traversed so much country, seen and regulated so much as he had done, in the small portion of time which had elapsed since he entered on his office; and, if death had not broken his career, his friends know that he contemplated no relaxation of exertions. But this was not a mere restless activity or result of temperament. It was united with a fervent zeal, not fiery nor ostentatious, but steady and composed, which none could appreciate but those who intimately knew him. I was struck myself, upon the renewal of our acquaintance, by nothing so much as the observation, that, though he talked with animation on all subjects, there was nothing on which his intellect was bent,—no prospect on which his imagination dwelt,—no thought which occupied habitually his vacant moments, but the furtherance of that great design of which he had been made the principal instrument in this country. Of the same unobtrusive character was the piety which filled his heart. It is seldom that of so much there is so little ostentation. All here knew his good-natured and unpretending manner; but I have seen unequivocal testimonies, both before and since his death, that, under

that cheerful and gay aspect, there were feelings of serious and unremitting devotion, of perfect resignation, of tender kindness for all mankind, which would have done honour to a saint. When to these qualities you add his desire to conciliate, which had every where won all hearts—his amiable demeanour, which invited a friendship that was confirmed by the innocence and purity of his manners, which bore the most scrutinizing and severe examination, you will readily admit that there was in him a rare assemblage of all that deserves esteem and admiration!"

The following resolutions were adopted at this meeting:

"That, upon the occasion of the death of the late Bishop of Calcutta, it is desirable to perpetuate, by some durable monument, the sense of public loss with which this community is impressed; and the feelings of respect and affection with which the Bishop was regarded by all who knew him.

"That the most appropriate course appears to be, to cause a sepulchral monument of marble to be erected in the Cathedral Church of Calcutta; and that subscriptions be received for this purpose.

"That a Committee of Management should be appointed to superintend the receipt and applications of subscriptions; and that they be desired to communicate with the brother of the late Bishop, Richard Heber, Esq., one of the representatives in parliament for the University of Oxford, and to request that he will superintend the execution of the monument in England.

"That the Committee of Management, if any surplus should remain after the erection of a suitable monument, should consider the propriety of applying it to the foundation of an additional Scholarship, in Bishop's College, to be named, 'Heber's Scholarship.'

"That in addition to the objects already named, the Committee should be at liberty, if the funds should be found sufficient, to appropriate a portion of them to the purchase of a piece of plate, to be preserved in the family of the brother of the Bishop, as an heirloom."

The sum of 8,300 rupees was soon after collected.

At Bombay, after several eloquent speeches, it was resolved:

"That a subscription be entered into for the purpose of raising a fund to endow one or more Scholarships at Bishop's College, Calcutta, for the benefit of this Presidency, to be called 'Bishop Heber's Bombay Scholarships.'"

The sum of 3,925 rupees was speedily contributed.

At Madras it was resolved:

"That, in order to perpetuate the sentiments entertained by this settlement towards the late beloved and revered Bishop, a monument be erected to his memory in St. George's Church, and that the Rev. Thomas Robinson, the domestic chaplain and esteemed friend of the Bishop, be requested to prepare the inscription. That a subscription be opened for the purpose, and that any surplus fund be appropriated in the manner best calculated to do honour to Bishop Heber's memory."

THOMAS PRINGLE.

(1788-1834.)

Thomas Pringle, whose name is more eminent as philanthropist than as poet, was born in Roxburghshire, in 1788. He was concerned in the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and produced *Scenes of Teviotdale*, *Ephemerides*, and other poems characterised by gentle feelings and a refined taste. In 1820 he emigrated, with his father and several brothers, and formed a settlement in the territory of the Cape of Good Hope, which they designated Glen Lynden. Pringle himself, little adapted, from literary habits and from lameness, to "roughing it in the bush," soon withdrew from the Cape; whence, after quarrels with the governor, he returned to England, and resumed his literary occupations, in conjunction with the duties of Secretary to the African Society, the duties of which office he ably fulfilled until within a few months of his death, which happened in Dec. 1834. He was for some time editor of the annual entitled *Friendship's Offering*. His last work was *A Series of African Sketches*, containing an interesting personal narrative, interspersed with verse.

THOMAS HOOD.

(1789-1845.)

Thomas Hood was the son of Mr. Hood, the bookseller, of the firm of Vernor and Hood. He gave to the public an outline of his early life, in the "Literary Reminiscences," published in *Hood's Own*. He was, as he there states, early placed "upon lofty stool, at lofty desk," in a merchant's counting-house; but his commercial career was soon put an end to by his health, which began to fail; and, by the recommendation of the physicians, he was "shipped, as per advice, in a Scotch smack," to his father's relations in Dundee. There he made his first literary venture in the local journals, and subsequently sent a paper to the *Dundee Magazine*, the editor of which was kind enough, as Winifred Jenkins says, "to wrap my bit of nonsense under his honour's kiver, without charging for its insertion." Literature, however, was then only thought of as an amusement, for, on his return to London, he was apprenticed to an uncle as an engraver, and subsequently transferred to one of the Le Keux. But though he always retained his early love for art, and had much facility in drawing, as the numberless quaint illustrations to his works testify, his tendencies were literary; and when, on the death of Mr. John Scott, the *London Magazine* passed into the hands of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, Mr. Hood was installed in a sort of sub-editorship. From that time his career has been open to the public.

The following is a catalogue of Mr. Hood's works, dating from the period when his *Odes and Addresses*, written in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Reynolds, brought him prominently before the public:—*Whims and Oddities; National Tales; The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, a volume full of rich imaginative poetry; *The Comic Annuals;* subsequently reproduced with the addition of new matter as *Hood's Own; Tylney Hall; Up the Rhine;* and *Whimsicalities: a Periodical Gathering*. Nor must we forget one year's editorship of *The Gem*, since that included *Eugene Aram's Dream*, a ballad which we imagine will live as long as the language. Of later days, Mr. Hood was an occasional contributor to *Punch's* casket of mirth and benevolence; and perhaps his last offering, *The Song of the Shirt*, was his best—a poem of which the imitations have been countless, and the moral effect immeasurable. He had also established a Magazine bearing his own name.

The secret of this effect, if analysed, would give the characteristics of one of the most original and powerful geniuses which ever was dropped by Faery into infant's cradle, and oddly nursed up by man into a treasure, quaint, special, chameleon-coloured in the changefulness of its tints, yet complete and self-consistent. Of all the humorists Hood was the most poetical: When dealing with the most familiar subjects, whether it might be a sweep bewailing the suppression of his cry, or a mother searching through St. Giles's for her lost infant, or a Miss Kilmansegg's golden childhood—there was hardly a verse in which some touches of heart or some play of fancy did not beckon the laughing reader away into far other worlds than the jester's. It is true, that he was equally prone to vein and streak his noblest poems, on high and awful themes, with familiar allusions and grotesque similes; and this union of what is near and tangible with what soars high and sinks deep, wrought out in every capricious form which a gamesome invention could suggest, enabled him from time to time to strike home to the hearts of every one—the fastidious and the common-place—the man of wit and the man of dreams—of all, we should say, except the bigot and the charlatan. To these Hood's genial sarcasms must have been gall and wormwood, directed, as they were, to the noblest purposes. His jokes pierced the deeper, too, inasmuch as they were poet's jokes—clear of grossness or vulgarity.

Mr. Hood died after a wasting illness of many years' slow progress, terminated by months of extreme debility and suffering, cheerfully borne. His sportive humour, like the rays from a crackling fire in a dilapidated building, had long played among the fractures of a ruined constitution, and flashed upon the world through the flaws and rents of a shattered wreck. Yet infirm as was the fabric, the equal mind was never disturbed to the last. He contemplated the approach of death with a composed philosophy and a resigned soul. His bodily sufferings had made no change in his mental character. He was the same as in his publications—at times lively and jocular—at times serious and affecting; and upon the one great subject of a death-bed hope, he declared himself, as throughout life, opposed to canters and hypocrites,—a class he had always detested and written against; while he set the highest price upon sincere Christianity, whose works of charity and mercy bore witness to the integrity and

purity of the faith professed. Another subject upon which he dwelt with much earnestness and gratitude, was the grant of a pension of 100*l.* a-year to his wife. Two autograph letters from Sir Robert Peel, relating to this pension, gave him intense gratification, and were indeed most honourable to the heart of the writer, in the expression of personal solicitude for himself and his family, and of admiration for his productions. In his answer to the minister's first communication, he had alluded to the tendency of his writings ever being on the side of humanity and order, and not to separate society into two classes, the rich and the poor, or to inflame hatred on one side, and fear on the other. This avowal appeared, from the reply, which acknowledged its truth, to have been very acceptable to the premier. The remains of Mr. Hood were interred in the cemetery of Kensal Green.

On July 18, 1854, a public monument to the memory of Thomas Hood, in Kensal Green Cemetery, was inaugurated in the presence of a number of his friends and admirers. The monument consists of a large bronze bust of Hood, elevated on a handsome pedestal of polished red granite. On a slab beneath the bust is his own self-inscribed epitaph—"'He sang the Song of the Shirt;'" and upon the projecting front of the pedestal the inscription is carved—"In memory of Thomas Hood, born 23d of May, 1798; died 3d of May, 1845: erected by public subscription A.D. 1854." On the sides of the pedestal are medallions illustrating the *Bridge of Sighs* and *The Dream of Eugene Aram.*

Mr. Monckton Milnes delivered, upon this touching occasion, the following address, alike honourable to the speaker and to his subject:—

"I have been asked to come here to-day to say a few words before we open to your view the monument which has been erected to his memory. It is now some years since we laid our friend below us in this pleasant place, where he rests after a long illness—after a life of noble struggle with much adversity, and of nothing but good to his fellow-men. It is now thought advisable that a few words should be said before that ceremony takes place. It is rather a habit of our neighbours, the French, than of ourselves, to make eulogistic orations at the tombs of our friends. I do not think the habit in general is pleasing to our taste; but there are reasons why, on the present occasion, it may not be unbecoming. At the same time, it is very difficult to perform this duty, because we must feel, that if ever there was a character of simplicity and humility, it was that of the late Mr. Thomas Hood; and it would not become us on the present occasion to indulge in eulogies which, if he were here himself, would be distasteful to him; for he was a man who ever retired from the crowd, and who loved, as he has said in his own classical and beautiful language—

> "To kneel remote upon the simple sod,
> And sue in *formâ pauperis* to God."

Our German friends call a cemetery of this kind 'God's field,' and we must not desecrate it by vain and pompous eulogies over a fellow-mortal. All we can do is to commit him, with all his errors, to the

mercy of God, and at the same time to keep his memory dear and his fame bright among us. This is the purpose of the friends of Mr. Thomas Hood who have raised this structure. Some of them were familiar with him from his youth—the eyes of others never lit upon his person. It would be invidious to single out any of these friends of the poet; but I may mention the name of one lady who is well known to us all, Miss Eliza Cook, to whose exertions in all quarters of society the erection of this monument is very much owing. Some, too, have contributed to it who did not appreciate him during his lifetime—to them may be applicable his beautiful lines:

> "Farewell; we did not know thy worth;
> But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized.
> So angels walked unknown on earth,
> But when they flew were recognised."

"He was a poet—a poet in the true sense of the word; but at the same time, I by no means think that his poetical powers were of so great and remarkable a character, that his reputation would have become such as it is if it had been confined to his poetical works alone. By his poetical works I mean those developments of pure imagination which are more interesting to literary men than they can be to the world in general. In all these works we recognise not only the lyrical facilities which enable many a youth to throw out good poetry, but the refined taste and cultivated mind of mature years. But his fame—that for which he is chiefly known to us—belongs to him as an English humorist; and in using that word, I use no word inapplicable to the occasion or unworthy of his fame. It is the boast of our literature, as distinguished from that of all other nations, that from the earliest times of its history we find humoristic writers, who delighted the age in which they lived and those which succeeded them. In that category we may place Shakespeare himself, and we may draw downwards a long genealogical list of humorists, ending with the names of Charles Lamb, Sydney Smith, and Thomas Hood. I do not know whether my opinions in this matter may be peculiar; but I have often thought that if I were to pray to Heaven for a gift to be given to any person in whose moral and intellectual welfare I was especially interested, it would be that he might have the gift of humour. The gift of humour is, as it were, the balance of all the faculties. It enables a man to see the strong contrasts of life around him; it prevents him being too much devoted to his own knowledge, and too proud of his own imagination: and it also disposes him to submit with a wise and pious patience to the vicissitudes of his daily existence. It is thus that humorists such as Hood has been, and as Dickens is now, are great benefactors of our species, not only on account of the amusement which they give us, but because they are great moral teachers. The humorous writings of Mr. Thomas Hood have instructed you many years, and will instruct your children after you. I should mention, however, that this combination of poetry and humour does not produce in all persons the same blessed effects that it has produced here. In some cases it has degenerated into impatient satire and fierce revolt against the better feelings of

humanity. In such a mind as that of Swift it produced these evil effects; but in such a mind as Hood's it produced directly the contrary: it generated a noble and generous sympathy with the wants and desires of his fellow-creatures; and it is for this combination of poetical genius and humour and earnest philanthropy that his name has grown up to become as it were a proverb for great wit, united with deep and solemn sympathies. We recognise, ladies and gentlemen, these rare merits of Mr. Thomas Hood in the productions of his mature life, such as *The Bridge of Sighs* and *The Song of the Shirt*—verses which appear occasionally, and only occasionally, in literature, and which seem like products of the acmé of the human mind—such products as the Prison Song of Lovelace, the Elegy of Gray, the sea songs of Campbell, *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, and *The May Queen* of Alfred Tennyson—poems which though they cost their authors much less trouble than many of their less successful works, are, nevertheless, the anchors, so to speak, of their world-wide fame. These beautiful poems of Mr. Thomas Hood have had a deep moral effect on different classes of society. If there are among those poems and others of Mr. Thomas Hood some expressions of stern indignation—if there are some passages which may seem almost exceptions to the general amiability of his character, it is that he wished to enforce the moral that

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought
> As well as want of heart."

"I do not think, therefore, that there was any levity in his character because he was a humorist. I do not think because you find in his works that with his rich wit and his great possession of language he delighted to play with words, as if almost they were fireworks, there was a want of gravity or seriousness in his composition. In a poem of his which is a perfect *repertorium* of wit and spirit, he seems conscious of this himself; for he writes to the effect that—

> "However critics may take offence,
> A double meaning gives double sense."

And there are, no doubt, certain subtle faculties about us which enable us to find such great pleasure in the combination of this agility of diction with seriousness of purpose. Ladies and gentlemen who have raised this monument, I was informed by a friend of mine, and a dear friend of his, who remained with him to the last—Mr. Ward—that Mr. Thomas Hood was in very great disease and suffering, that he was labouring under some pecuniary difficulties—that his mind was not easy on those points, and that it would be a great relief to him to obtain some assistance, if he could do so by any honourable means, for he was determined to employ no other. I went on that occasion to Sir R. Peel, from whom I met with the most perfect sympathy as regarded the object I had in view; and it was to me a most interesting fact, that that great man, governing the destinies of this mighty nation, and engaged as he was in the gravest pursuits, could nevertheless be drawn, by the force of human

sympathy, to take a deep interest in this simple man of letters. What was done on that occasion was sufficient for the purpose. I will ask you, therefore, in looking upon this bust, to regard it as a memorial not only of the interest of his friends, but as a memorial of national interest for a national name. It consists, as you perceive, of a plain bust upon a pedestal. I have always thought that a man's bust is the best monument which could be raised to him; it is that which is most calculated to show people who come after him what he really was, and it is less dumb and less vacant than the monuments which we see mostly around us. It is perfectly true that, generally speaking, we find that busts represent the dead when we could wish they represented the living; it is perfectly true, also, that in our everyday walk among living busts we see men of genius whom we do not recognise, and whose services and virtues we do not honour; and after all, this may, perhaps, be but a poor acknowledgment of the worth of the poet and humorist; but still here it is, and we have raised it; and I trust all will feel that in so doing we have not done honour to him, but to ourselves. I remember, that at the time of his fatal illness I was very much haunted with the recollection of some lines of his, which, I dare say, some of you remember. They are contained in a little poem called *The Deathbed*—

"We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

"So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

"For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours."

"Thomas Hood has now another morn than ours—may that morn have brightened into perfect day! May his spirit look down with gratification upon us who have raised this modest homage to him,—may he look down with pleasure on those he has left behind him, and who inherit his honour and his name,—and may we all bear home with us the consoling reflection, that the fame of which a wise and honest man should be ambitious is not that of acquiring wealth, power, or even earning clamorous applause, but the attaining of such homage as we are now paying to one who among us was a brother and a friend—one who may make us at the same time thankful to the age in which it has pleased Providence to cast our lot, and *grateful to* the race and country of which we are common citizens *and men.*"

WILLIAM KNOX.

(1789-1825.)

William Knox, born 1789, was the son of a yeoman occupying land under the Duke of Buccleuch, and himself, succeeding to good farms under that nobleman, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. In the distresses to which his imprudence exposed him, he more than once experienced the hearty benevolence of Sir Walter Scott. He died under his father's roof at Edinburgh, in 1825. His talent had, from time to time, manifested itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry; for, from the force of early impressions of piety, he was able, in the very midst of the most deplorable dissipation, to command his intervals to the composition of verses instinct with sacred fire, with Scriptural simplicity and tenderness. His poems were severally entitled, *The Lonely Hearth, Songs of Israel, The Harp of Zion*, &c.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.*

(1792-1822.)

Percy Bysshe Shelley, the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, was born 4th August 1792, at Field Place, Sussex. We hear little of his early childhood, except that he was brought up "in retirement." At ten years old he was sent to school at Brentford, where his companions were principally the sons of tradesmen, with whom the proud gentleman's son would not associate; and sought relief in constant study and occasional tears.

Sion House was quitted for Eton, where Shelley found better society, but heavy oppression. Eton was the head-quarters of *fagging*, and Shelley's pride and principles fought against it. Mrs. Shelley says: "Refusing to fag at Eton, he was treated with revolting cruelty by masters and boys. This roused instead of taming his spirit, and he rejected the duty of obedience, when it was enforced by menaces and punishment." However, he appears to have been benefited by his sojourn; for we are told that he passed with average credit, and it is known that he made many friends. His amusements of this time were, with the exception of his great passion, boating, mostly scientific. He was surrounded with heaps, literally, of instruments; and he was seldom to be met unaccompanied by a microscope. His fondness for the latter did not prevent him, at a moneyless moment, from pawning it to relieve a case of distress. He had also read, and nearly experimented, himself into a belief in alchemy; but these fancies soon gave way to an irresistible impression that he was to do great things in literature. His earliest attempts were Zastrozzi and

* *Abridged* from a Memoir by Edmund Forster Blanchard.

St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian, both wild and impracticable romances of the St. Leon school. In the composition of *Zastrozzi* he was assisted by his cousin, Miss Harriett Grove, for whom he had formed a boyish attachment, which probably would have ripened, had not her parents interfered on account of Shelley's atheistical ideas.

Next came the career at Oxford, with its humiliating catastrophe: "His days and nights at the University were dedicated to incessant study and composition," from the production of *Posthumous Works of my Aunt, Margaret Nicholson*, a washerwoman who attempted to stab George III., and was confined in Bedlam, being insane. *Queen Mab* was begun in 1809, but not completed for three years. The manuscript of the poem was lost by Shelley, and the work was published without either his knowledge or consent. Those who knew him at College testify to his industry, extraordinary memory, and general intellectual powers. We read, that "as his love of intellectual pursuits was vehement, and the vigour of his genius almost celestial, so were the purity and sanctity of his life most conspicuous. His food was plain and simple as that of a hermit, with a certain anticipation at this time of a vegetable diet, respecting which he afterwards became an enthusiast in theory, and in practice an irregular votary."

Long before *Queen Mab* was finally completed, Shelley had adopted the theories of Plato, studying them at first through the medium of Dacier's translation of the dialogues, and subsequently in the original. These works came as confirmation of his former opinions, derived from Coleridge and others. "Shelley was never tired of reading passages from the dialogues contained in this collection, especially from the *Phædo*, and he was vehemently excited by the striking doctrines which Socrates unfolds, especially by that which teaches that all our knowledge consists of reminiscences of what we had learnt in a former existence. He often even paced about his room, slowly shook his wild locks, and discoursed in a solemn tone, with a mysterious air, speculating concerning our previous condition," &c. &c. The end of all this was the production, in conjunction with a friend, of a little book called *The Necessity of Atheism:* it simply pointed out a line of argument, and, though printed, was of course not published. Copies were, however, liberally distributed; and the consequence was the expulsion of Shelley from college.

His father refused either to see him or to render him the slightest assistance; and we fancy that he was for some considerable time indebted to the generosity of the father of Captain Medwin for his support. The incident gave a fatal turn to his mind; for in rage and despair he applied himself more vigorously to the study which had ruined him; the effect being the conversion of his *Queen Mab* into an attack on the most sacred institutions of society. A partial reconciliation with his father was soon effected; but his intercourse with his cousin, Harriet Grove, was, as we have already mentioned, absolutely interdicted. The lady married shortly afterwards; but Shelley, a worshipper of love, did not allow himself to be easily blighted, and meeting with a Miss Westbrook, another Harriet, they eloped and married. By this act he renewed the feud with his father, and plunged himself into deeper poverty than before.

He started for Cumberland with his wife, took a small cottage, and

was immediately welcomed by the "Lakists." But very soon the last guinea of a small donation from Mrs. Shelley's father was expended. About the middle of 1812 Shelley took a cottage in Carnarvonshire.

In the spring of 1814 Shelley and his wife, by mutual consent, separated. The wife had charge of the child, and shortly after gave birth to another. Miserable either with or without her husband, this unhappy lady destroyed herself. Her unhappier husband had to endure every torture which the world could inflict; and the law decided that his principles rendered him unfit to take the charge of his children. He saw them no more.



SHELLEY'S HOUSE.

We may conclude that the violence of Shelley's grief at his wife's death had the usual consequences—a speedy recovery—for we soon find him contracting a second marriage, a happier and more suitable match, with the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wolstonecraft. This lady's genius and amiability were in every way worthy of her husband.

The latter part of Shelley's life can be briefly detailed. After his marriage, he travelled on the continent for some months and returned, and, in the spring of 1817, took a house at Marlow, where he composed *The Revolt of Islam*, and various other poems. But Italy had greater charms than Buckinghamshire, and after a year's stay, he departed for his favourite land. He joined Byron, and, in fact, the few friends

he possessed were constantly with him. It is, we think, quite unnecessary to trace his steps: his minor poems are the most eloquent memorials—holy, melancholy, mournful as that resulting from contemplating the life of Chatterton, or listening to the music of Mozart.

Shelley and Byron were to be joined in Pisa by Leigh Hunt, whom they kindly associated with them in establishing the *Liberal*, which did not answer their expectations, and was abandoned.

Although the latter part of Shelley's life was undoubtedly the calmest and happiest, it was distressed with many griefs. Two of his children died. He said he could count only five friends. We have seen that he lost one of them. He was a constant prey to illness, "physical and psychical." Several cases of somnambulism occurred—also of visions—glorious women and his dead children rising from the waves. His love of boating was increased by the similar tendencies



of his friends Byron and Williams. He built a schooner of peculiar construction. On the 1st of July, 1822, he sailed in his schooner, accompanied by Williams, from Spezzia for Leghorn, arrived in safety, and having transacted their business, on the 8th re-embarked for their return home. "The weather, which had been for some days calm and sultry, all at once changed from a sirocco to a mistral; but Shelley, who had no dread of his favourite element, and was anxious to return to those he loved, was not to be deterred from his purpose. The sky, indeed, bore so unpropitious an aspect, that he had been advised to put off his departure, at least till the *Bolivar* (Byron's *yacht*) could be got under weigh, to convoy them. His eagerness, however, admitted of no delay, and with a fair but faint wind, they hoisted all sail, and left the port, an English boy added to the boat's

crew, by name Charles Vivian." The vessel was observed from more than one quarter. The accounts all agree: a violent and sudden squall came on (Captain Medwin, who was out in the storm, says, that "he never experienced a severer one in the Bay of Biscay, or Bengal, nor in the tropics, nor on the line"); the vessel drove before it, as did many others—then a gust which blackened the sea and all around; and when glasses were again brought to bear, the schooner was nowhere to be seen. She had gone down with all sails set in ten fathoms water!

Fifteen days elapsed before the bodies were found—they were washed on shore miles from each other. Shelley had often expressed a wish to be buried at Rome; but the bodies were in a miserable condition, and the quarantine laws forbad them being taken to the capital. The only resource was the funeral pyre, and they were consumed on the shore with salt and frankincense. Byron and Hunt were the priests who officiated at the rites of their friends. They collected the ashes into an urn, and deposited them in the burial-ground near the pyramid of Caius Cestus. There they repose near the remains of Keats, whose genius occupied the last thoughts of poor Shelley. When the body was found, the right arm was locked over the heart (under the clothing), and the hand contained a copy of Keats' poems, open at the *Eve of Saint Agnes*.

FELICIA HEMANS.

(1794-1835.)

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Duke Street, Liverpool, in 1794. Her mother was descended from a Venetian family, a circumstance which she would playfully mention as accounting for the strong tinge of romance and poetry which pervaded her character from her earliest childhood. Her mournful life presented few incidents. When she was very young, her family removed to the neighbourhood of St. Asaph, in Wales; she there married, at an early age, Captain Hemans, from whom, after having borne him five sons, she became estranged by incompatibility of temper, chiefly attributable, it would appear, to him. She then resided for many years with her mother, on whose death she removed to Wavertree, near Liverpool, where she resided for three years; and thence removed to Dublin, where she died on the 16th May, 1835.

As a writer she first exhibited her talents when only thirteen; but her name was first known to the public by her *Welsh Melodies*, her *Siege of Valencia*, and the *Scattered Lyrics*, which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, when under the direction of Campbell. She had previously contributed a series of prose papers on Foreign Literature to Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine*, which, with little exception, are the only specimens of that style of writing ever attempted by her; for the *Siege of Valencia* succeeded rapidly her Forest Sanctuary; *her Records of Woman* (the most successful of her works); Songs of the

Affections (containing perhaps her finest poem, the *Spirit's Return*); her *National Lyrics and Songs for Music* (most of which have been set to music by her sister, and become popular); and her *Scenes and Hymns of Life*. Her *Vespers of Palermo*, as a dramatic poem, contains many fine thoughts and magnificent bursts of poetry; but was not adapted for the stage. She composed various other works; but of all her productions *The Lyrics* may be perhaps considered as constituting her best claim to permanent reputation. "In these 'gems of purest ray serene,' the peculiar genius of Mrs. Hemans (writes a critic



RHYLLON.

in *Blackwood's Magazine*) breathes, and burns, and shines pre-eminent; for her forte lay in depicting whatever tends to beautify and embellish domestic life—the gentle overflowings of love and friendship—homebred delights and heartfelt happiness—the associations of local attachment—and the influences of religious feelings over the soul, whether arising from the varied circumstances and situations of man, or from the aspects of external nature."

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

(1796-1849.)

Hartley Coleridge was born at Clevedon, 19th September, 1796; the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. About the end of his fourth year his home was transferred from the banks of the Severn to

the house of Southey in Westmoreland, where he appears to have been distinguished, at a very early age, by a certain oddity of manner and absence of mind, and by a constitutional inaptitude for all games requiring attention and manual dexterity, which caused him to spend the greater part of his time in an imaginary world of his own, strangely peopled with shadows abstracted from the real world in which he lived, and of the concerns in which he was no inattentive observer.

In 1808 he was sent with his brother to a small school at Ambleside, where he remained for seven or eight years, composing themes and verses, not in any remarkable degree superior to those of his school-fellows; helping his schoolmates to construe their lessons, or entertaining them with tales—say rather with one continuous tale, having for its moral the injustice of society, which he spun on night after night (we are told) for years together; admired and loved, yet suffering the penalty of his small stature and odd ways in being plagued and teased; joining in no school games, and forming no intimacies.



WINDERMERE.

He went to Oxford in his nineteenth year, with no very deep acquaintance with Greek or Latin, but with a mind full of original thoughts and general knowledge, and a rare gift of lively and eloquent discourse.

Whether the popularity at wine-parties, which was the inevitable consequence of such a gift, interfered much with his reading during the first year or two of his residence, we are not told. But in the summer of 1818 he was certainly reading hard. At Michaelmas following he took a second class in *literis humanioribus*, and soon after obtained an Oriel fellowship with great distinction. At the close of his probationary year, however, he was decided to have forfeited his fellowship, on the ground mainly of intemperance; that the charge

of intemperance being, in fact, a pretext only, the real offence being of quite another kind, namely, an indiscreet freedom of speech, with regard to university reforms. He left Oxford with 300*l.* (given him by the college, by way of mitigation) for London, meaning to support himself by his pen. This he could easily have done; for there were few departments of popular literature in which he was not eminently qualified to shine. But infirmities which are not eradicated in youth commonly increase with age; and although the direction which Hartley's infirmity took did little injury to his health, and his mind was not corrupted by it, yet his self-respect (with which self-command is closely allied) was shaken. "Then came (to use his own significant words) that helpless consciousness of faults which conduces to any thing rather than amendment." A habit of procrastination followed —part of the same disease. After two years' trial, during which he resided chiefly with Mr. and Mrs. Montague, it appeared plainly that London was not the best place for him. He returned to Westmoreland, and endeavoured to establish himself as a schoolmaster at Ambleside; but, after four or five years' trial, he was obliged to abandon the scheme as a failure. This was his last attempt to achieve a position in the world: after this he submitted to his destiny, as "a waif of nature," and lived the life of a solitary student by the banks of the Grasmere and Rydal, dependent upon the help of his relations for what small provision he needed.

The literary produce of these later years was something very considerable. His *Essays and Marginalia* have appeared in two volumes; the first, consisting of papers formerly contributed to magazines and annuals, with a few books found among the author's MSS.; the second, chiefly of notes written in margins of books, but some extracts from the note-books are interspersed. His poems have also been published in two volumes.

Hartley Coleridge died on the 6th of January, 1849, after a short illness, in consequence of an attack of bronchitis. Wordsworth marked out a space for his grave, next to the spot destined for his own; and they now lie side by side in the quiet churchyard of Grasmere.

JOHN KEATS.*

(1795-1821.)

John Keats, the son of a livery-stable keeper, was born in 1795, on the 29th of October, at the Swan and Hoop livery-stables, No. 28 on the Pavement in Moorfields. John, however, was distinguished by his amiable and loving disposition. On an occasion of his mother's illness (before he was five years old), he kept guard for three hours before her door, with an old sword, by way of enforcing the doctor's orders that she should be kept quiet.

Mr. Milnes tells us that "he gave vent to his impulses with no

* Abridged from a Memoir by Edmund Forster Blanchard.

regard for consequences: he violently attacked an usher who had boxed his brother's ears; and on the occasion of his mother's death, which occurred suddenly in 1810 (though she had lingered for some years in a consumption), he hid himself in a nook under the master's desk for several days, in a long agony of grief, and would take no consolation from master or from friend. The sense of humour, which almost universally accompanies a deep sensibility, and is perhaps but the reverse of the medal, abounded in him. From the first, he took infinite delight in any grotesque originality or novel prank of his companions; and, after the exhibition of physical courage, appeared to prize these above all other qualifications." But he did not neglect duties. He was quick at study, and fond of it; constantly passing the half-holidays over his books. The school where these qualities ripened was Mr. Clarke's, at Enfield.

An early taste for literature was developed in Keats. He wished to obtain honours at school, and was successful. Keats left school on the death of his mother in 1810; his father having died some years previously. About 8000*l.* was left to the four children, who were placed under the guardianship of Mr. Abbey, a merchant. John was apprenticed for five years to Mr. Hammond, surgeon, of Edmonton. He took an early distaste to his profession; but it kept him near his friends, and that perhaps more than atoned for all annoyance. He commenced writing; the epistles and some sonnets being the first productions.

The few poems which Keats had written at this period were known only to a very small and devoted circle; but his reputation was about to be extended. He removed to London for the purpose of walking the hospitals, and took lodgings at 7 Cheapside, over the passage leading to the Queen's Arms Tavern. It was here that he composed many of the poems contained in his first volume. An intimacy springing up with Ollier the publisher, a volume of Keats's poems was sent forth, but attracted little attention.

In April 1817 he was in the Isle of Wight; but finding the Isle "too expensive," repaired to Margate. *Endymion* was not so much admired as Keats had expected. In the spring of 1818 Keats went to Teignmouth, where his brother Tom was residing—dying of consumption. The summer he spent with his friend Mr. Brown, in Scotland.

The *Endymion* was now published. It called forth a degrading article from *Blackwood*, and the criticism so "tartarly" in the *Quarterly*. Undoubtedly both articles distressed Keats considerably; but it is folly to ascribe to them a death which certainly resulted from hereditary consumption;—that they hastened death is probable. Towards the end of 1818, Keats was residing at Hampstead, occupying himself in his usual manner amongst his friends, amusing himself with writing a little poetry and many letters.

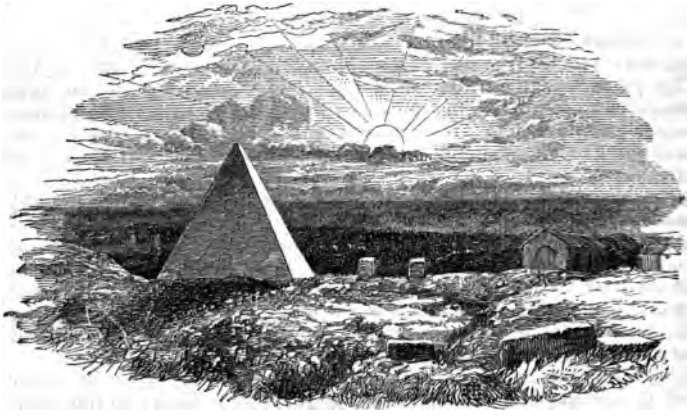
One night, about eleven o'clock, Keats returned home in a state of strange physical excitement—it might have appeared to those who did not know him, one of fierce intoxication. He told his friend he had been outside the stage-coach, had received a severe chill, was a little fevered; but added, "I don't feel it now." He was easily persuaded to go to bed; and as he leapt into the cold sheets, before his head

was on the pillow, he slightly coughed, and said, "That is blood from my mouth; bring me the candle; let me see this blood!" He gazed for some moments on the ruddy stain, and then looking in his friend's face with an expression of sudden calmness never to be forgotten, said, "I know the colour of that blood—it is arterial blood—I cannot be deceived in that colour; that drop is my death-warrant. I must die." The doctors, however, thought he would live; and indeed his health did improve, but for a short time only. Haydon, who visited him (August 1820), was shocked at the change; still the doctors declared the lungs to be untouched. Keats had now no doubt that another winter in London would kill him. He resolved on going to Italy; and in company with Mr. Severn, the artist, he embarked in September 1820, and after a miserable voyage reached Naples. Keats suffered severely, but appeared to revive slightly when the troubles were at an end. It appears to us certain that his physical malady was considerably increased by mental distress.

The two friends decided on going to Rome. Keats had a letter of introduction to Dr., now Sir James, Clarke, who did all that the utmost skill could effect for his relief—in vain. It is not necessary to relate the details of his sufferings: he expired on the 23d February 1821. On the body being opened, it was found that the lungs *were entirely gone*, and the doctors were at a loss to account for the last two or three months of poor Keats's life!

Keats's grave is in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, redolent of flowers, and the epitaph that dictated by himself:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."



PROTESTANT BURIAL-PLACE, ROME.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

(1798-1851.)

David Macbeth Moir (the DELTA of *Blackwood's Magazine*) was born in January 1798, at Musselburgh, where, when qualified, he established himself as a surgeon with ample success. It was in 1817, when he was a youth of nineteen, that Moir committed his first verses to the press in the pages of *Blackwood*, which he continued, during more than thirty years, to enrich with compositions; the last of which, *The Lament of Selim*, left his hand little more than a fortnight before his death. These contributions were published during the poet's lifetime. *The Legend of Genevieve*, with other tales and poems, in 1825; and *Domestic Verses* in 1843.

In 1831, Dr. Moir published his *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine, being a View of the Progress of the Healing Art among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians*, a work of great research and diversified erudition. The catalogue of his writings closes with *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the past Half-century*, in six lectures, delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution.

Mr. Moir was a zealous member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

(1798-1850.)

Robert Gilfillan was the second son of humble but respectable parents, and was born at Dunfermline, in the county of Fife, on the 7th of July, 1798. His father was a small manufacturer, and gave employment to a few weavers. His mother, to whom he was very much attached, was a pious prudent woman, of strong good sense and high intellectual endowments; and Robert resembled her a good deal, both in talents and character. After receiving the rudiments of education in his native town, he removed to Leith in the year 1811, where he was apprenticed for seven years to the cooper trade. On the expiry of his apprenticeship, in 1818, he returned to Dunfermline; and never having liked his handicraft, he obtained employment, for about three years, as manager of a grocery business in that town. After this he returned again to Leith, where he obtained a situation as clerk in a merchant's office; and in 1837 he was appointed collector of police-rates for the town, which office he held during the remainder of his life.

When very young, Gilfillan composed a good many epitaphs, but his first song, *Again let's hail the cheering Spring*, was written in 1816, when still in his apprenticeship; and during his residence at Dunfermline, between the years 1818 and 1821, he wrote a considerable number of his songs. It may be mentioned here, that an old gentle-

man, in whose company he used to spend an evening, remarked of him, at this time, from his ease in conversation and the rapidity with which he could pass from one subject to another, that the lad Gilfillan would either turn out a Methodist minister or a play-actor!—He turned out neither, however, but obtained a place among Scotland's best and truest lyrists.

It was not till 1831 that his songs were published in a collected form. This volume he dedicated to Allan Cunningham. Its merits were at once acknowledged, and Gilfillan was hailed as a worthy successor of Ramsay, Fergusson, Burns, and others. But previous to this his songs had already become popular all over the country, and in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of *Blackwood's Magazine* he was quoted by Hogg, as "the fine chield down at Leith." The publication of a second edition of his songs in 1835, was considered a fitting opportunity for entertaining him at a public dinner in Edinburgh, when he was presented with a handsome silver cup "by the admirers of native genius, in token of their high estimation of his poetical talents and private worth."

In 1837 he was elected to the honourable post of Grand Bard to the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Scotland, an office originally created for, and filled by, Robert Burns.

In April 1834 his father died, and on the 8th of January 1844 he lost his mother. In a letter to the editor of the *Alloa Advertiser*, written shortly after this, he says that it was a "blow that I yet can scarcely bear under; for if I hold any literary honour at all, I owe it to the early mental culture, the fine taste, and strong intellect of that excellent woman."

On the 4th of December, 1850, he died of apoplexy at his house, East Hermitage, Leith, aged 52. He was buried in South Leith churchyard, where a monument has been erected to his memory.

The characteristic sentiment of most of Gilfillan's songs is love of home, and a mournful attachment to olden times. His ballads and poems are of a more miscellaneous character, and the one *Upon a Mother's death* is full of deep feeling and pathos. Many of his songs, as *O why left I my hame*, and *O the happy days o' youth are fast gaun by*, are deservedly popular, and will live as long as the language endures. He also occasionally indulged in a rich vein of humour; and his *Peter M'Craw* is considered one of the best satires in the Scottish dialect.

An enlarged edition of Gilfillan's poems and songs was published at Edinburgh in 1851.

ROBERT POLLOK.

(1799-1827.)

Robert Pollok was born of respectable parents, at Moirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire. His early education was pursued in the country, after which he proceeded to the University of

Glasgow, with a view to the acquirement of a knowledge of literature and philosophy. In 1822 he was admitted to the hall of divinity, where he studied for the Presbyterian church, under the late Dr. Dick of Glasgow. On finishing his course of studies he was, in the spring of 1827, licensed by the United Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh to preach the Gospel.

The poem by virtue of which Pollok claims admittance into the Parnassian brotherhood is entitled the *Course of Time*. This production, which consists of ten books in blank verse, describes the various phases of human destiny—the mortal *man* and the immortal *spirit*. It portrays in vivid and terrible colours the vengeance which the Deity has in store for the sinner; but the poet's calvinistic ideas



MOIRHOUSE.

of the nature of God and his relations with mankind led him perhaps to form an exaggerated notion of the last judgment. It shows, however, a powerful intellect and an intensity of thought which are rarely surpassed; although it may be said that the effects of early education sometimes diverted that intellect and those thoughts from the path of reason into the dangerous channels of fanaticism.

In 1827, Pollok was attacked by a disease of the lungs, which, on the 15th of September 1827 proved fatal. Robert Pollok was buried in the churchyard of Mill-brook. The admirers of his genius (and there are not a few) showed their regard by erecting over his tomb an obelisk of Peterhead granite, which bore this inscription:—

THE GRAVE
OF
ROBERT POLLOK, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF THE "COURSE OF TIME."
HIS IMMORTAL POEM IS HIS
MONUMENT.

L. E. L.*

Letitia Elizabeth Landon (Mrs. Maclean).

(1802-1838.)

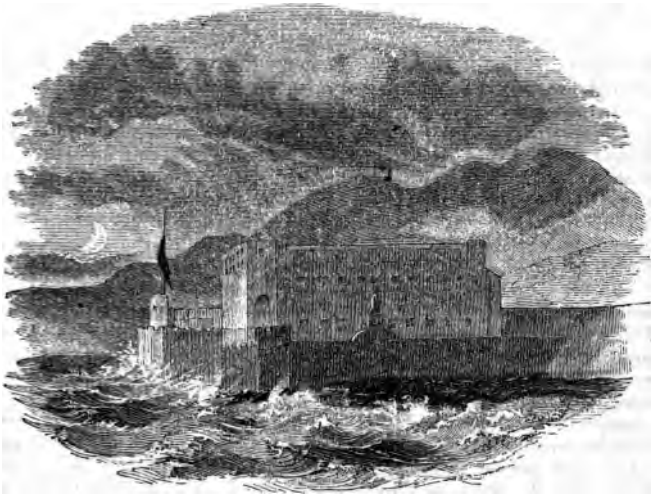
Letitia Elizabeth Landon was born in London, August 14, 1802, at (now) No. 25 Hans-place, Chelsea, the daughter of an army-agent. She was a reader from her cradle, and "invariably carried her rewards to her brother." At fifteen every branch of composition had been tried, including voyages and travels, and essays on character, with a shower of the mournfullest poetry from the liveliest and happiest girl in the world. The poems were shown to Mr. Jerdan, then editor of the *Literary Gazette*, who was only too glad to procure credit for his journal by gracing its columns with the young poetess's effusions.

The first volume of her poems published was *The Fate of Adelaide* and other poems; and in 1824 appeared *The Improvisatrice*. During the following nine or ten years an incessant flood of graceful poetry was poured forth. We may mention from the list—*The Zenana*, *The Golden Violet*, *The Vow of the Peacock*, and *The Lost Pleiad*, besides shorter pieces contributed to the *Literary Gazette*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, the *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*, *Friendship's Offering*, &c. In prose we find *Romance and Reality*, *Ethel Churchill*, and *Francesca Carrara*, with various magazine articles. Most of these productions were warmly received and eagerly sought after by the booksellers. L. E. L.'s position in literature was firmly established, her society was courted, her amiability could not fail to please.

Upon a painful subject, which cannot be wholly omitted, let us quote the words of L. E. L.'s biographer, Laman Blanchard: "It was with the name of a being who was thus bent on seizing every occasion of cheerfulness and every means of generosity that slander was still occasionally busy in secret. Into the particular circumstances that led to an inquiry at this period, and after the lapse of years, relative to the origin and diffusion of the scandal of which she had been the object, it is hardly necessary to enter at any length. Enough if it be here stated, that between herself and a gentleman with whom it had been for some time a pleasure to her to correspond and to converse, a literary intimacy and interchange of intellectual sentiment had ripened (as it was conjectured among her friends) into a closer and tenderer sympathy. Perhaps it was this rumour of her intended marriage that revived in some quarters the recollection of the old slander, and reanimated prejudice against her. It is, at all events, certain that a resolution was at this time formed by two or three of her friends to force the false speakers to speak out, to trace the report, if possible, to its foul beginning, and compel an acknowledgment of its infamy from those who had idly or maliciously contributed to give circulation to it. The correspondence ended in the satisfaction of all who were parties to it (men of opposite tempers and characters) that the falsehood was as vile as its fabrication was obscure. It should be particularly marked, that the correspondence

* Abridged from a memoir by Edmund Forster Blanchard.

on this subject was not intended to be an inquiry into the truth of the accusation; *that*, so far from being deemed necessary by the parties to it, by any of her friends—more especially by that friend to whom she was then matrimonially contracted—would have been deemed by them all degrading to the last degree. There was never for an instant a shadow of suspicion on their minds. Nothing they did in doubt, but all in honour. What should follow then, but the fulfilment of the marriage-contract? As there was not the slightest scruple previously, on his own account, in the mind of the other party to that contract, so not the slightest scruple remained now as an impediment. The bare existence of such a scruple would, of course, have been fatal to her peace and happiness. There was none affecting her honour in the remotest degree. Yet the contract was broken off by her." Readers must form their own conclu-



CAPE-COAST CASTLE.

sions regarding this step: if imprudent, it was certainly founded on the most noble and honourable motives; if taken in error, the error was atoned for by months of anxiety and suffering.

On recovering from the severe illness into which she had been plunged by the shock of these events, Miss Landon applied herself as diligently as before to literature. *Ethel Churchill, or the Two Brides*, was published about this period; and she also composed a tragedy, *Castruccio Castrucani, or the Triumph of Lucca*, which, intended for the stage, was found to be impracticable for such purposes. It was not published during the author's lifetime, but appeared amongst the "Literary Remains."

On the 7th June, 1838, Miss Landon was married to Mr. George Maclean, Governor of Cape-Coast Castle; a marriage explicable only by a yearning on the part of the slandered lady to go, no matter whither, from England.

Mr. and Mrs. Maclean sailed for Cape Coast early in July. The letters written on the voyage are full of hope. Two poems also, *The Polar Star*, and *Night at Sea*, are amongst the happiest (we mean in a critical sense) of L. E. L.'s productions. The *Maclean* arrived at Cape Coast on the 15th August, and a landing was effected the same day. The only remaining accounts which we have of L. E. L.'s life are contained in the few letters which she sent to her friends in England soon after arriving. They are, as of old, amusing, with regrets for the past, nervousness for the present, and hopes for the future. In addition, they contain some anxious remarks about pecuniary matters: things which she required from England must not be bought unless cheap; and Mr. Ackermann must pay the five pounds.

On the 15th October Mrs. Maclean was found dead. The cause of death is quite uncertain. A coroner's inquisition was held, which decided that the subject of the inquiry had died suddenly from an improper use of hydrocyanic (prussic) acid—one or two witnesses deposing that she had been in the habit of taking, for spasmodic attacks, a few drops, in water, from a bottle which was found empty in her hand. The only reason for imagining that the bottle had contained hydrocyanic acid being that it was so labelled; whilst against such evidence, we have the subsequent testimony of the late Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, who had prepared Mrs. Maclean's medicine-chest, and affirmed that it contained no such acid. The high state of medical science in Southern Africa did not require a *post-mortem* examination, but at once leaped to an easy conclusion as to the cause of this melancholy event. Some attributed it to murder—as it was known that Mr. Maclean had had an African mistress; the most prevalent idea was suicide. But all the usual signs of death by prussic acid were wanting in the case. There was apparently no unhappiness, nor cause for any.

In mournful obedience to an old request of Miss Landon's, her papers and letters were edited and arranged, with a memoir, by Laman Blanchard; from whose concluding remarks we will borrow our own.

"From the morning of her marriage to the morning of her death, she was too incessantly occupied by necessary duties and habits of literary exercise, in which she never relaxed, to sit down, even for an instant, under the shadow of desponding thoughts. Brief, however, was the interval between; it was the breathless moment betwixt 'the flash and thunder.' As she stood at the altar in her bridal garments, beloved friends surrounding her, with her brother presiding at those rites whose very solemnity is half joy, even then, to borrow a fine image of her own from *Castruccio*,

> '—Her shadow fell upon her grave,
> She stood so near to it.'

But short and hurried as the time was, she neglected no duty, shrank

from no call upon her intrepidity and watchfulness, forfeited no particle of claim to our admiration and regard; this, above all the rest, is certain and consolatory. A 'ministering angel' amidst her husband's sickness; enduring, almost uncomplaining, under her own; self-denying and absorbed in care for others,—thus, herself to the last, consistently ended the life of L. E. L."

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CHIEF BRITISH POETS.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT. (1828.)

CHAUCER is in the first class of poetry (the *natural*), and one of the first. He describes the common but individual objects of nature, and the strongest and most universal, because spontaneous workings of the heart. In invention he has not much to boast, for the materials are chiefly borrowed (except in some of his comic tales); but the masterly execution is his own. He is remarkable for the degree and variety of the qualities he possesses—excelling equally in the comic and serious. He has little fancy; but he has great wit, great humour, strong manly sense, great power of description, perfect knowledge of character, occasional sublimity, as in parts of the *Knight's Tale*, and the deepest pathos, as in the story of *Griselda*, *Custance*, *the Flower and the Leaf*, &c. In humour and spirit, *the Wife of Bath* is unequalled.

SPENSER excels in the two qualities in which Chaucer is most deficient—invention and fancy. The invention shown in his allegorical personages is endless, as the fancy shown in his description of them is gorgeous and delightful. He is the poet of romance. He describes things as in a splendid and voluptuous dream. He has displayed no comic talent, except in his *Shepherd's Calendar*. He has little attempt at character, an occasional visionary sublimity, and a pensive tenderness approaching to the finest pathos. Nearly all that is excellent in the *Faery Queen* is contained in the first three books. His style is sometimes ambiguous and affected; but his versification is to the last degree flowing and harmonious.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY is an affected writer, but with great power of thought and description. His poetry, of which he did not write much, has the faults of his prose without its recommendations.

DRAYTON has chiefly tried his strength in description and learned narrative. The plan of the *Poly-Olbion* (a local or geographical account of Great Britain) is original, but not very happy. The descriptions of places are often striking and curious, but become tedious by uniformity. There is some fancy in the poem, but little general interest. His *Heroic Epistles* have considerable tenderness and dignity; and, in the structure of the verse, have served as a model to succeeding writers.

DANIEL is chiefly remarkable for simplicity of style, and natural tenderness. In some of his occasional pieces (as the *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland*) there is a vast philosophic gravity and stateliness of sentiment.

Sir JOHN SUCKLING is one of the most piquant and attractive of the minor poets. He has fancy, wit, humour, descriptive talent, the highest elegance, perfect ease, a familiar style, and a pleasing versification. He has combined all these in his *Ballad on a Wedding*, which is a masterpiece of sportive gaiety and good humour. His genius was confined entirely to the light and agreeable.

GEORGE WITHER is a poet of comparatively little power; though he has left one or two exquisitely affecting passages, having a personal reference to his own misfortunes.

WALLER belonged to the same class as Suckling—the sportive, the sparkling, the polished; with fancy, wit, elegance of style, and easiness of versification at his command. Poetry was the plaything of his idle hours—the mistress, to whom he addressed his verses, was his real Muse. His lines on the *Death of Oliver Cromwell* are, however, serious, and even sublime.

MILTON was one of the four great English poets, who must certainly take precedence over all others,—I mean, himself, Spenser, Chaucer, and Shakespeare. His subject is not common or *natural*, indeed, but it is preternatural grandeur and unavoidable interest. He is altogether a serious poet; and in this differs from Chaucer and Shakespeare, and resembles Spenser. He has sublimity in the highest degree; beauty in an equal degree; pathos in a degree next to the highest; perfect character in the conception of Satan, of Adam and Eve; fancy, learning, vividness of description, stateliness, decorum. He seems on a par with his subject in *Paradise Lost;* to raise it, and to be raised with it. His style is elaborate and powerful, and his versification, with occasional harshness and affectation, superior in harmony and variety to all other blank verse. It has the effect of a piece of fine music. His smaller pieces, *Lycidas, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso*, the Sonnets, &c., display proportionable excellence, from their beauty, sweetness, and elegance.

COWLEY is a writer of great sense, ingenuity, and learning; but as a poet, his fancy is quaint, far-fetched, and mechanical, and he has no other distinguishing quality whatever. To these objections his Anacreontics are a delightful exception. They are the perfection of that sort of gay, unpremeditated, lyrical effusion. They breathe the very spirit of love and wine. Most of his other pieces should be read for instruction, not for pleasure.

MARVELL is a writer almost forgotten; but undeservedly so. His poetical reputation seems to have sunk with his political party. His satires were coarse, quaint, and virulent; but his other productions are full of a lively, tender, and elegant fancy. His verses leave an echo on the ear, and find one in the heart. See those entitled *Bermudas; To his coy Mistress; On the Death of a Fawn, &c.*

BUTLER (the author of *Hudibras*) has undoubtedly more wit than any other writer in the language. He has little besides to recommend him, if we except strong sense, and a laudable contempt of absurdity and hypocrisy. He has little story, little character, and no great humour in his singular poem. The invention of the fable seems borrowed from Don Quixote. He has, however, prodigious merit in his style, and in the fabrication of his rhymes.

Sir JOHN DENHAM'S fame rests chiefly on his *Cooper's Hill*. This poem is a mixture of the descriptive and didactic, and has given birth to many poems on the same plan since. His forte is strong sound sense, and easy unaffected manly verse.

DRYDEN stands nearly at the head of the second class of English poets, viz. the *artificial*, or those who describe the mixed modes of artificial life, and convey general precepts and abstract ideas. He had invention in the plan of his Satires, very little fancy, not much wit, no humour, immense strength of character, elegance, masterly ease, indignant contempt approaching to the sublime, not a particle of tenderness, but eloquent declamation, the perfection of uncorrupted English style, and of sounding, vehement, varied versification. The *Alexander's Feast*, his *Fables* and *Satires*, are his standard and lasting works.

ROCHESTER, as a wit, is first-rate; but his fancy is keen and caustic, not light and pleasing, like Suckling or Waller. His verses cut and sparkle like diamonds.

ROSCOMMON excelled chiefly as a translator; but his translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry* is a unique specimen of fidelity and felicity.

POMFRET left one popular poem behind him, *The Choice;* the attraction of which may be supposed to lie rather in the subject than in the peculiar merit of the execution.

Lord DORSET, for the playful ease and elegance of his verses, is not surpassed by any of the poets of that class.

J. PHILIPS'S *Splendid Shilling* makes the fame of this poet; it is a lucky thought happily executed.

HALIFAX was the least of the minor poets—one of "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease."

The praise of PARNELL'S poetry is, that it was moral, amiable, with a tendency towards the pensive; and it was his fortune to be the friend of poets.

PRIOR is not a very moral poet, but arch, piquant, and equivocal in a high degree. He is a graceful narrator, a polished wit; full of the delicacies of style amidst gross allusions.

POPE is at the head of the second class of poets, viz. the describers of artificial life and manners. His works are a delightful, never-failing fund of good sense and refined taste. He has high invention and fancy of the comic kind, as in the *Rape of the Lock;* wit, as in the *Dunciad* and *Satires;* no humour; some beautiful descriptions, as in the *Windsor Forest;* some exquisite delineations of character (those of Addison and Villiers are masterpieces); he is a model of elegance every where, but more particularly in his eulogies and friendly epistles; his ease is the effect of labour; he has no pretensions to sublimity, but sometimes displays an indignant moral feeling akin to it; his pathos is playful and tender, as in his epistles to Arbuthnot and Jervas, or rises into power by the help of rhetoric, as in the *Eloisa* and *Elegy on the death of an unfortunate Lady;* his style is polished and almost faultless in its kind; his versification tires by uniform smoothness and harmony. He has been called "the most sensible of poets:" but the proofs of his sense are to be looked for in his single observations and hints, as in the *Essay on Criticism* and *Moral Epistles*, and not in the larger didactic reasonings of the *Essay on Man*, which is full of verbiage and bombast.

If good sense has been made the characteristic of Pope, good-nature might be made (with at least equal truth) the characteristic of GAY. He was a satirist without gall. He had a delightful placid vein of invention, fancy, wit, humour, description, ease and elegance, a happy style, and a versification which seemed to cost him nothing. His *Beggars' Opera* indeed has stings in it, but it appears to have left the writer's mind without any.

The *Grave* of BLAIR is a serious and somewhat gloomy poem, but pregnant with striking reflections and fine fancy.

SWIFT'S poetry is not at all equal to his prose. He was actuated by the spleen in both. He has, however, sense, wit, humour, ease, and even elegance when he pleases, in his poetical effusions. But he trifled with the Muse. He has written more agreeable nonsense than any man. His verses on his own death are affecting and beautiful.

AMBROSE PHILIPS'S *Pastorals* were ridiculed by Pope, and their merit is of a humble kind. They may be said rather to mimic nature than to imitate it. They talk about rural objects, but do not paint them. His verses descriptive of a northern winter are better.

THOMSON is the best and most original of our descriptive poets. He had nature; but, through indolence or affectation, too often embellished it with the gaudy ornaments of art. Where he gave way to his genuine impulses he was excellent. He had invention in the choice of his subject (*The Seasons*), some fancy, wit, and humour of a most voluptuous kind; in the *Castle of Indolence*, great descriptive power. His elegance is tawdriness, his ease slovenliness; he sometimes rises into sublimity, as in his account of the torrid and frozen zones; he has occasional pathos too, as in his traveller lost in the snow. His style is barbarous, and his ear heavy and bad.

COLLINS, of all our minor poets, that is, those who have attempted only short pieces, is probably the one who has shown the most of the highest qualities of poetry, and who excites the most intense interest in the bosom of the reader. He soars into the regions of imagination, and occupies the highest peaks of Parnassus. His fancy is glowing, vivid, but at the same time hasty and obscure. Gray's sublimity was borrowed and mechanical, compared to Collins's, who has the true inspiration, the *vivida vis* of the poet. He heats and melts objects in the fervour of his genius, as in a furnace. See his odes *To Fear*, *On the Poetical Character*, and *To Evening*. The *Ode on the Passions* is the most popular, but the most artificial of his principal ones. His qualities were fancy, sublimity of conception, and no mean degree of pathos, as in the *Eclogues* and the dirge in *Cymbeline*.

DYER'S *Grongar Hill* is a beautiful moral and descriptive effusion, with much elegance, and perfect ease of style and versification.

SHENSTONE was a writer inclined to feebleness and affectation; but when he could divest himself of sickly pretensions he produces occasional excellence of a high degree. His *Schoolmistress* is the perfection of *naïve* description, and of that mixture of pathos and humour, than which nothing is more delightful or rare.

MALLET was a poet of small merit; but every one has read his *Edwin and Emma*, and no one ever forgot it.

AKENSIDE is a poet of considerable power, but of little taste or feeling. His thoughts, like his style, are stately and imposing, but turgid and gaudy. In his verse "*less* is meant than meets the ear." He has some merit in the invention of the subject (*The Pleasures of Imagination*); his poem being the first of a series of similar ones on the faculties of the mind, as *The Pleasures of Memory*, *of Hope*, &c.

YOUNG is a poet who has been very much overrated, from the popularity of his subject, and the glitter and lofty pretensions of his style. The *Night Thoughts* constantly repels me by the tinsel of expression, the false ornaments, and laboured conceits. Of all writers who have gained a great name, he is the most meretricious and objectionable. His is false wit, false fancy, false sublimity, and mock-tenderness. At least it appears so to me.

GRAY was an author of great pretensions, but of great merit. He has an air of sublimity, if not the reality. He aims at the highest things; and if he fails, it is only by a hair's-breadth. His pathos is injured, like his sublimity, by too great an ambition after the ornaments and machinery of poetry. His craving after foreign help perhaps shows the want of the internal impulse. His *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which is the most simple, is the best of his productions.

CHURCHILL is a fine rough satirist. He had sense, wit, eloquence, and honesty.

GOLDSMITH, both in his verse and prose, was one of the most de-

lightful writers in the language. His verse flows like a limpid stream. His ease is quite unconscious. Every thing in him is spontaneous, unstudied, unaffected, yet elegant, harmonious, graceful, nearly faultless. Without the point or refinement of Pope, he has more natural tenderness, a greater suavity of manner, a more genial spirit. Goldsmith never rises into sublimity, and seldom sinks into insipidity, or stumbles upon coarseness. His *Traveller* contains masterly national sketches. The *Deserted Village* is sometimes spun out into a mawkish sentimentality; but the characters of the Village Schoolmaster and the Village Clergyman redeem a hundred faults. His *Retaliation* is a poem of exquisite spirit, humour, and freedom of style.

ARMSTRONG'S *Art of Preserving Health* displays a fine natural vein of sense and poetry on a most unpromising subject.

CHATTERTON'S *Remains* show great premature power, but are chiefly interesting from his fate. He discovered great boldness of spirit and versatility of talent; yet probably, if he had lived, would not have increased his reputation for genius.

THOMAS WARTON was a man of taste and genius. His *Sonnets* I cannot help preferring to any in the language.

COWPER is, after Thomson, the best of our descriptive poets—more minute and graphical, but with less warmth of feeling and natural enthusiasm, than the author of *The Seasons*. He has also fine manly sense, a pensive and interesting turn of thought, tenderness occasionally running into the most touching pathos, and a patriotic or religious zeal mounting almost into sublimity. He had great simplicity with terseness of style; his versification is neither strikingly faulty nor excellent. His occasional copies of verses have great elegance; and his *John Gilpin* is one of the most humorous pieces in the language.

BURNS concludes the series of the illustrious dead; and one might be tempted to write an elegy rather than a criticism on him. In *naïveté*, in spirit, in characteristic humour, in vivid description of natural objects and of the natural feelings of the heart, he has left behind him no superior.

ROGERS is an elegant and highly-polished writer, but without much originality or power. He seems to have paid the chief attention to his style—*Materiam superabat opus*. He writes, however, with an admiration of the Muse and with an interest in humanity.

CAMPBELL has equal elegance, equal elaborateness, with more power and scope both of thought and fancy. His *Pleasures of Hope* is too artificial and antithetical; but his *Gertrude of Wyoming* strikes at the heart of nature, and has passages of extreme interest, with an air of tenderness and sweetness over the whole, like the breath of flowers. Some of his shorter effusions have great force and animation, and a patriotic fire.

BLOOMFIELD's excellence is confined to a minute and often interesting description of individual objects in nature, in which he is surpassed perhaps by no one.

CRABBE is a writer of great power, but of a perverse and morbid taste. He gives the very objects and feelings he treats of, whether in morals or rural scenery; but he gives none but the most uninteresting or the most painful. His poems are a sort of funeral dirge over human life, but without pity, without hope. He has neither smiles nor tears for his readers.

COLERIDGE has shown great wildness of conception in his *Ancient Mariner*, sublimity of imagery in his *Ode to the Departing Year*, grotesqueness of fancy in his *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, and tenderness of sentiment in his *Genevieve*. He has, however, produced nothing equal to his powers.

Mr. WORDSWORTH's characteristic is one, and may be expressed in one word;—a power of raising the smallest things in nature into sublimity by the force of sentiment. He attaches the deepest and loftiest feelings to the meanest and most superficial objects. His peculiarity is his combination of simplicity of subject with profundity and power of execution. He has no fancy, no wit, no humour, little descriptive power, no dramatic power, great occasional elegance, with continual rusticity and baldness of allusion; but he is sublime without the Muse's aid, pathetic in the contemplation of his own and man's nature; add to this, that his style is natural and severe, and his versification sonorous and expressive.

Mr. SOUTHEY's talent in poetry lies chiefly in fancy and the invention of his subject. Some of his oriental descriptions, characters, and fables, are wonderfully striking and impressive; but there is an air of extravagance in them, and his versification is abrupt, affected, and repulsive. In his early poetry there is a vein of patriotic fervour, and mild and beautiful moral reflection.

Sir WALTER SCOTT is the most popular of our living poets. His excellence is romantic narrative and picturesque description. He has great bustle, great rapidity of action and flow of versification, with a sufficient distinctness of character, and command of the ornaments of style. He has neither lofty imagination, nor depth or intensity of feeling; *vividness of mind* is apparently his chief and pervading excellence.

Mr. C. LAMB has produced no poems equal to his prose writings; but of his *Farewell to Tobacco*, and some of the sketches in his *John Woodvil*, it must be said, that the first is rarely surpassed in quaint wit, and the last in pure feeling.

MONTGOMERY is an amiable and pleasing versifier, who puts his heart and fancy into whatever he composes.

Lord BYRON's distinguishing quality is intensity of conception and

expression. He *wills* to be sublime or pathetic. He has great wildness of invention, brilliant and elegant fancy, caustic wit, but no humour. Gray's description of the poetical character—"thoughts that glow, and words that burn,"—applies to him more than to any of his contemporaries.

THOMAS MOORE is the greatest wit now living. His light, ironical pieces are unrivalled for point and facility of execution. His fancy is delightful and brilliant, and his songs have gone to the heart of a nation.

LEIGH HUNT has shown great wit in his *Feast of the Poets*, elegance in his occasional verses, and power of description and pathos in his *Story of Rimini*. The whole of the third canto of that poem is as chaste as it is classical.

SHELLEY was chiefly distinguished by a fervour of philosophic speculation, which he clad in the garb of fancy, and in words of Tyrian die. He had spirit and genius; but his eagerness to give effect and produce conviction often defeated his object, and bewildered himself and his readers.

LORD THURLOW has written some very unaccountable, but some occasionally good and feeling poetry.

Mr. KEATS is also dead. He gave the greatest promise of genius of any poet of his day. He displayed extreme tenderness, beauty, originality, and delicacy of fancy; all he wanted was manly strength and fortitude to reject the temptations of singularity in sentiment and expression. Some of his shorter and later pieces are, however, as free from faults as they are full of beauties.

Mr. MILMAN is a writer of classical taste and attainments rather than of original genius. *Poeta nascitur—non fit.*

Of BOWLES's *Sonnets* it is recommendation enough to say, that they were the favourites of Mr. Coleridge's youthful mind.

Mr. BARRY CORNWALL, both in the drama and in his other poems, has shown brilliancy and tenderness of fancy, and a fidelity to truth and nature in conceiving the finer movements of the mind, equal to the felicity of his execution in expressing them.

INDEX.

Adam of Dore, i. 32.
Adamson, Henry, i. 135.
Addison, Joseph, iii. 46.
Akenside, Mark, iv. 96.
Aldhelm, i. 11.
Alexander of Essebie, i. 68.
Aleyn, Charles, i. 293.
Amergin, i. 1.
Aneurin, i. 5.
Anstey, Christopher, iv. 115.
Arbuthnot, Alexander, i. 139.
Armstrong, John, iii. 277.
Ashby, George, i. 76.
Audelay, John, i. 84.
Aytoun, Sir Robert, i. 262.

Baillie, Johanna, iv. 166.
Baldwin, William, i. 124.
Bale, John, i. 110.
Barbour, John, i. 45.
Barclay, Alexander, i. 96.
Barksdale, Clement, ii. 64.
Barnfield, Richard, i. 247.
Barton, Bernard, iv. 200.
Baston, Robert, i. 47.
Beattie, James, iv. 131.
Beaufey, Robert de, i. 32.
Beaumont, Francis, i. 234.
Beaumont, Sir John, i. 267.
Bellamy, Daniel, iii. 164.
Bellenden, John, i. 114.
Berners, Juliana, i. 97.
Blacklock, Thomas, iii. 314.
Blackmore, Sir Richard, ii. 254.
Blair, John, i. 39.
Bloomfield, Robert, iv. 168.
Boson, i. 23.
Bourne, Vincent, iv. 3.
Bowles, William Lisle, iv. 164.
Bradshaw, Henry, i. 114.
Braithwaite, Richard, i. 276.
Brampton, Thomas, i. 82.
Breton, Nicholas, i. 163.
Brewer, Anthony, i. 224.
Brome, Alexander, ii. 130.
Brome, Richard, ii. 4.
Broome, William, iii. 118.
Brown, John, iii. 297.
Brown, Moses, iii. 277.
Browne, William, i. 279.
Bruce, Michael, iv. 142.
Bruce, Sir John Hope, iii. 120.
Bryant, John Frederick, iv. 150.
Buchanan, George, i. 103.
Burgh, Benedict, i. 81.
Burns, Robert, iv. 159.
Butler, Samuel, ii. 71.
Bychan, y Prydydd, i. 34.
Byrom, John, iv. 65.

Cad, Llywarch Llew, i. 22.
Cædmon, i. 9.
Cambridge, Richard Owen, iii. 310.
Campbell, Thomas, iv. 265.
Campden, Hugh, i. 83.
Campion, Thomas, i. 140.
Canonicus, Johannes, i. 36.
Capgrave, John, i. 67.
Carew, Thomas, i. 278.
Carter, Elizabeth, iv. 94.
Cartwright, William, ii. 67.
Chalkhill, John, i. 260.
Chaloner, Sir Thomas, i. 119.
Chamberlayne, William, ii. 130.
Chapman, George, i. 165.
Characteristics of the chief British Poets, 297.
Chatterton, Thomas, iv. 146.
Chaucer, Geoffrey, i. 53.
Chestre, Thomas, i. 91.
Chettle, Henry, i. 141.
Churche, Daniel, i. 23.
Churchill, Charles, iv. 121.
Churchyard, Thomas, i. 249.
Cleveland, John, i. 295.
Coleridge, Hartley, iv. 286.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, iv. 182.
Collins, William, iii. 311.
Columbanus, St., i. 7.
Colvil, Samuel, ii. 236.
Combe, William, iv. 139.
Congreve, William, iii. 81.
Constable, Henry, i. 170.
Corbet, Bishop Richard, i. 263.
Cormac, King of Munster, i. 13.
Cotton, Charles, ii. 142.
Cowley, Abraham, ii. 88.
Cowper, William, iv. 124.

Crabbe, George, iv. 151.
Craig, Alexander, i. 244.
Craon, Maurice de, i. 27.
Crashaw, Richard, ii. 65.
Cunningham, Allan, iv. 199.

Daborne, Robert, i. 226.
Daniel, Samuel, i. 177.
Darwin, Erasmus, iv. 130.
Davenant, Sir William, ii. 6.
Davenport, Robert, i. 242.
Davie, Adam, i. 44.
Davies, John, i. 261.
Davies, Sir John, i. 245.
Davison, Christopher, i. 259.
Davison, Francis, i. 258.
Davison, Walter, i. 263.
Ddu, Gwilym, i. 47.
Dekker, Thomas, i. 200.
Deloney, Thomas, i. 170.
Denham, Sir John, ii. 82.
Dennis, John, ii. 276.
Denny, Sir William, ii. 145.
Donne, Dr. John, i. 254.
Douglas, Gawin, i. 94.
Drayton, Michael, i. 180.
Drummond, William, i. 273.
Dryden, John, ii. 145.
Duck, Stephen, iii. 270.
Duke, Richard, ii. 253.
Dunbar, William, i. 93.
D'Urfey, Thomas, ii. 266.
Dyer, John, iii. 275.

Edwards, Richard, i. 126.
Einion ap Gwalchmai, i. 21.
Elingham, Daniel, i. 35.
Elliott, Ebenezer, iv. 199.
Ennion ap Madawc ap Rhahawd, i. 35.
Ethelwolf, i. 12.
Etherege, Sir George, ii. 231.
Eusden, Lawrence, iii. 120.

Fairfax, Edward, i. 261.
Falconer, William, iv. 119.
Fawkes, Francis, iv. 95.
Fenton, Elijah, iii. 151.
Fenton, Peter, i. 68.
Fergusson, Robert, iv. 145.
Fibheoil, Fergus, i. 3.
Field, Nathaniel, i. 226.
Flecknoe, Richard, ii. 141.
Fletcher, John, i. 220.
Fletcher, Phineas and Giles, i. 275.
Ford, John, i. 235.
Fresne, Simon du, i. 28.
Fulwell, Ulpian, i. 137.

Garland, John, i. 34.
Garth, Samuel, ii. 280.
Gascoigne, George, i. 129.
Gay, John, iii. 246.
George Lord Lyttelton, iii. 279.
Gifford, Humphrey, i. 145.
Giffond, William, iv. 155.
Gilfillan, Robert, iv. 291.
Glover, Richard, iii. 287.
Godfrey of Winchester, i. 14.
Goldsmith, Oliver, iv. 103.
Googe, Barnaby, i. 144.
Gordon, George, Lord Byron, iv. 204.
Gordon, Patrick, i. 260.
Gower, John, i. 48.
Grahame, James, iv. 168.
Granville, George, Lord Lansdowne, ii. 310.
Gray, Thomas, iii. 300.
Green, Matthew, iv. 4.
Green, Thomas, i. 203.
Greene, Robert, i. 171.
Griffin, Bartholomew, i. 247.
Grimalde, Nicholas, i. 125.
Gruffyd ap yr Ynad Coch, i. 41.
Gualo, i. 24.
Guildford, Nicholas de, i. 33.
Gwalchmai, i. 15.
Gwyr, Llygad, i. 41.

Habington, William, i. 298.
Hamilton, William, iii. 117.
Hamilton, William, iii. 277.
Hammond, James, iii. 285.
Harding, John, i. 74.
Harington, Sir John, i. 251.
Hawes, Stephen, i. 95.
Hay, William, iv. 2.
Hayley, William, iv. 141.
Heber, Reginald, iv. 268.
Hemans, Felicia, iv. 285.
Henryson, Robert, i. 83.
Henry the Minstrel, i. 85.
Herbert, George, i. 286.
Herman, i. 22.
Hermit of Hampole, the, i. 45.
Herrick, Robert, i. 281.
Heywood, John, i. 115.
Heywood, Thomas, i. 204.
Hill, Aaron, iii. 156.
Hoccleve, Thomas, i. 68.
Hogg, James, iv. 181.
Holland, ——, i. 91.
Home, John, iv. 101.
Hood, Thomas, iv. 275.
Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey, i. 129.
Howell ab Owain, i. 15.
Howell ab Owain, i. 21.
Hughes, John, iii. 112.
Hugh of Rutland, i. 26.
Hurdis, Rev. James, iv. 167.
Hutton, Henry, i. 294.

Jago, Richard, iii. 299.

James I. of Scotland, i. 78.
James V. of Scotland, i. 101.
Johnson, Charles, ii. 283.
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, iv. 70.
Johnson, Richard, i. 253.
Jonson, Benjamin, i. 206.
Joseph of Exeter, i. 29.

Kaye, John, Poets Laureate, i. 107.
Keats, John, iv. 288.
Kennedy, Walter, i. 110.
Killigrew, Henry, ii. 71.
Killigrew, Sir William, ii. 9.
Killigrew, Thomas, ii. 68.
King, Dr. Henry, i. 281.
King, William, ii. 292.
Knox, William, iv. 281.
Kyd, Thomas, i. 176.
Kyveiliog, Owain, Prince of Powis, i. 20.

Lamb, Charles, iv. 246.
Lane, John, i. 281.
Langland, William, i. 42.
Laurence of Durham, i. 16.
Layamon, i. 32.
Learmount, Thomas of Ercildoun, i. 39.
Lee, Nathaniel, ii. 251.
L. E. L.—Letitia Elizabeth Landon, (Mrs. Maclean), iv. 294.
Leyden, John, iv. 190.
Lillo, George, iv. 1.
Lindsay, Sir David, i. 98.
Lloyd, Charles, iv. 192.
Llywarch, i. 5.
Lodge, Thomas, i. 163.
Logan, John, iv. 144.
Lovelace, Richard, ii. 128.
Lovibond, Edward, iii. 270.
Lydgate, John, i. 72.
Lyly, John, i. 162.

Mackay, Robert, iv. 93.
Mac Lughair, Dubthach, i. 4.
Macneill, Hector, iv. 143.
Macpherson, James, iv. 138.
Madoc ap Iddon, i. 21.
Maitland, Sir Richard, i. 100.
Mallet, David, iii. 271.
Manning, Robert, or De Brunne, i. 36.
Mapes, Walter, i. 25.
Marlowe, Christopher, i. 191.
Marston, John, i. 219.
Marvell, Andrew, ii. 131.
Mason, William, iii. 317.
Massinger, Philip, i. 228.
Maurice of Forde, i. 31.
Maurice of Wales, i. 31.
Mawr, Kynddelw Brydydd, i. 22.
Mayne, Dr. Jasper, ii. 5.
Mayne, John, iv. 164.
Melvill, Elizabeth, i. 243.
Mennies, Sir John, i. 290.
Merddin, i. 6.
Meston, William, iii. 164.
Michael, the Cornish Poet, i. 34.
Middleton, Thomas, i. 199.
Milton, John, ii. 11.
Minot, Laurence, i. 66.
Moir, David Macbeth, iv. 291.
Montague, Charles, Earl of Halifax, ii. 285.
Montgomery, Alexander, i. 143.
Montgomery, James, iv. 240.
Moore, Edward, iii. 289.
Moore, Thomas, iv. 193.
More, Dr. Henry, ii. 80.
Moriat, i. 1.
Munday, Anthony, i. 159.

Nabbes, Thomas, ii. 1.
Nash, Thomas, i. 194.
Neckam, Alexander, i. 30.
Newcastle, Margaret Duchess of, ii. 2.
Newman, Arthur, i. 261.
Newton, Thomas, i. 135.
Niccols, Richard, i. 272.
Norton, John, i. 89.

Oisin (Ossian), i. 3.
Oldham, John, ii. 274.
Orme, i. 34.
Otway, Thomas, ii. 270.

Parnell, Thomas, iii. 115.
Peckam, Johannes, i. 41.
Peele, George, i. 155.
Peregrinus, Gulielmus, i. 30.
Philips, Ambrose, iii. 41.
Philips, John, i. 296.
Philips, John, iii. 103.
Pitt, Christopher, iii. 259.
Pollok, Robert, iv. 292.
Pomfret, John, ii. 315.
Pope, Alexander, iii. 165.
Pope, Walter, ii. 82.
Pringle, Thomas, iv. 275.
Prior, Matthew, ii. 296.

Quarles, Frances, i. 284.

Rames, Philip de, i. 27.
Ramsay, Allan, iii. 158.
Randolph, Thomas, ii. 10.
Relph, Rev. Josiah, iii. 299.
Renaud of Holland, i. 27.
Rhys Goch ap Rhiccert, i. 67.
Richard I., i. 17.
Ripley, George, i. 90.
Robert of Gloucester, i. 38.
Robinson, Richard, i. 147.
Rochester, ii. 243.
Roscommon, ii. 221.

Ross, Alexander, iii. 270.
Rowe, Nicholas, iii. 90.
Rowlands, Samuel, i. 244.
Rowley, William, i. 223.
Roy, William, i. 127.

Sackville, Ch. Earl of Dorset, ii. 234.
Sackville, Thomas, Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset, i. 132.
Savage, Richard, iv. 5.
Schaw, Quintyn, i. 110.
Scot, Alexander, i. 130.
Scott, John, iv. 120.
Scott, Sir Walter, iv. 174.
Sedley, Sir Charles, ii. 237.
Selden, Amhurst, iv. 145.
Serlo, i. 23.
Settle, Elkanah, ii. 240.
Seward, Anna, iv. 143.
Shadwell, Thomas, ii. 239.
Shakespeare, William, i. 182.
Sheffield, John, Duke of Buckinghamshire, ii. 246.
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, iv. 281.
Shenstone, William, iii. 292.
Shirley, James, i. 240.
Skelton, John, i. 91.
Smith, Charlotte, iv. 133.
Smith, Dr. James, i. 296.
Smith, Edmund, iii. 25.
Somerville, James, iii. 254.
Sotheby, William, iv. 158.
Sotovagina, Hugo, i. 25.
Southern, Thomas, ii. 288.
Southey, Robert, iv. 241.
Southwell, Robert, i. 168.
Spenser, Edmund, i. 148.
Sprat, Thomas, ii. 228.
Stepney, George, ii. 290.
Sternhold, Thomas, i. 112.
Still, John, i. 128.
St. Omer, John de, i. 31.
Storer, Thomas, i. 243.
Suckling, Sir John, ii. 62.
Swift, Jonathan, iii. 1.

Taliesin, i. 6.
Tannahill, Robert, iv. 189.
Tatwine, i. 12.
Taylor, John, i. 269.
Theobald, Lewis, iv. 4.
Thomas Lord Lyttelton, iv. 141.
Thomas Lord Vaux, i. 124.
Thomas of Beverley, i. 24.
Thompson, Edward, iv. 137.
Thompson, William, iii. 291.
Thomson, James, iii. 261.
Tickell, Thomas, iii. 160.
Tourneur, Cyril, i. 225.
Turberville, George, i. 131.
Turold, i. 14.
Tusser, Thomas, i. 117.

Udall, Nicholas, i. 111.

Vardd, Bleddyn, i. 35.
Vere, Edward, Earl of Oxford, i. 137.
Villiers, George Duke of Buckingham, ii. 136.
Vinesauf, Geoffrey de, i. 28.
Voel, Hywel, i. 36.

Waller, Edmund, i. 299.
Walsh, William, ii. 295.
Walton, John, i. 81.
Warner, William, i. 167.
Warton, Joseph, iii. 316.
Warton the Elder, Thomas, iii. 163.
Warton, Thomas, iv. 117.
Watson, Thomas, i. 169.
Watts, Isaac, iii. 96.
Way, Gregory Lewis, iv. 154.
Webster, John, i. 238.
Wedderburn, —, i. 114.
West, Gilbert, iii. 256.
Whetstone, George, i. 145.
Whitehead, Paul, iii. 284.
Whitehead, William, iii. 298.
White, Henry Kirke, iv. 202.
Widville, Antony, Earl Rivers, i. 87.
Wilkie, William, iii. 315.
William of Nassyngton, i. 76.
William the Trouvère, i. 31.
Wilson, Arthur, i. 289.
Wireker, Nigellus, i. 28.
Wither, George, i. 277.
Wolcot, John, iv. 134.
Woodhouse, James, iv. 134.
Wordsworth, William, iv. 171.
Wufstan, i. 13.
Wyat, Sir Thomas, i. 106.
Wyntown, Andrew, i. 76.

Yalden, Thomas, iii. 38.
Yearsley, Ann, iv. 154.
Young, Edward, iii. 121.

THE END.

PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

